

THE
SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny; and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a *continuous* Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the Spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.

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THE Spiritual Magazine.

JANUARY, 1872.

THE PAST YEAR.

PERHAPS in no year since the advent of modern Spiritualism has its progress in England been so marked as during the year that has just closed. Both in London and the provinces local societies have been more than usually active; holding *séances*, meetings, lectures, and influencing public opinion through their local Press. In London the Spiritual Institute has enabled many to witness the facts of Spiritualism who else might not have had the opportunity of doing so, and has largely aided in spreading its literature and otherwise assisting inquirers.

Mrs. Hardinge followed up a series of successful lectures in the metropolis by a lecturing tour in the Northern and Midland Counties, and so brought a knowledge of Spiritualism home to thousands whose only previous ideas concerning it were derived from the misrepresentations of the newspapers. Many of the local journals, in reporting and commenting on these lectures, treated the subject more respectfully and in a more appreciative spirit than the Press has generally displayed. The Farewell Meeting to Mrs. Hardinge in St. George's Hall at the conclusion of her labours was one of the best attended and most influential that have been held in connection with Spiritualism in the Metropolis.

Spiritualism during the past year has not only advanced in a popular direction; its progress has been still more marked among men of science and general culture. The testimony to the facts of Spiritualism of men like Lord Lindsay, Mr. Varley, and Mr. Crookes, all Fellows of the Royal Society, and especially the experimental investigations of Mr. Crookes, attested by Vice-President of the Royal Society and by Mr. Serjeant Cox, and fully reported in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, compelled the attention of scientific men to this new

"Psychic Force," and called forth much criticism in scientific and other journals. The extent to which the scientific mind has been exercised in this matter was evidenced by its exciting the animadversions of several professors at the last meeting of the British Association, and by the "savage and tartarly" attack on "Spiritualism and its Recent Converts" by Dr. Carpenter in the *Quarterly Review*.

Miss Houghton's Public Exhibition of her Spirit Drawings presented what to many must have been a new and interesting phase of spirit-mediumship, and has suggested the hint of an exhibition of a more extensive character, in which works of spirit art through many mediums, as well as direct spirit writings and drawings, should be represented. This would present many points of interest, and would probably be more attractive than one in which the productions of only a single medium were exhibited.

But perhaps the most important incident in the progress of Spiritualism in England during the past year has been the publication of the *Report on Spiritualism of the Committee of the Dialectical Society*. This Report is too recent and must be too fresh in the memory of our readers to require any comment in this place; but we may remark, as a striking illustration of the force of truth, that this committee of thirty-four gentlemen, who entered on their labours in the full conviction that they were about to unmask an imposture, after two years' investigation, were almost unanimous in asserting the reality of those facts which Spiritualists for more than twenty years have persistently affirmed, and which the Press for the most part has in its ignorance as persistently denied.

An evidence of the growing interest in Spiritualism may be found in the number of journals now devoted to its advocacy. When we began our labours twelve years ago we stood alone; we are now surrounded by quite a numerous family of Spiritualistic periodicals; and other journals more distantly related are throwing open their columns to a fair discussion of the subject.

While we rejoice at this and at every indication of the progress of Spiritualism, we may remind our readers that as a consequence we are now subject to the pressure of an increased competition and that if they consider we have done and are still doing a good work, we may fairly call on them to strengthen our hands and those of our publisher by exerting themselves to extend the circulation, and so increase the usefulness of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

During the past year many of our valued friends and fellow-workers have departed to the higher life. Our Obituary records

the names of several men known not only as Spiritualists, but as holding high and honourable places in the world of science and of letters. May we be as faithful in our day as they were in theirs! May we all realise, as they realised, the blessings which a true Christian Spiritualism is so well calculated to impart! As we enter on the labours and responsibilities of another year, we are encouraged and stimulated by these memories of the past, and these hopes of the still brighter and better future.

May the Christmas bells which now send forth their joyous peal on the frosty air ring out old shapes of error and ring in new forms of truth; ring out the darkness and spiritual blindness of the land and ring in the glad new year of peace and charity and good-will and devotion to the higher spiritual life; ring in the "good time coming," when with open mind and reverent spirit and loving heart men shall drink in the new light ever streaming freely around them—though, alas! too often they know it not—and feel their fellowship with the blest immortals, and rejoice in the privilege of communion with them!

May the year 1872 be a year of peace and amity among all nations and a red letter year in the life calendar of all our readers; and so, with all the cordial greetings and kindly feelings especially appropriate to this hopeful season, we wish for them and for the world

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY COMMITTEE'S REPORT ON SPIRITUALISM.

MINUTES OF THE COMMITTEE, CORRESPONDENCE, COMMUNICATIONS FROM NON-MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE, NOTES OF SEANCES COMMUNICATED TO THE COMMITTEE.

THE evidence, oral and written, laid before the Committee, and presented under these several heads, is most voluminous and valuable.

Within our limited space it would be impossible to present even the briefest *resumé* of the testimony thus given by more than fifty witnesses, who attest phenomena which came under their personal observation, or who record the conviction of the truth of Spiritualism which these left upon their minds. It is the less necessary to do so, as specimens of this evidence have been laid before our readers from time to time as the investigation of the Committee proceeded; and the nature of

the facts deposed to is so clearly and concisely stated in the Committee's Report, which we have already given. It may, however, be well to indicate the

POSITION AND CHARACTER OF THE WITNESSES FOR SPIRITUALISM.

We find then that literature is worthily represented by WILLIAM HOWITT, T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, EDWARD LAMAN BLANCHARD, NEWTON CROSLAND, EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A., and ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D. The following gentlemen are honourably associated with societies for the advancement of science and learning, and the learned professions:—LORD LINDSAY, F.R.S., CROMWELL F. VARLEY, F.R.S., ALFRED R. WALLACE, F.Z.S., H. D. JENCKEN, Barrister-at-law, M.R.I., W. M. WILKINSON, Solicitor, J. LOCKHART ROBERTSON, M.D., Commissioner in Lunacy, THOMAS SHORTER, Member of Council of the Working Men's College, J. GARTH WILKINSON, M.D., J. G. DAVEY, M.D., and JACOB DIXON, L.S.A. We have also the testimony of a distinguished French *savant*, M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION, Professor of Astronomy of the Polytechnic Association, and formerly of the Observatory of Paris, and of M. LEON FAVRE, Consul-General de France (brother of M. Jules Favre). We have likewise the testimony of men of business, gentlemen of fortune, persons of rank, and of several ladies favourably known for their contributions to literature and art.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THE TESTIMONY ?

What is to be done with evidence like this—with the testimony of highly-intelligent and honourable men, who speak that which they know, and testify to that which they have seen ? It is mere trifling and impertinence to say they did not see what they saw, but only thought they saw it. Such a notion we think can scarcely be seriously entertained by any one who carefully reads the evidence, and still less by any who have ever witnessed the phenomena for themselves ; and if the genuineness and objective character of the phenomena be admitted, we are content to let them tell their own story, satisfied that the more they are investigated and their significance considered, the more it will appear that no other explanation than that of spiritual agency will adequately account for them.

Besides considering the trustworthy character of the witnesses, we should also note that their conclusions have not been hastily arrived at ; for the most part their investigations have extended over a period of many years, and are not therefore to

be offset by any opposite conclusions arrived at from a few crude experiments, performed, it may be, under unfavourable conditions by men more anxious to confirm a foregone conclusion than to ascertain the truth, and therefore, as might be expected, with unsatisfactory results. Truth is a coy damsel, who can only be won by long and patient wooing and sincere affection.

Many of the most startling phenomena of Spiritualism, such as levitation, elongation of the body, and the free handling of fire are amply attested, and the facts most circumstantially related by competent witnesses; but as we have gone with considerable fulness into these phenomena in former numbers, we need only advert to the confirmation of them which is here supplied. There is, however, one interesting phase of spirit manifestation with which Spiritualists generally are less familiar, namely, that of visions presented in crystals and mirrors. Lord Lindsay relates an instance of this in his own experience, which is confirmed by Mr. J. Hawkins Simpson, the electrician, and other instances are fully detailed by Mr. Frederick Hockley, a gentleman who stated to the Committee that his investigations into Spiritualism, and more particularly into this phase of it, had extended over a period of forty-five years.

We regret that some of the witnesses allowed themselves to be allured from the firm and sure ground of fact into the seductive but slippery uncertain paths of theory and speculation: in particular, we regret that so large a space, (more than one-eighth of the volume) should be occupied with a paper chiefly of this kind—an ambitious essay on “The Philosophy of Existence,” which, though very ingenious and suggestive, and entertained by the school of Spiritualists who are disciples of M. Kardec, has really as little to do with Spiritualism proper as the theories of Swedenborg, Davis, Harris, or a score others on the same subject, and which might, with about as much propriety have been foisted on the attention of the Committee. Like most theories of the kind, it is based on assumptions unproved, and, as we think, unprovable; instead of facts, we are offered speculations; and where there should be proofs we have only affirmations. Such theories instead of explaining facts, serve only to obscure them.* Towards the end of her paper,

* That these theories find favour with some spirits is an argument of but little weight. What doctrine or fantasy has not been taught by spirits? As remarked by Miss Blackwell's friend and fellow disciple, the Countess de Pomar (page 347):—“No Spiritualist has ever imagined that absolute reliance is to be placed in what spirits say. We must always use our own judgment in regard to these communications, and take each of them for what they may be worth.”

however, Miss Anna Blackwell favours us with some curious and instructive examples of spirit action that have occurred in her own experience, or in that of her immediate friends.

EVIDENCE ON THE ADVERSE SIDE.—PROFESSORS HUXLEY
AND TYNDALL—MR. GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

As stated in their Report, the Committee invited the attendance, and requested the co-operation and advice of scientific men, who had publicly expressed opinions *adverse* to the genuineness of the phenomena, and also invited the attendance of persons who had publicly attributed the phenomena to imposture or delusion; but while successful in procuring the evidence of believers in the phenomena, and in their supernatural origin, they *almost wholly failed to obtain evidence from those who attributed them to fraud or delusion*. The evidence for the opposition—if it may be so called—is indeed of the mildest character. The “scientific men who had publicly expressed opinions adverse to the phenomena,” and who were expected to play the lion, have been as discreet as Bottom the Weaver, and roared as gently as any sucking dove. Professor Huxley excuses himself from co-operating with the Committee on the plea of want of time and want of interest in the subject; and in a subsequent letter, he adds:—

If the gentlemen whom you mention, and for whose judgment and capacity I have every respect, have not been able in the course of some months to arrive at results satisfactory to themselves and capable of being stated satisfactorily to the scientific public, it would be mere presumption in me to entertain the hope that I should be more successful, without a much greater expenditure of time and trouble.

Very true!

Professor Tyndall simply expresses to the Secretary of the Committee his willingness “to accept the personal invitation of Mr. Crookes, should he consider that he can show me phenomena of the character you describe;” as if the spirit-world was a peep-show, which, as a scientific man, he might condescend to look at when open to exhibition, to oblige a friend. Mr. George Henry Lewes recommends the Committee to find out, *if they can*, the *means* by which the phenomena are produced, which looks a little ironical. He affirms that in his experience these means have “been proved to be either deliberate imposture, aided by the unconscious assistance of spectators, or the well-known effects of expectant attention; and his chief suggestion to the Committee is “to distinguish between facts and inferences from facts.” Very good advice, certainly, though it implies a not very

flattering estimate of their intelligence and discernment. He might have added—in the words of Robert Burns—

And may you better reck the rede,
Than ever did the adviser;

for, assuredly, in dealing with Spiritualism, no man has more flagrantly violated his own canon of criticism than Mr. George Henry Lewes.

LORD LYTTON.

Lord Lytton affirms that as far as his experience goes,* the phenomena, when genuine, are traceable to material influences, of the nature of which we are ignorant. They require certain physical organisations of temperament to produce them, and vary according to these organisations of temperament. He adds, that he has universally found that "the phenomena are more or less striking in proportion to the electricity of the atmosphere;" and argues that, "If matter be moved from one end of the room to the other, it must be by material agency—though it may be as invisible as an electric or odic fluid—and the matter of a human brain is always needed to convey an impression to the auditor or spectator.† He is of opinion that they who adopt the conclusion that spirits of another world are concerned in the production of the phenomena, "stop all genuinely scientific inquiry, and are apt to be led into many dangerous and mischievous errors and delusions."

Here we have the common fallacy of confounding the *instrumental means* with the *operative cause*. That the human spirit

* It is a pity that Lord Lytton did not favour the Committee with some of the incidents of his experience; as, for instance, the following, as related by Mr. Benjamin Coleman, who was present on the occasion.

"The Right Hon. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and his son paid a visit, in 1854-5, to Mr. Rymer's, at Ealing, where Mr. Home was then on a visit. Among the manifestations, a spirit, whose rappings were unusually loud, said in answer to Sir Edward's demand to know who, &c., &c., 'I am the spirit that influenced you to write *Zanoni*.' 'Indeed! I wish you would give me some proof of your presence. Will you take my hand?' His hand was grasped with great power, which made him start from his seat. The alphabet was called for, and the words 'We wish you to believe in the——' Whilst they were suggesting the word, the sentence was closed by a cross being put into Sir Edward's hand. It was made of card-board, and had been lying on a small table containing little drawing-room ornaments in a distant part of the room. Sir Edward asked permission to take the cross away as a *souvenir*, to which Mrs. Rymer consented, provided, as she jocularly said, 'You will promise, Sir Edward, to observe the injunction.'"

It must have been a particularly intelligent "electric or odic fluid" which did all this.

† Some of the direct spirit-writings and drawings (produced in the absence of a medium) would, at all events, seem an exception to this. For instances see Goldenstubb's *Ecriture Directe des Esprits*, 1851.

can and does move, and otherwise act upon matter, is evident to all but materialists from our own daily experience in locomotion and labour. Our spirits act upon our bodies, and through the body upon the substances of the material world. Nay, we may act upon both the mind and body of another, and even without personal contact, as in the case of the mesmeric operator, of which we have familiar examples in the common experiments in what is called Electro-Biology.

Why should not these powers continue after we have shuffled off this mortal coil? Why should not we when spirits in a spiritual body, possibly with greater knowledge of and command over the forces of nature, act upon matter, it may be through the intermediate agency of the more ethereal and potent elements, in which, probably, those named by Lord Lytton—the electric and odic fluids—have their place?

The same fundamental fallacy of confounding conditions with causes lies, we apprehend, at the root of Lord Lytton's strange assertion that they who adopt the opinion that spirits of another world are concerned in the phenomena stop all genuinely scientific inquiry. Every intelligent Spiritualist will admit that these phenomena (like all other phenomena), are governed by laws and subject to conditions with which we are very imperfectly acquainted, and which need to be better understood; and that to attain this better knowledge should be one of the chief aims of all our investigations. If, as Lord Lytton tells us, and as we believe, these phenomena require certain physical organisations to produce them, and vary with temperament, the preponderance of the electric fluid, and the electricity of the atmosphere, surely the study of these and other conditions affecting spirit manifestations, so far from stopping all genuinely scientific inquiry, opens up to science a new continent almost wholly unexplored.

Nor are we to be scared from the investigation by the cry of "danger" now raised, as it is generally raised whenever men begin to prosecute inquiry into any region of the unknown. Had Columbus listened to this cry he would not have discovered America; had Franklin given heed to it he would not have drawn the lightning from the clouds. Whatever danger there may be in this investigation, or in any other, lies we apprehend not in our knowledge, but in our ignorance.

DR. CARPENTER AND UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION.

Dr. Carpenter, as usual, rides almost to the death his "dominant idea" of "unconscious cerebration;" or rather, *he* is ridden by it. What then is this "unconscious cerebration,"

and what light does it throw on the phenomena of Spiritualism? It is alleged that every act of mind is accompanied by a corresponding movement of the brain, as its material instrument of communication with the body and the outer world; but that the movement thus imparted may for a time be continued in automatic action, reviving past images and impressions and evolving latent or unconscious thought; acting through the cerebro-spinal centres upon the muscular system it imparts movement to the bodily organs, and leads involuntarily to the repetition of familiar and customary acts, and manifests our bodily and mental habitudes. It thus works mechanically. The effects of an impulse communicated by the will does not at once cease with the volition that imparted it, but the action once set up continues for a while without any conscious effort of volition. By unconscious cerebration past feelings may be removed and latent thought evoked, impressions once made on the brain may be reproduced, and ideas that have long been dormant in it may be awakened.

Now, admitting all this, we ask what explanation does it afford of the phenomena of Spiritualism—of the rappings, levitations, movements of ponderable bodies without contact, or any of the physical manifestations of spirit agency? If it has any bearing on them, we should be glad if Dr. Carpenter, or any competent person would point it out: even with the aid of “unconscious muscular action” it fails to satisfy our “expectant attention.”

For instance, how can unconscious cerebration effect the movement of a table, with no one touching it, and cause it to respond to questions—mental or verbal? Let Dr. Carpenter, or any other man, try the experiment; or let him even go to the operating room of an electric telegraph, and try—by unconscious cerebration or conscious cerebration either—to carry a message along the wires, if that is thought to be a more likely instrument for the purpose than an ordinary wooden table. Whatever unconscious cerebration may effect within or upon the organism, its operation certainly does not extend to unconscious external objects.

Dr. Rogers, of Boston, nearly twenty years ago, saw clearly that there was here an important hiatus, and sought to supply the missing link by connecting unconscious cerebration with the odic force; but Dr. Carpenter is so far lagging on the road that he has not even reached to this. Indeed, since he wrote his first article on Spiritualism in the *Quarterly Review*, eighteen years ago, Dr. Carpenter in relation to this subject, seems to have learned nothing, and to have forgotten nothing.

Unconscious cerebration may explain the ordinary facts of

somnambulism,* and render it probable that some mental impressions too hastily attributed to a spiritual source, may have had a different origin; but beyond this we cannot see that it at all helps to a solution of even the psychological phenomena of Spiritualism to which it might be thought more particularly to apply. Let it be borne in mind that unconscious cerebration can deal only with the material already existing in the brain; it *originates nothing*. If then a piece of original information is given through mediumship, it clearly must have another source than unconscious cerebration; and well-authenticated cases of this are so common and notorious that even Dr. Carpenter, though as we shall see he does not fairly meet them, yet cannot wholly ignore them. He sees the difficulty and tries to evade it by the following statement,—the most pertinent passage in his essay. He says:—

Whilst the ordinary phenomena of “table-talking” present a most curious body of illustrations of that principle, cases have occasionally occurred in the experience of persons above suspicion of intentional deception, in which the answers given by the movements of the tables were not only unknown to the questioners, but were even *contrary to their belief at the time*, and yet afterwards proved to be true. Such cases afford typical examples of the doctrine of “Unconscious Cerebration;” for in several of them it was capable of being distinctly shown, that the answers, although contrary to the belief of the questioners at the time, were true to facts of which they had been formerly cognizant, but which had vanished from their recollection, the *residua* of these forgotten impressions giving rise to cerebral changes which prompted the responses without any consciousness on the part of the agents of the latent springs of their actions.

In our experience of Spiritual *séances*, the “cerebration” of inquirers is generally quite the reverse of “unconscious”—being active, suspicious, and very much on the alert; but let us consider Dr. Carpenter’s “typical example.” An inquirer A. goes to a medium B., and receives a communication purporting to come from a spirit C. Though the matter of this communication was not consciously in the mind of A. at the time, he subsequently remembers to have known it. We will say then that this supposed spirit communication was only the revival of a “forgotten impression.” But here the question arises—How could the unconscious cerebration of A. affect B.? Granted that

* But not the extraordinary. The subject of somnambulism was not before the Committee, but if the reader will refer to our article upon it in the last volume, page 481, he will find as a typical instance, the case of Jane Rider, who, according to Dr. Belden, her hospital physician, while in a state of somnambulism, played backgammon with such skill as to beat an accomplished player, though she knew nothing of the game, and in her normal state could not make the simplest moves. There is also, in the same article, the case of Cyrillo Paduvaro, an exemplary and pious monk, but who in somnambulism, personated a vulgar profane character, and even, to his own great grief and horror, committed robbery and sacrilege. Unconscious cerebration alone will not account for facts like these.

the matter in question had once been known to A., how could it have been borrowed from his brain by B., and then paid back to him, as from C., A. and B. being wholly ignorant of the operation? The evident insufficiency and poverty of the hypothesis evidently requires to be eked out by clubbing its small resources with those of some other, as that of mental transfer, or of thought-reading. Here, however, the *venu* would be changed, and it would no longer be a purely physiological question but a psychological problem, and it would seem more probable that in such case the act of mental transfer or thought-reading was effected, as it is claimed to be, by a spirit, than by the medium who is wholly unconscious of it.

Nor is this all. We need not go beyond the volume in hand for instances in which facts have been communicated which the inquirer had never known, and of which the medium was equally ignorant, and, therefore, cannot be set down as a revival of forgotten impressions or the effect of unconscious cerebration. An impression cannot be revived that was never made, or that be evoked from the brain which was never there. Take for example the following instance, given in evidence before the Committee (page 179) by Mr. MANUEL EYRE:—

I will now relate a fact which, I think, shows an intelligence foreign to that of the persons present at the circle where it occurred. One object of my visit to this country was to obtain if possible the register of the baptism of a person born in England, and who died in America a century ago. From information given me, I was led to believe I would get this in Yorkshire or Cambridgeshire. I spent over three months and took a great deal of trouble but all to no purpose. I had received from America a spirit communication that I would be able to get the information of where this baptismal register was to be found through a medium in this country. I tried through several mediums but got nothing satisfactory but the assurance I would get it. I at last received a communication from a spirit directing me to go to Mrs. Marshall. Being mistrustful of public mediums I determined to use extreme caution in pursuing my investigation. I went to Mrs. Marshall in the winter of 1862. I did not tell who I was or what I wanted—sat down in one corner of the large room, Mrs. Marshall was sitting in the other, this was near the window. I was conversing with Mrs. Marshall when the table, a large heavy round table, came jumping across from the opposite side of the room and turned over into my lap; there was no one near the table, and it was in broad daylight. We then had some communications by the alphabet through the movement of the table. I said nothing about the information I wanted, but when leaving said I would come again. I did so in a few days. Before leaving home I wrote out and numbered about a dozen questions, among them was the question, "Where can I find the register of the baptism I am searching for?" The paper with the questions I had folded and placed in a stout envelope and closed it. When we sat down to the table I asked, after some other questions, if the spirits would answer the questions I had written and had in my pocket—the answer, by raps, was "Yes." I asked if I should lay the paper with the questions on folded as it was and in the envelope on the table, and the answer was "Yes." I took the envelope containing these questions out of my pocket, and without opening it, laid it on the table. I then took a piece of paper and, as the questions were answered,—Nos. 1, 2, and so on.—I wrote down the answers. When we came to the question where I could get the register of this baptism, the table telegraphed "Stepney Church," and at the same time Mrs. Marshall, sen., in her peculiar manner, blurted out "Stepney." Being at

that time a stranger in London, I did not know there was such a place. I went on with the questions I had prepared and got correct answers to all of them. A few days afterwards I went to Stepney Church, and after spending some days in searching, I there found the register of the baptism as I had been told.

Take another instance (page 215). In reply to the question of Dr. Edmunds, "Have you ever obtained any information which could not have been known to the medium, or to any one present?" LORD LINDSAY replies:—

I know of one such fact, which I can relate to you. A friend of mine was very anxious to find the will of his grandmother, who had been dead forty years, but could not even find the certificate of her death. I went with him to the Marshalls, and we had a *séance*; we sat at a table, and soon the raps came; my friend then asked his questions *mentally*; he went over the alphabet himself, or sometimes I did so, not knowing the question. We were told the will had been drawn by a man named William Walker, who lived in Whitechapel, the name of the street, and the number of the house were given. We went to Whitechapel, found the man, and subsequently, through his aid, obtained a copy of the draft; he was quite unknown to us, and had not always lived in that locality, for he had once seen better days. The medium could not possibly have known anything about the matter, and even if she had, her knowledge would have been of no avail, as all the questions were mental ones.

We may also refer the reader to the fact stated in the evidence of Signor Damiani (page 196), but as this has been already given in the *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. IV., page 453, New Series, we need here only advert to it.

Dr. Carpenter's theory stretched to its utmost tension fails to cover facts like these (and they are more numerous than is commonly supposed). Either then he is ignorant of some of the most important facts of the subject he undertakes by his theory to explain, or knowing them, he wilfully and therefore disingenuously ignores them; and so his pretentious paper, like Don Diego's sonnet to his mistress, though very good in its way, is very little to the purpose.

DR. CHARLES KIDD.—MR. WILLIAM FAULKNER.

Dr. Kidd is of opinion, with regard to the "so-called phenomena of Spiritualism," that "the majority are evidently subjective phenomena;" an opinion which one would only ask the reader to compare with the facts stated in almost every page of this Report; or, still better, with those which, in the majority of cases, he may readily witness for himself.

Mr. William Faulkner, surgeon, of 40, Endell Street, W.C., advertised the Committee, that "he was in the habit of supplying people with certain magnets for the production of rapping sounds at spiritual *séances*. Some were made for concealment about the person, whilst others were constructed with a view to their attachment to various articles of furniture." Mr. Faulkner however seems in want of customers, for "he had not supplied

any of these magnets for two or three years." "He had never, himself, fitted up a house with these magnets, and only knew of one house, Mr. Addison's, that was so fitted up." "He did not think it possible to construct any apparatus that would suffice to raise a table." Mr. Addison, it may be remembered some three or four years ago, with the aid of these magnets and other contrivances, pretended to expose Spiritualism, but exposed only his own duplicity and folly.

This, then, in brief is a summary (with running commentary) of all the evidence and argument adverse to Spiritualism which the Committee during two years, and after public advertisement, and private invitation to scientific men who had publicly expressed opinions adverse to the genuineness of the phenomena, and also special invitation to persons who had publicly ascribed the phenomena to imposture or delusion, have been able to collect. The opposition is certainly not very formidable. It is true that some of the Committee's correspondents refer vaguely to cases of imposture, but *no instance is specified*. It is to be regretted that the *names* of the impostors, and *proofs* of their imposture are not given. In the interests of truth, and for the protection of honest men, we want to know who they are. Impostors there may be (it would be one of the strangest phenomena of Spiritualism if there were not); but, we strongly suspect, that in the majority of instances, the imposture consists in this—that the over clever gentlemen who so glibly accuse mediums of imposture have imposed upon themselves. As Mr. Lewes would say, they have mistaken their inferences from the facts for the facts themselves.*

THE SATANIC SCHOOL.

Three of the witnesses examined by the Committee, while testifying to the genuineness of the phenomena, ascribe them to diabolical agency. M. Chevalier, whose pamphlet, *Experiences*

* For the benefit of those who ascribe the phenomena of Spiritualism to legerdemain, and compare them with the performances of Bosco, Houdin, and other professors of the art, we would commend the letter of Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope (page 277). After referring to the phenomena he witnessed in presence of Mrs. Guppy, and of Dr. Willis, he adds:—

"In short, the result of my experience thus far is this, that the physical phenomena frequently produced are, *in many cases*, not the result of any sleight-of-hand, and that those who have witnessed them with due attention must be convinced that there is no analogy between them and the tricks of professed 'conjurers.' I may also mention that Bosco, one of the greatest professors of legerdemain ever known, in a conversation with me upon the subject, utterly scouted the idea of the possibility of such phenomena as I saw produced by Mr. Home, being performed by any of the resources of his art."

M. Houdin has borne similar testimony in favour of Mr. Home. Other professors of legerdemain have publicly borne like testimony to the phenomena which occur through the mediumship of the Brothers Davenport.

of *Spiritualism*, we reviewed at the time of its publication five years ago, repeats the story on which we then commented.

A Mr. Glover and Mr. Hain Friswell also express their opinion that the phenomena are Satanic.* These gentlemen lay great stress on the efficacy of adjuration as the means of exorcism; but Mr. Bergheim, a member of the Committee, took the opportunity of relating a case in which he had exorcised a spirit that had taken possession of a boy with only the very informal adjuration—"Be off with you!" and Miss Anna Blackwell related the following interesting and instructive experience:—

Her sister, she said, was very incredulous, and would not believe in Spiritualism in the least. Nevertheless, she herself became what is called a writing medium. The spirit would use her hand to write what communication had to be made. The spirits wrote what was good and bad. One wanted to sign himself Satan and Beelzebub. But, continued Miss Blackwell, my sister did not believe in the least in the existence of such a spirit, and she said, "No; if you are permitted to come to me, it is not to tell such outrageous lies. If you persist in trying to impose on me you shan't write." I have been present at many of these little fights. She would resist the spirit, and when she saw the capital S of the Satan being written she would resist, and twist her hand about to prevent the name being written. The spirit has then written, "I hate you because I cannot deceive you." I have on some occasions heard beautiful raps in my drawing room—in the air, on the wall, under the ground—no one being near the furniture. We never begin without prayer. We say to the spirits that wish to deceive us, "Dear spirits, we are all imperfect; we will endeavour to benefit you by our lights, in so far as they are superior to yours." Sometimes they would overturn and break the table. Yet they were rendered better by our kindness. We would never dream of addressing one as an "Accursed spirit." From one who was very violent, and by whom I have been myself struck, we have received progressive messages, showing how he has become better. They have often sent us messages, saying, "We are going up higher now: we have, through your help, broken the chains of earth; and we leave you!" When my sister found the S being written, or the great B for Beelzebub, she would say, with kindness but firmness, "Dear spirit, you must not deceive; it is not for such tricks but for a good end that you are permitted to come."

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

Looking at the confessedly sceptical views and adverse opinions of the Committee when they began their labours, and their final conclusions as expressed in their Report after two years' experimental investigation and hearing evidence from every side,—looking at the extent and import of that evidence, at the high character and qualifications of the witnesses, and at the conclusions reached by them after long and intimate experience with the subject; it is perhaps the most significant and important volume on Spiritualism that has yet appeared. It cannot fail to favourably influence public opinion; and a copy of

* Some incidents related by Mr. Friswell as occurring at a *séance* with Mrs. Marshall look very improbable, and are contradicted in a published letter by Mrs. Mary Marshall.

it should find a place not only in the library of every Spiritualist, but in every public library in the kingdom; and with a little co-operation among Spiritualists, we think this might to a great extent be effected.

It is an epitome of well-attested evidence, and at first hand; much of this is original, and the rest had lain loosely scattered: to have this all brought together in a compact form, convenient for reference, is no slight service. Much credit is due to the Committee, not only for its general conduct of the investigation, but also for its enterprise and public spirit in publishing its Report after being abandoned by the Society which had appointed it.

In a second edition we hope the volume will be carefully revised, as it has many typographical errors, for the most part unimportant, but which occasionally confuse the sense, as at page 356, where it reads: "When the spirit-voice is heard, Mrs. Burns sees the spirit holding the *table* and carrying it about the room;" *table* is here evidently a misprint for *tube*. The witnesses should have the opportunity of correcting any inaccuracies which may appear in the report of their evidence; and it would, we think, be an advantage, if all matters foreign to the immediate subject under investigation were eliminated. The "List of Works on Spiritualism, Demonology, Witchcraft, Animal Magnetism, Spiritual Theology, Magic and Medical Psychology," appended to the volume, though useful, is (perhaps unavoidably) very imperfect. Many important works are omitted, whilst some that are only ephemeral, or mere trifles, are included. In so wide a range of subjects it would be more convenient if the works were classified. If the list were confined to works on Modern Spiritualism it might be made more complete, and its literature being already so extensive, this perhaps would be the better course, and be within the more immediate province of the Committee's inquiry. If the edition is stereotyped, a cheap abridgement of it would be useful.

T. S.

THE FIRE-PROOF NEGRO.

BUSINESS recently called me to the eastern shore of Maryland, to the point from which we write, the county seat of Talbot County. While there, I heard from several gentlemen of prominence the story of a negro blacksmith who lived in an adjoining county, upon whom fire had no effect whatever. The story was so incredible that I gave it little heed, although it came from most reliable sources, and was related to me by gentlemen of the highest standing in the community for honour

and integrity. A day or two after I first heard of this remarkable negro, Mr. T. R. Robson, editor of the *Evening Star*, called at my room and stated that the negro was in town, and that the physicians were going to make an examination of him at the office of Dr. P. Stack, and invited me to witness the operations, which I very gladly did. Mr. Robson and myself went to Dr. Stack's office, where were assembled Drs. Anderson, Goldsborough, and Comdegys, of Eastern, Mr. J. A. Johnson, editor of the journal at Eastern, A. A. Pancoult, and John C. Henry, all prominent citizens of Talbot County.

A brisk fire of anthracite coal was burning in a common coal stove and an iron shovel was placed in the stove and heated to a white heat. When all was ready, the negro pulled off his boots and placed the hot shovel on the soles of his feet and kept them there until the shovel became black. His feet were then examined by the physicians, but no burns could be found, and all declared that no evidence of a heated substance having come in contact with them was visible.

The shovel was again heated red hot, taken from the stove and handed to him. He ran out his tongue as far as he could, and laid the shovel upon it, licking the iron until it became cooled. The physicians examined the tongue, but found nothing to indicate that he had suffered in the least from the heated iron.

A large handful of common squirrel shot was next placed in an iron receptacle and heated until melted. The negro then took the dish, poured the heated lead into the palm of his hand, and then put it into his mouth, allowing it to run all around his teeth and gums. He repeated the operation several times, each time keeping the melted lead in his mouth until solidified. After each operation the physicians examined him carefully, but could find nothing upon his flesh to indicate that he had been in the least affected by the heated substance he had been handling. After the performances with the lead, he deliberately put his hand into the stove in which was a very hot fire, took therefrom a handful of hot coals and passed them around the room to the gentlemen present, keeping them in his hand some time. Not the slightest evidence of a burn was visible upon his hands after he threw the coals back into the stove.

The exhibition was regarded by all who witnessed it as most remarkable, for there was no opportunity for the practice of chicanery.

Every gentleman present was there for the purpose of detecting, if possible, any trick—if trick there was—and none could have had the least interest in aiding or abetting the negro in his performance. Whatever solution may be had of this matter, there can be no doubt but that this negro handles fire in the

manner set forth above, without the use of any mechanical or chemical appliances whatever, for he has been subjected to the severest tests possible, not only at the times specified by me, but at several times and places and in the presence of the first men in the State of Maryland. In addition to the case cited, which came under my own observation, I will state that in April last, while the judges of this judicial circuit were holding court at Denton, Caroline County, the county in which this man lives—Judges Wickes and Stump, accompanied by Sheriff Richardson, went to the blacksmith's shop of this negro, which is situated about six miles from Denton, on the farm of W. P. Richardson. The sheriff made known to him the object of their visit, when, in the language of the judges, "he performed most astounding feats, such as handling red hot iron with his bare hands, forging it into shape without the use of tongs, putting it upon his tongue," &c.

At a later period he was visited at his shop by Dr. C. E. Tarr, editor of the *Denton Journal*; J. Marion Emerson, editor of the *Denton American Union*; James B. Steele, T. H. Kemp, Clerk of the Court; R. J. Jump, late State Comptroller of the Treasury; Col. R. E. Carter, and Dr. P. O. Cherbonier. These gentlemen came upon him unawares, and when requested by them to perform some of the feats he had become so famous for in his locality, he immediately went through with the same wonderful performance I have mentioned. I have conversed with a great number of people who have seen him, gentlemen of education and integrity, all of whom declare that they do not believe that fire has the least effect upon his flesh.

After he had concluded his performances in Dr. Stack's office, I sought an opportunity to converse with him. I found him very ignorant, not able to read or write, and in all respects an unadulterated negro. His name is Nathan Ceker, and he is about fifty-eight years of age. He was born in the town of Hillsborough, Caroline County, Md., and was the slave of Henry L. Sellers of that place, by whom he was sold to Bishop Emery. In relation to his ability to handle fire, he said, "Boss, when I was about thirteen years old, Massa Emery hired me out to a lawyer, whose name was Purnell. He treated me badly, and did not give me enough to eat. I shied around the kitchen one day, and when the cook left shot in, dipped my hand into the dinner pot, and pulled out a red-hot dumpling. The boiling water did not burn, and I could eat the hot pudding without winking; so after dat I often got my dinner dat way. I has often got the hot fat off the boiling water and drank it. I drink my coffee when it is boiling, and it does not give me half so much pain as it does to drink a glass of cold water. I always like it just as hot as I can get it."

I then interrogated him as to the effect heated substances had upon his flesh, and asked him when he handled them with his hands if he did not suffer more than when he took them inwardly, to which he replied, "No, Boss. I often take my iron out of the forge with my hand when red hot, but it don't burn. Since I was a little boy I have never been afraid to handle fire." He then stated that often when by himself he would pick up red-hot iron because his tongs were not handy, and that he never felt any discomfort from it. He felt no more harm, he said, from handling fire than stones.

I could cite a great number of instances besides those mentioned, and give the names of a large number of gentlemen of high standing, who have witnessed the wonderful doings of this untutored African; but I do not deem it necessary, as what I have stated can be more than authenticated by almost any prominent man living in this locality. I am thoroughly convinced, from personal observation, that fire has no effect whatever upon his flesh, and I am sustained in that belief by the united judgment of all gentlemen who have seen him, including a large number of physicians.

This man should be seen and examined by our scientific men, and the causes and effects of this remarkable performance duly investigated; for it is certain that his power to handle fire does exist in a remarkable degree, and that, too, without the aid of anything save what nature has bestowed.—*Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

PRAYING JOHNNY.

IN 1856 was published a little book bearing the singular title of *Praying Johnny*. In 1871 this book strikes us as not less singular than its title, and we find it difficult to give it a fair reading. Difficult because, its language being almost obsolete, great care must be taken to give its expressions no more than their due worth. But let this care be exercised, let the language be translated into that of the present day, and there will yet remain enough matter to raise some interesting questions. Expose the subject of the memoir to the full light of common sense, and he will come well through the ordeal, and show that he was no ordinary man. Though born in a low sphere of life, and debarred from such educational advantages as the age afforded, with abilities perhaps below the average, yet in the early part of this century John Oxtoby, or "Praying Johnny," exercised a wonderful power over the minds of his fellows. The actual

history of the man may be told in a few words. Following the letter of the memoir, we say that John Oxtoby spent thirty-seven years of his life in "awful sin." This, being interpreted, means only that he was not a religious man. It is superfluous to charge him with any very disgraceful or immoral conduct. At the age of thirty-seven, however, a spiritual change came over him, and he began first to pray, and then to preach among the Wesleyan Methodists in some villages to the west of Hull. In this way he was employed for fifteen years, until at the age of fifty-two he went over to the Primitive Methodists, and remained with that body, engaged in the same employment, until his death in 1830.

John seems to have commenced his religious work by anxiously endeavouring to make his friends and acquaintances of the same mind with himself. Of course his exhortations met with various receptions, but no amount of ridicule or dissuasion had upon him the effect intended.

In a place called Warter he visited and prayed in every house, and we are told that a great change came over the village. "It began to wear a different aspect; open profanity durst not show itself as it had been wont to do; and many began to pray who before desired not the knowledge of God." In fact, he altered the tone of public opinion, and where profanity had been the custom it became the fashion to pray. With a companion, John laboured much at Ellerton, Brantingham, South Cave, North Cave, and Newbold. To quote again from the memoir, "In these and some other places they had an amount of success which surprised many, and for which some in vain attempted to account apart from the energy of the spirit of God. Even then there were prudent and calculating professors who declared that all was the result of merely human excitement, and was produced by a wild fire, and not by the power of the Highest. But the good fruit remained, and even now (January 15th, 1856), in those places the name of Oxtoby is dear as precious ointment which is poured forth."

Previously to his joining the Primitive Methodists, and for some time afterwards, John's peculiar mission appeared to be amongst those who were mourning for sin; these "he prayed into liberty."

About the year 1820 he began to speak in public, and was soon enrolled as a local preacher; in 1823 he accepted a call to "engage at large as an itinerant preacher" in the Hull circuit. Still following the memoir, we will give some extracts from a journal, which "Praying Johnny" kept about this time:—

"*Sunday, 26th.*—Preached at Carlisle. The sanctifying power came down at night, and struck three to the ground; two were justified.

" 28th.—Preached again. The sanctifying power came down; four fell.

" Oct. 4th.—Swinhopeburn Prayer Meeting. The sanctifying power came down while waiting in silence on God before the meeting began. A woman said a man had taken a fit. I said he was going to get his soul sanctified. At that moment he fell down and tumbled about the floor, so that three or four could not hold him. In a little time three others were rolling about in the same manner. About half an hour after, they rose with uplifted hands, shouting 'Glory! glory! glory!' &c., and blessing and praising God.

" 8th.—Preached at Westgate; a Pentecostal power came down whilst singing. They began to fall over on all sides, crying 'Glory, glory! glory!' and some cried 'O Lord enlarge my heart.' Many were astonished—some ran out of the chapel. To some it appeared nothing but confusion, as some were praying with mourners; others rejoicing with believers, and others were singing. Upwards of twenty were sanctified wholly, and three or four were set at liberty.

Sunday 24th.—Held a love-feast at Nenthead. Two men came twenty miles to get sanctified; one of them caught the holy fire and carried it to Middleton, and now it is spreading there.

" 26th.—Preached at Philhope, —. Two men came to scoff; the Lord laid hold of one and brought him down; every bone in him shook. The other went away wounded.

" Nov. 11th.—Went to Edmundbyers to pray with a woman possessed of an evil spirit, and met with brother Summersides; we prayed with her awhile, but we were obliged to give up because so many people came in.

" 12th.—Went to pray with the woman again at eight o'clock. When we got there she was cursing, swearing, and dancing. We kneeled down and prayed with her until near half-past twelve. I told her to praise the Lord. She said, 'Curse the Lord!' I then said, 'It (the work) shall be done;' but she said, 'It shall not be done!' It came to brother Summersides' mind that we should set the Lord a time to deliver her. I asked him what time? He said, 'One o'clock'. I said, 'So be it.' And, at the last moment, God turned the storm into a calm, and delivered her.

" Sunday, 12th Dec.—Preached at Wearshead Chapel at night. The Lord made bare his arm, and the mighty power of God came down. There appeared to be upwards of thirty, all laid upon the floor, overwhelmed with the love of God and praising God with all their might.

" Dec. 31st.—Preached at Westgate Chapel, and had a fellow-

ship meeting. Some were praising God, and others were crying for mercy, so that the people could not discover the noise of the shouts of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people, for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off. It was past two o'clock in the morning before the meeting ended.

"*21st March.*—As I was returning from Hexham, I met with a man breaking stones upon the road, who was a backslider. I enquired of him if he had seen a wandering sheep come that way. I said, 'One has strayed from the fold, and I am informed it is somewhere in this direction. He immediately confessed that he was the wandering sheep. He began weeping. I exhorted him to return to the Lord, and he would heal his backslidings, and love him freely. He kneeled down upon the road and prayed. The Lord set his soul at liberty.

"At Driffild a young woman cried aloud for mercy; and her mother came into the chapel raging like a fury, and threatening to drag her daughter out. But I stepped in between them, which made the mother rage more furiously; but I said that God was not to be beaten by the devil and an old woman, and I held her at bay till the daughter passed into liberty."

At Leicester, on a Monday night, there was a very extraordinary scene, which John describes in a letter to a friend: "There was not only a very great shaking, but a great number of persons fell to the ground. They actually were strewed all over the floor of the sacred house; some were in deep anguish; some were crying aloud for mercy; and some were made happy in God, and loudly sang his praises. The people were filled with amazement, and wondered what all this meant."

It must be remembered that Oxtoby was a stranger in Leicester. Leicester was a considerable town, "famed for its intelligence, and famous for men of vigorous intellect."

Without waiting to challenge that last statement, or to inquire how many "men of vigorous intellect" were amongst those stricken to the earth, let us think a little of this manifestation of John Oxtoby's power. What shall we say?

Clearly we must label "Praying Johnny" "Revivalist," and thereby give him his proper place in public opinion; then merging the individual in the class, we set aside John Oxtoby in particular, and consider the Revivalist in general.

Not many years ago, and in a remote part of England, a woman told the writer that a "Revival" had "broken out in the neighbouring parish the week before, and was expected to break out again that night." To her it was plainly as the small-pox or cholera, or any other infectious disease. It broke out—it raged—it died away. Of the infected, some never recovered at

all, some recovered in a measure, but were seriously affected for life, and some after a period of prostration slowly regained their former position. No one will deny that a Revival is infectious, and liable to break out at any time amongst the ignorant and undisciplined; but is its peculiar infection understood? Is it known how it breaks out and rages? Oxtoby speaks of men coming to fetch it, and then carrying it back to their villages. Is it a thing tangible and portable? It would seem so. How did they take it? How did they spread the infection? These are interesting questions, because they go to the root of the matter. But it is easier to ask than to answer them. Psychology is yet very young; she holds her secrets tenaciously; but when we are prepared to wrench them from her grasp, she will give them up. Are the geneses of small-pox, cholera, scarlet fever, whooping cough, and measles clearly known? Not yet; but some day they will be; and some day, too, shall the mysteries of Revivals be revealed.

A revival of religion seldom takes place except amongst the ignorant and undisciplined in mind, let their bodily estate be what it may. In these the passions are strong—and, for want of self-control, are easily roused. To rouse these passions is the mission of the Revivalist, and in cases where hitherto they have lain dormant his work is often abiding, but where, having been raised before, they are but turned from their accustomed channel, the effect is usually but transient. A Revivalist *must* be a man of an earnest spirit; he must be, if you will, a fanatic. The only education he needs is soon acquired. It is essential that he believe with all his heart that which he wishes others to believe; it is not essential that he present it in a logical form; reason is rather a hindrance. Reason! Is it not to her banishment that he owes his success?

A little experience, added to his firm faith, will teach him real eloquence, and then his theological education is complete. He speaks, and "sinners" are "convinced of sin;" he prays, and "they are justified;" he sings and they join with shouts of joy. And why? Because his earnestness affects them, and because, above all, he appeals to their passions. He addresses their self-love, and arouses fear—fear of a horrible punishment—fear of the wrath of God—fear of His power, which may crush them in a moment—fear of something undefined and undefinable. Nothing raises a panic like an undefined fear; some one utters an ejaculation, some one cries; soon dozens ejaculate—many weep; ejaculations become screams, and the more excitable jump and fall about in an agony.

This is the Revivalist's time; obviously he must not leave matters here—this passion must be calmed; he must excite a

yet stronger one—Love—Love to God? Ah, no! His fear is upon them; to bid them to love Him would be to mock them. He presents to them a Son of God—a Mediator, who espouses their cause, and begs them, one by one, from the vengeance of His Father. Begs them—claims them rather—for with His blood He has purchased them. The fury of God's anger is now only turned against those who refuse to be bought. Will they be of that number? Shall the blood have been shed in vain? Shall Satan yet triumph? Let them once feel that, well pleased with the sacrifice, God will ignore their sin—and they have passed for ever out of the reach of fear. Joy at their escape makes them shout and sing; and so great is their gratitude to their deliverer that they feel no sacrifice to His pleasure to be too great. And no sacrifice *is* too great until this new passion comes into collision with that which hitherto has been the basis of action. This is the point at which is determined whether the effect of the Revival shall be lasting, or the man return to his former life. It is now that he feels the "temptings of the wicked one," and the "strivings of the Spirit." The peace of indifference is gone from him for ever. "The peace and joy of believing" is to him now a blessed dream. He knows no peace, for a fierce battle rages within him. He alternates "backslidings" with "renewals of grace." Sometimes he gives up the conflict in sheer despair. Sometimes, and especially when his case has gained notoriety, he declares himself triumphant over the "world, the flesh, and the devil," and devotes himself to bringing others "into the fold." Henceforward, the devil will be the central figure in his religion. Why? Because to him Satan is a reality. Satan yearning for the "snatched brand" is ever at hand to tempt him; knowing his weak points he meets him at every turn. For the rest of his life this man is moved by two strong passions, Love and Hatred. Love to Jesus, who has rescued him from the hands of a mighty vindictive God. Hatred to Satan, who now destroys his peace.

With the increase of education such a Revival will become more and more a thing of the past. Not that as yet there will be no revivals of religious feeling, but the manner of them will be changed. A prophetic eye sees a time coming when reason will be the mainspring of action, and when men will look suspiciously upon their passions, and will be wary of yielding themselves up to the power of such blind guides. Then, indeed, may "Revivals" cease to be.

John Oxtoby was essentially a Revivalist; does any one doubt it? Let him then hear this quotation from the little memoir:—"Praying Johnny was not a man of original genius; he was not a man of lofty intellect; he was not a man of literary

taste; he was not a man of scientific attainments; he was not a metaphysician; not a philosopher; not a poet; not a grammarian; not a logician; not a rhetorician; not a linguist; not even a theologian. So many things he was not, we ask what was he? He was a true Christian; he was full of God; he was kind, just, firm, active and fearless; he had common sense, strong nerves, simple speech, a warm heart, and lively piety. These made him an extraordinary man. They made him a man, who, by active sympathy with its grief, has left a world better than he found it."

All honour then to John Oxtoby, and may his memory long be cherished, not only by the Primitive Methodists, but by all those who have the cause of humanity at heart.

Oxtoby's addresses were, as may be inferred, characterized by a very strong emotional element. They were rather exhortations than discourses, and might be quite as appropriately styled prayers as sermons; he was, moreover, of a very devotional spirit, and seemed so fully to realize the unseen, that prayer for and to it were the normal condition of his life. Hence his epithet of "Praying Johnny." Mr. Bottomley, who was stationed with him in the Halifax Circuit, says:—"During the time of his stay at Halifax, he was much given up to prayer, and generally spent about six hours each day upon his knees, pleading earnestly with God, in behalf of himself, the Church, and sinners, whose salvation he most ardently desired. When able, he attended the public and private means; for he took great delight in being among the people of God, and appeared to be lifted up above his infirmities. He was, at times, led out in such a manner in prayer and praise, that the people were astonished at him, and desired, in this respect, to be like him."

We are further informed that, "Often on the Sabbath, when attending many public services, he devoted those very hours in which his religious friends and his brethren in the ministry received refreshment and rested, to communion with his God in the closet. Frequently when harassed by any particular temptation when concerned about the *temporal* condition of any person in dangerous affliction; when under engagement to pray for one who was troubled with an evil spirit; when foiled in some late attempt to do good; when travelling in anguish of mind for a revival of religion in the neighbourhood in which he was labouring, and when deeply anxious to see the glory of the Lord revealed; he has spent many hours in the most decided abstinence and secluded retirement, and has, sometimes, in this manner, devoted whole days and nights to God."

Thus, it is said, in enumerating the benefits derived from these habits, "he secured blessings for persons who were far

from him ;” and the inference seems fair that these blessings were of a physical or temporal nature.

These facts are evidence, at the least, of an earnestness and intensity of feeling in the man such as is seldom seen, and to most readers they will also be evidence of his possessing a peculiar nature—a predominance of the spiritual—which might be expected to give rise to other unusual, and to many people, surprising manifestations. For instance, the following circumstance is related with every appearance of truth, and is certainly well authenticated. When visiting Bridlington Quay, in the Hull Circuit, John Oxtoby’s home was with Mr. Stephenson, whose family was one of the most influential in the place. “About the year 1825, Mr. Stephenson had a ship at sea on a foreign and distant voyage, about the safety of which he and the family began to feel anxious. There had not been any tidings of the vessel for a period far longer than they had expected. And, to increase their solicitude, they had a son on board for whom they feared the worst, feared that they should see him no more.

“At this time Oxtoby was sojourning in the family and was painfully concerned at witnessing their anxiety. Pressed in spirit for them and desirous to be the instrument of their relief, he fell back upon his usual and safe resort, special fasting and protracted prayer to God, in which he besought the Almighty to give him an assurance whether the ship was really lost, or would return in safety. In his protracted travail he clearly ascertained that the ship, which had been the object of so much solicitude, was not lost, but that she and the son, for whose safety the family were so anxious, would, in due course, return in safety.

“This welcome intelligence he communicated to the anxious family with perfect confidence. But high as John Oxtoby stood in their estimation, and exalted as was their opinion of his extraordinary piety and the power and prevalence of his prayers, yet his calm and positive assertions on this subject almost exceeded the bounds of their belief, and though they did not distrust them they were staggered. But John remained unmoved. He smiled at their doubts ; reiterated his expressions of confidence ; told them that God had “shown him the ship while at prayer ;” that he was as certain of her safe return as if she were then in the harbour ; and that when the vessel returned, though he had never seen her excepting when revealed to him, he should know her and could easily distinguish her from any other.

“Time rolled on. John pursued his work, and the family remained anxious, when news one day reached them that the vessel was safe and on her way home. She soon after arrived ;

at which time Oxtoby was about ten miles distant in the country. The Stephenson family were so delighted with the occurrence that a gig was immediately sent for him, by which he was to return without the least delay. Mr. Stephenson asked him if he should know the ship about which he had sought Divine counsel, providing he could see her. 'I should,' replied John. 'God so clearly revealed her to me in prayer that I could distinguish her among a hundred.' They then walked out on the pier; and on their left were many vessels, some near and some remote, floating at anchor in the spacious bay. Among them John looked, and exclaimed, while pointing in a certain direction, "That's the ship which God showed me while in prayer. I knew she would come safely, and that I should see her." We need scarcely add that in this he was correct, and that this last particular of the strange account filled Mr. Stephenson with overwhelming amazement."

As still further evidence that a more than ordinary power was possessed by John Oxtoby, several instances are on record in which he was the means of healing the sick of long-standing or violent complaints. As the little memoir says from which these facts are taken—

"The strength of his faith was further evidenced *in his being instrumental in raising the sick from their diseased condition*. To a number of persons under such circumstances he was called in, and in many cases his visits were crowned with the most perfect success. He has been heard to mention instances in which his confidence has triumphed over maladies the most hopeless and discouraging; diseases in the limbs which had been dreadful and inveterate; and even fevers whose aspects have been the most raging and forbidding. In many cases the results of his faith have silenced every objector, and struck numbers with the most perfect amazement."

Mr. W. Taylor, Superintendent of the Barnsley Circuit in the year 1826, in a note to the Editor of the *Primitive Methodist Magazine*, observes as follows:—"A woman at Emley had a painful illness in her leg. Brother Oxtoby conversed with her respecting faith in the Lord to heal it. They kneeled down and prayed, and she was cured from that time. I came through Emley from the last Conference (1830), which was more than three years after, and found that she continues to be well, and is going on for heaven." On the same subject, Mr. H. Bourne, before his death, observed—"I was at Emley since Midsummer, 1830, and saw our sister. The illness in her leg had been long continued and was serious indeed. She had several holes in it, and the pain at times was excruciating. But while she and Brother Oxtoby were at prayer it was instantaneously healed,

and it has been well ever since. This account I had from her own lips. She is pious and much devoted to God."

"This is excellent testimony," adds the memoir; "it being given by first-class witnesses—men who could not be easily deceived, and would not bear false witness."

We are further told that, "Sometimes, the confident manner in which he expressed himself, while upon his knees, and after he had risen from his devotions, would stagger the most pious of his friends; but they became perfectly satisfied by the mighty effects which generally followed his believing assertions." It would seem, too, that he was able to exercise his healing power when at a considerable distance from the patient. A full account of such a case is given as an "illustration of the mighty effects of John's prayers." This account is rather too long to be inserted entire. The main facts are these:—

"At a place, in Neardale Branch, the people, at whose house he preached, had a child about two years of age. Although this infant had once thriven, and had been able to walk, it unaccountably lost power over its limbs. Medical aid was of no avail, and naturally the parents were much distressed. The mother showed the child to Oxtoby, and so far excited his sympathy, that he promised to pray for it from the time of his departure, the next morning, until his return in six weeks. A week or two elapsed, but the child remained as usual. One day, however, the mother laid it upon a bed at the far side of the house and went out. On her return, to her great amazement and joy, she found the child had got off the bed, and walked to the fireside without assistance, and it continued to play about the house with great joy. We are assured that the thing was real, beyond any doubt, because the child's affliction returned no more."

It is evident, from all the cases mentioned, that John effected his cures, not by the laying on of hands, but by prayer. What, in his case, was prayer? There must, of course, be great diversity of opinion on this point. Some may feel inclined to maintain that a special Providence attended the wishes of John Oxtoby; others may hold, and with more reason, that the power of his will was sufficient to produce the effects stated. This would not meet all the requirements of the case; there certainly seems to have been some power other than Oxtoby's at work. What was it? Perhaps the question can be more easily answered, by asking another:—"Who answers the prayers Müller offers up for the sustenance of his orphans on Ashley Down?" Very recently, from two separate quarters, this answer has appeared.—"Mr. Müller is a good medium—the spirits hear him pray, and then go to wealthy people, and impress it on their minds to send him money."

The *Literary World*, quoting from a book, by an "evidently able writer," furnishes the same answer to the question; but the "able writer" sees fit to add—"This theory hardly commends itself to the devout mind; but it may have some truth in it, as to the agency of angels in answering prayer."

In the face of so many facts we are not prepared to say that prayer is never answered—prayer, the earnest desire of a man's heart, carried out in such a way as to exclude his own direct efforts. Is it possible that this "evidently able writer" has hit upon a correct theory to account for the phenomenon; a theory which, though "not calculated to commend itself to the devout mind," may yet take root amongst the more profane and bear astonishing fruit.

But why is any measure of truth incompatible with a devout mind? Is old-established error the fittest companion for devotion? Surely here lieth a mystery which is to the uninitiated incomprehensible.

Before his departure from this world, Oxtoby's spiritual powers seem so much to have increased that he often saw the spirits who surrounded him. The memoir says that "he seemed to be living in the suburbs, breathing the air, and having communication with the inhabitants of that better world. These celestial beings visited his apartments, bended in the tenderest sympathy over his bed of languishing, mutely waited by him, became visible to the eyes of his faith, displayed their lovely beauties and divine glories to his sight, furnished evidence of the pleasure which they felt by the smile which played upon their immortal countenances, and, as if anxious to have him added to their superior society, they beckoned him to come away. To his sister, in whose house he was, and who, according to her ability, administered to his necessities and increased his comforts, he said, 'O! what have I beheld? Such a sight as I cannot possibly describe. There were three shining forms standing beside me, whose garments were so bright, and whose countenances were so glorious, that I never saw anything to compare with them before. O, how sweetly they smiled upon me! And when they departed, they beckoned me to come away.'"

"Healing the sick, clairvoyance, and visitation by visible spirits—is any one inclined to believe such miraculous stories?" some readers may exclaim. Let them pause awhile, and ask themselves if these are the only miraculous stories which are believed. Is not the Gospel of Mark full of them? Why should belief in the one case be counted a virtue, while in the other it is shunned as a vice? All well-authenticated "miracles" are but parts of a whole, and as a whole they stand or fall. "They

have fallen," is the reply. "All are gone; we will have none of them, and we laugh at the credulity which receives them." Credulity is not shown by believing assertions, however inexplicable, if *well supported* by evidence. Credulity never asks for evidence, but leans on authority, and is too idle or careless to inquire. A man of candid disposition and unbiassed mind does not contemptuously reject what he cannot explain, but accepts a fact, however strange, and then seeks its cause. The false pride of half-knowledge alone refuses to admit what it cannot understand, and shuts its eyes to the unaccountable, lest it should be driven to confess that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in its philosophy."

SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE ZULUS OF NATAL.

From a Paper by the Rev. Canon CALLAWAY, read at the Anthropological Institute, May 15th, 1871.

"A NATIVE Kraal amongst the Amadunga on the Tsekela, having had some quarrel with their people, came into the neighbourhood of the lower Umkomangi, and settled with a relative among the Amahlongwa. They lived with him as dependents in his village. Soon after settling there a young child was seized with convulsions, and at once alarmed, they determined to consult a woman, living at some distance, celebrated as one who divined correctly by the aid of familiar spirits. Some young men, cousins of the child, went to consult her. On entering her hut and saluting her, she merely responded, but said nothing for some time. But at length after taking some snuff, she yawned, stretched, and shuddered, as is the custom with diviners when about to be the subjects of inspiration. She then said, 'They who divine are not yet come,' that is—the spirits.

"They remained waiting a long time, until they almost forgot the object of their coming; at last a voice, as of a very little child, proceeding from the roof of the hut, saluted them. They started, and looked to see whence the voice came. The spirits said, 'Why are you looking about? We merely salute you.' They replied 'We look about because we cannot see where you are.' The spirits replied, 'Here we are, but you cannot see us. You will be helped, not by seeing, but by hearing what we say.'

"The case then proceeded exactly as in common divinations,

excepting only that the woman was apparently passive, and the conversation was carried on by the voices, the revelations being made by them.

"The spirits began by saying—'You have come to inquire about something.' They were silent, and the woman said, 'Tell them. They say you come to enquire about something.' They smote the ground in token of assent. The spirits continued—'That about which you come is a matter of great importance. An omen has appeared in some one.' Again they smote the ground assenting, and asked, 'How big is the person in whom the omen has appeared?' The spirits replied, 'It is a young person.' They smote the ground vehemently here, because as they said, 'They saw she had hit the mark.'

"The spirits then went on to say that the omen was bodily, that the person affected was a boy, that he was still young—too young to go out to herd. All this being assented to in like manner, the spirits went on feeling their way, as it were, to these things. They said, 'Strike the ground that we may see what it is that has occurred to the body of this little boy, There he is. We see him. It is as if he had convulsions.' This was assented to with a most earnest smiting of the ground. The spirits said, 'What kind of convulsions are they? Ask of us.' The enquirers told the spirits they were going the right way, and required no assistance of them. The spirits replied, 'We told you to ask, because perhaps we are going wrong.' They then went on to detail in a most minute and correct manner the time when the first convulsions took place, and the character of the attack, and what was done and said by the mother of the child and others. All this having been assented to the spirits continued—'The disease resembles convulsions, You have come to ask us the cause? They replied, 'Yes, truly, spirits, we wish to hear from you the disease and its cause; and also the remedy.' The spirits promised to inform them, but first told them other particulars. The boy was the only child of his father. He was their brother, but not really their brother but their cousin. He was their brother because their fathers were brothers. They then went on to say, 'Smite the ground that I may see which is the older of the two. We say, boys, your own father is dead. Smite the ground that we may see where he died. There he is, we see him. He died, boys, in the open country. He was stabbed with an assagai. By what tribe was he stabbed? He was stabbed by the Amazulu on this side the Tukela. That is where your father died, boys.'

"They then told them that the disease was not, properly speaking, convulsions, but was occasioned by the ancestral spirits

because they did not approve of their living in their relative's kraal, but wished them to have their own kraal. They told them among what tribe they were living, and to what tribe they belonged. That the person with whom they lived was their cousin on the mother's side. They exonerated the cousin from all blame, saying, 'We see nothing wrong in the village of your cousin. He is good. Even no practising of sorcery there. I see that the village is clear of that. You eat with your eyes shut, for you have no reason to complain. What we tell you is this. It is the ancestral spirits that are doing this thing.'

"They then proceeded to tell them the remedy. 'We have pointed out to you the ancestral spirits as the cause of this disease. When you reach home you shall take a goat. There it is—a he-goat. I see it.'

"They said—'How do you see it?'

"The spirits replied—'Be silent. We will tell you and satisfy you as to its colour. It is white. That is it which had just come from the other side of the Hovo, from the Amanzim tote. It is now a large he-goat. You shall sacrifice it, and pour its gall on the boy. Go and gather for him Itongo medicine. I see the Itongo. It says that your village must be removed from its present place, and stand alone. Does not the Itongo ask why you have lived so long in the village of another? The he-goat you will sacrifice to your grandmother. It is she who refuses to allow the child to die. Your grandfather has earnestly wished to kill him. We tell you this to satisfy you. We tell you that if the disease returns you may come again and take back your money. Now we have divined for you, so give us your money.'

"They offered the money, and the spirits told the woman to take it. She took it, at the same time warning the spirits that if it turned out that they had spoken falsely, she would give it back again.

"The narrator, who was one of the persons engaged in the inquiry, goes on to say that the woman with the familiar spirits sat in the middle of the hut, at the time of full daylight. The spirits cannot divine by themselves; when they are going to divine, their possessor goes with them. The possessor of them cannot divine; she usually says very little, and she too inquires of the spirits, asking, 'So and so, when you say that, do you tell the people who have come to inquire of truth?' They replied that 'They did tell the truth and that the people would see.'

"So the possessor of the spirits took the money; and the spirits said, 'Go in peace. And give our services to your people.'

"They went home, sacrificed the goat, poured the gall on the child, plucked for him Itongo medicine, and gave him the expressed juice to drink, and made immediate arrangements for building themselves a new kraal.

"And the child never had an attack of convulsions after, and is living to this day, a strong healthy young man.

"The name of this woman was Umkankagi. She lived on the Umtwalume by the sea, a day and a half's journey distant from the kraal of those who inquired of her. They had never seen her before."

Canon Callaway further says about this case:—

"Now we shall be all ready with our explanations. We may say she had gleaned and treasured up in her memory the history of these people; that she had secret intelligence of all things going on around her; that she had been told of their having brought home a white he-goat only a few days before going to inquire of her; that the recovery of the child was a mere coincidence, and that the voices were produced by ventriloquism. Whether this is a correct explanation or not, the woman displayed much ability in playing her part. And where the spirits assert that they see, we are reminded of the old seers, who in their state of ecstasy peered into the distant void, and saw visions of the past, present, or future, which sometimes proved to be a scenic exhibition of facts displayed to their inner sense, and which they had no external means of knowing."

HEALING WATERS.

MRS. ALICE E. HACKER, writing in the *Christian Spiritualist* on "Healing Waters," after referring to the article, "Notre Dame de Lourdes," in the *Spiritual Magazine* for November, 1869, proceeds to remark:—

"A book called *Notre Dame de Lourdes* has been published by M. Henri Lasserre, himself cured from a state of almost total blindness by the timely application of this healing water. There may be some who on perusing, by no means sceptically, these histories, while admitting the probability of the facts, because believing in visions and apparitions, and in the communication of healing by divers means, may yet stumble and be 'offended' at their essentially Roman Catholic tone and tendency, and be inclined to ask, 'Why should the Virgin be necessarily the spirit employed to communicate the knowledge

of the healing efficacy of this stream, and why should its curative power be ascribed to her influence?" The difficulty may, perhaps, be removed by the recollection that the spirits belonging to spheres with which persons are '*en rapport*' or in sympathy, alone can influence them. The Greek heroes of ages lost in the mists of fable controlled and visited, long after their departure, their worshipping successors in their sunny land. The Prairie Indian of to-day sees visions of departed 'braves,' dwelling in the 'happy hunting grounds.' Bernadette herself, a devout and believing Catholic, would naturally see and be addressed by a spirit to whom her simple pious heart had continually gone forth in humble but utter love. We see what we are able to see. The higher we are, the higher the influences that can be brought to bear upon us. Involuntarily we are perpetually practising invocation, for 'like attracts like.' It is a solemn consideration that there are some states of the human mind and will, in which we may say, speaking with all reverence, that God Himself cannot help us, or heal our souls; for He acts ever by the law of sympathy in that which is spiritual, and man's will is free: 'Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life.' A few words now on healing waters of various degrees.

"Besides its material and practical properties of cleansing, vivifying, and reviving, and the many exquisite images and touching emblems which these qualities have suggested, it is known universally that water is an unequalled vehicle for the conveyance and fusion of physical substances, which can be so completely dissolved by it, and their particles distributed with such perfection and minuteness, as at times only to be detected by the keenest chemical analysis. To such a height of development has this power of analysis now attained, that it is said to be possible, with the aid of recent applications of science, even to discover from the water in which a person has washed his hands the presence in his system of certain mineral and vegetable medicines lately imbibed. Water is therefore capable of receiving, retaining, and imparting certain chemical and physical substances, imperceptible to the eye, touch, or taste; but yet very really and actually contained within it. Does its power of reception and forthgiving end here? Between the natural and spiritual there is a grand harmony, and a beautiful correspondence; although but little considered or understood. Of the facts and conditions of the merely physical, the "natural," that which is palpable to our bodily senses, or to instruments constructed by human science, even the most advanced philosopher in this age must admit that he has as yet had but a glimpse into nature's vast treasure caves, and is still only picking up pebbles

on the shore of the great unexplored and fathomless sea of wonder that stretches before him.

"In the domain of the spiritual,—seeking goodly pearls from out the boundless ocean of Eternity,—"so foolish and ignorant" must all own themselves before Him who counts each crystal drop, and every sparkling sand, and holds the mighty waters in the hollow of His hand, that none dare speak but with hesitation, and with "stammering lips." Of the place of meeting between these two,—where the spiritual, acting upon and through the natural, becomes merged in it; of that dim mysterious border land, where mind combines with matter, we can know but very little, and we must suggest always rather than dogmatise. The philosophy of Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, and Spiritualism, would seem to have thrown a little light upon this mid region of misty speculation; although, as yet, it be but a fitful and a flickering gleam. Chemistry informs us that from all physical substances proceed actual, though invisible, emanations, penetrating in proportion to the conditions they encounter, and the *media* through which they act. The discoveries of Mesmerism, and the theories of Spiritualism, assure us also, that every individual is surrounded by an atmosphere emanating from his "nerve spirit," or "spirit body," or "soul," a force, so to speak, *semi-material*, essentially personal, and varying therefore in quality and quantity, according to individual circumstances; and that he is moreover encompassed by influences subtler and finer still proceeding from his "SPIRIT," his very innermost and only real self. In and through this atmosphere—which, though in our present state it passes through the "natural body," is yet perfectly independent of it, and which will be retained when it is cast aside—dwellers in the Spirit Land can communicate with us, for this strange atmosphere is common ground between us and them. We can, through it, act also upon them, and upon our fellow mortals; and both we and our brethren out of the body, can, under felicitous conditions, influence by it material substances, impressing upon them, and making them instinct with our very life principle, and conveying through them, as the case may be, good or harm, healing or hurt. When a human being mesmerises water, he throws into it a portion of his atmosphere, his very being. And though the new element introduced be so impalpable as to defy the power of the analyst, being subtle and intangible as the soul itself, yet is there verily and indeed a new and powerful *substance* cast into the liquid, underlying its physical properties, but quite as really there as they are, and proving its presence by its efficacy and results.

"A Spirit, therefore, especially a high and glorified Spirit, a

"just man" (or woman) "made perfect," far from losing any of this force or virtue, has probably increased it by its emancipation from mortality, and by its own reception of high and holy influences in the Heavenly Country. When God permits, and when there are no adverse conditions or opposing elements, why should He not be able to pour His own rich fulness of life into the fittest vehicle for its transmission to suffering humanity?

"The susceptibility of water to magnetic influence is beyond a doubt, and to influences higher still, and more spiritual. Water may be "spiritualized," as well as magnetized, even through human instrumentality; the medium in this case being but a passive transmitter, not of his own life-power, but of the influence of higher spirit spheres, poured through his human hands! If these things be true, we hold in them the key to many and glorious mysteries, which have been hidden from so many, because they, like Thomas the Apostle, could not believe except they might see, and touch the evidences of the truth.

"Water being then so suitable a medium for receiving and imparting spiritual healing magnetism, no wonder that we find in all histories and countries healing wells and sacred streams. Incredulity has smiled with pitiful contempt; but nevertheless these beliefs have continued, and facts sustain them.

"In the waters of Jordan, whose banks were guarded doubtless by angelic beings, the wilful captain of Assyria's host was bid to bathe. Bethesda's still and silent pool was stirred at times by spirit visits, and became forthwith imbued with restoring strength. Miraculous wells dedicated to saints abound on the Continent; and even in our own land to-day, legends cluster about some waters. St. Winifred's healing well, in North Wales, retains its reputation yet. And wells bearing still 'Our Lady's' name, are to be found here and there in our now Protestant island. One there is in the pretty village of Hempstead, not far from the Cathedral City of Gloucester, called even now, 'Our Lady's Well.' The water is singularly limpid, and the rustics still have a firm belief in its usefulness for weak eyes or defective sight. Doubtless, in olden days, cures were wrought beside the sparkling rill, in the days when faith in the unseen gave to unseen but kindly beings the conditions of beneficial influence. We have set our wills against such help in England now; and against our will, and without our faith, helped we cannot be. The spirits, like their Master, 'CAN do no mighty work' amongst us, 'because of our unbelief.' "*

* A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* of August 21st, gives an account of a healing fountain, known as "St. Bridget's Well," situate on the road to the cliff of Moher, County Clare, Ireland; and where, as he tells us, that

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

"THERE is a double life with every man—the seen and the unseen." Thus spoke the stranger, while I listened wonderingly. "And two forms as well as two lives, for there can be no life without a form of life. Two bodies—the one seen, and the other unseen."

"Two bodies?"

"Yes. In the words of Paul, there *is* a natural body, and there *is* a spiritual body. Many read this as if *will be* were in the place of *is*, when the spiritual body is spoken of; but Paul meant that no such construction should be placed on his language. He spoke of the *unseen* body, without which the *seen* body could have no existence."

"Your meaning is veiled," said I.

"Not veiled," answered the stranger; "you see the truth obscurely, because your vision is dim. Scales shut out the true light. Let me remove them. Does your eye see?"

"If not, how do I perceive forms and colours?"

which he describes "may be seen a dozen times a year by any one who cares to visit Ireland."

He says, "Before the car turned in at the lodge gates of Birchfield House, lately owned by Mr. O'Brien—who appears to have been a king in this part of the country, and for whom the driver assured me that the lads would willingly have died on account of his good deeds—the cars laden with villagers, the groups of pedestrians, the wagons crowded with women and children wending their way up the hill, persuaded me that something unusual was going on. It was a pilgrimage to St. Bridget's Well; and for miles and miles away the peasants were coming to 'do their rounds' at the holy fountain on Mr. O'Brien's estate. The village belief is that this loved master of theirs, when threatened with blindness, was cured by prayer and an application of water from the well. At any rate, Mr. O'Brien planted the cave round with flowers and shrubs, and erected stone crosses and little altars in the grounds; and there he and his family lie buried, within a stone's throw of the mysterious fountain. . . . You turn off from the roadway by steps into the sacred grove, where the water cave will be found; and having passed by a rude stone bench, on which rest rows of dusty shoes and stockings, you come upon a still pool, to which the peasants descend to wash their feet before commencing their devotions. It is formed by an overflow from the well, and thus, according to the peasantry, possessing some mysterious properties. . . . I spoke just now merely of peasants—poor creatures with sore eyes and wounded limbs, the halt, the maimed and the blind, the deformed and the grievously sick—who found their way to St. Bridget's Well, and who, having stowed away their shoes and stockings on the stone bench, washed the dust from their feet, and commenced their devotion before drinking the water. There were scores of peasants, it is true; but others than peasants visited the well, and washed their feet in the pool by the side of the humblest. Well-dressed young women, girls in fashionable bonnets and white piqué dresses, with clean white petticoats and high-heeled boots, by no manner of means distressing to look at, sat on the stone bench and made bare their legs and feet, going down to the pool like the rest, and doing their ablution preparatory to prayer."—[Ed. S. M.]

"That beautiful organ of flesh and blood called the eye—I mean that natural orb so wonderful in its construction—does that see objects around you? or is it only a kind of window through which the unseen, or true spiritual eye, looks forth upon the world of nature. Think! Is it possible for mere matter to have the power of sight?"

"Not unorganized! And what is organized matter? It is a material form in which is a principle of life, and the form is determined by the character of the animating principle. Without the unseen, the seen would be inert and dead. Your eye is an organized form, because there is an unseen principle of life—in other words, an unseen eye—within, giving it the power of natural vision. This is as true of the ear and its uses as it is of the eye; of the brain as of the ear; of the heart and lungs as of the brain; and, still further, as true of the whole body as of a single member. Thus, there is an unseen as well as a seen body; and the former is equally susceptible of impressions with the latter—nay, more susceptible, because it is more highly organized."

"Organized?"

"Yes, spiritually organized."

"You startle me. If this be true, what wonderful things are involved!"

"We are fearfully and wonderfully made," returned the stranger, in a solemn voice. "This is divine language, and has a divine and spiritual meaning. Yes; wonderful things are involved. If we have this spiritual body, then we have an inner as well as an outer life. And do not all admit this vaguely?"

"There is an inner life," I said.

"If an inner life, then an inner form of life."

"And that form, as you say, must take impressions."

"Yes, and retain them."

"Not so tenaciously as this outward, physical form."

"More tenaciously," said the stranger.

"This I do not clearly perceive. A form so sublimated, so ethereal, so unsubstantial, must almost instantly overcome impressions."

"It is not an unsubstantial, but a truly substantial form," was answered. "There is material substance and spiritual substance; the latter is an abiding substance, but the former is ever changing. Think! Upon which does an impression remain the longer—upon your body or your mind?"

"Upon my mind."

"If it were not a substance, could it receive and retain impressions?"

I was silent. The words of the stranger were so full of meaning that I was oppressed by their signification. A window seemed opening upon the unseen world; but, as yet, no objects were plainly visible.

"Look around you," said the stranger. "There is the dull, cold, lifeless earth. Seeds have been cast into its bosom. Now, by what are they vivified? And by what power does each send up after its kind its leaf and stalk? From whence is this wonderful and perfect discrimination? It is from the unseen and spiritual world flowing from its infinitely variant principles of life into forms of matter presented in seeds. In germs lie the points of influx; and each, after its kind, receives life from the unseen world. And as the law of like produces like is an invariable law, it follows that, in order to the production of a particular plant or tree in the seen world, there must be a like plant or tree in the unseen world, from which it exists, as an effect flowing from its cause."

"Trees and plants in the other world?" I shook my head doubtfully. "That is a mere spiritual world."

"Will you have a world without the objects that make up a world?" asked the stranger. "A spiritual world will have spiritual objects."

"Oh, spiritual! Your ideas of the spiritual," said the stranger, "are still dark and obscure. But this is no cause of wonder. Here, all is brought to the test of our sensuous perceptions; and it is hard to rise above these and withdraw our thoughts from them so as to think abstractedly. But do not reject as false what you cannot understand when first presented. You need not, you should not receive as true what comes not to your mind with sufficient evidence. But to negative a proposition because the mind does not rise at once into its comprehension is not the act of a wise man. Hold your mind ever in the affirmative principle; but admit nothing as truth which is not clearly seen. Prove all things; and in doing so, bear in mind this wise saying—there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

We separated—I and the stranger. But I could not forget his strange language. "Two lives!" said I, as I sat musing alone in the still watches of the night that followed. "Two lives and two forms of life—an outer and an inner life; the seen and the unseen. Two bodies; a natural and a spiritual body; each substantial, and capable of receiving and retaining impressions. How full of meaning is all this! How much does it involve! And can it be true?" The longer I pondered the subject, the more truth seemed involved in the proposition. It was plain to me that the unseen body, the spiritual man, must

be complete in every part as the natural body, which was but as its outer garment, or, rather, its means of action in the lower and less perfect world of matter.

"And if all this be so," said I, one thought involving another, "how wonderful in perfection must that body be, organised, as it is, of spiritual substances; and how perfectly must that spiritual countenance express the passions and emotions of the soul! Ah! how different will all be when we come to lay aside this body of flesh and blood—this mass of inertia, now infilled with the life of the spirit, which it is ever bearing down, and whose powers it is ever limiting! In that unseen world, there will be no veil of matter to hide the moral quality. All eyes will see us in our true character, in our true spiritual forms." I paused. The last words uttered were the plane for a new influx of ideas.

"What is a spiritual form?" I asked myself. I pondered long. "What is spiritual?" I mused still further. "It is thought and affection. A spiritual form, then, is a form of affection; or, in other words, an affection clothed in its proper thought; for it is by thought that affection comes into manifest perception, and shows us its quality. Can this be so? How much, undreamed of before, is involved! Will evil affections give a beautiful form?" "No!" was my involuntary answer.

My thoughts turned towards a beautiful young lady whom I had met during the day, who was greatly admired for her personal charms. In form and face she was almost faultless. I now remember that, in conversing, she had exhibited a feeling of malice toward another; and had also displayed a large share of vanity.

"The seen body is beautiful," said I, still musing; "but is it so with the unseen body? Can an evil affection clothe itself in a form of loveliness?" I pondered this question until there came a great change. I was no longer in my chamber, musing upon different questions, but among a company of people who sat in the porch of a large building, the architecture of which was more perfect than anything I had ever beheld. Before us spread out a beautiful landscape. "This is a new country to me," said I to one who was near me, and as I tried to recollect the way by which I had come; "what is its name?"

"This is the world of spirits," replied the person to whom I had addressed the inquiry.

"The world of spirits!" A thrill went through me. "Was I then dead?"

"Not dead," said my companion, who perceived my thoughts,

"but truly alive. You have laid aside the body of flesh, and arisen in the true spiritual body."

"But these are flesh!" said I, holding up my hands; "I can touch one against the other. Moreover, I can touch your body, and it is firm like my own."

"And yet all is spiritual," was replied. "Your body and my body, and the bodies of all around us are spiritual in their substance. Our senses likewise are spiritual. What made us men on earth? Our flesh and blood? Mere dead matter? Far from it. We were men because we were spiritually organized, and, in the human form, made after the likeness and image of God. Does the laying aside of the natural body make us less men—less human? No! And can we be men without having bodily form and senses?"

As he spoke, there approached one whom I had known in the world, and who had departed thence a year before. She had many questions to ask about her friends she had left behind, all of which I answered. As she left me, after a time, I turned to the one with whom I had spoken, and said to him, "How is this? In the other life this person had a beautiful body; but now she is deformed and repulsive."

"It is because her affections are evil, and not good," replied my companion. "In this world, all are seen according to their quality. Good affections give beautiful form, and evil affections repulsive forms."

My thoughts instantly turned toward one who, while living in the world, had a sickly and deformed body, but who had a pure and loving spirit, and whose chief delight appeared to be to do good; and, as I thought of her, I saw her approach. She drew near and joined the company. O, what a change! The bent body was straight and graceful, and the severe angles of her suffering countenance had given place to a surpassing beauty. My heart was touched with admiring wonder as I looked upon her.

Another whom I had known appeared. He was a man who, while living in the world, had been covetous, and who yet loved a good reputation, and, therefore, concealed his real character under assumed forms of benevolence and liberality. While in the natural body he was fair of person, but now there was a hideousness about his countenance, that made me turn from him with a shudder; and I understood the quality of his life from the form and expression of his person and face, as clearly as if "covetousness" had been written upon his forehead.

"This man was of goodly appearance in the other world," said I, turning to my companion.

"His seen body was fair to look upon," was replied; "but

his evil affections were daily and slowly destroying, in the unseen body, every trace of beauty. Come with me, and I will show you some of those who have become so changed from the human form, through evil lives, as to appear more like beasts than men."

My companion took me to a valley, before concealed from view by a dense forest, through which led a winding path. In this valley were companies of men and women engaged in various pursuits that seemed to occupy their earnest attention.

"Look from this point," said my companion, as we gained a little eminence, "and you will see them in their true forms."

I looked for a moment, and then turned away, sick with the sight.

"What did you see?" asked my companion.

"Men and women so changed, as to appear more like evil and filthy beasts than forms of human intelligence."

"As you see them, so are they.—While in the natural body, many of them had beautiful forms, for which they were loved and admired. But, in their life in the world, they marred the form and features of their spiritual bodies by evil and beastly affections. One had the cunning of the fox; another the cruelty of the wolf; and another the filthy sensuality of the swine. All this was hid from the natural sight—it was the unseen. But the veil of the flesh is removed, and what was unseen has become the seen. They are now before you in the forms that correspond to their true affections."

"Oh, if men knew this!" I exclaimed.

"Return and give utterance to the truth. Publish what your eyes have seen and your ears heard."

"But they will not believe," said I.

"Tell it, nevertheless."

At this moment, I saw approaching, one whom I had loved with a love more intense than that of a brother, and whose loss I had mourned with unavailing sorrow. She had observed me, and was hurrying forward. As she came near, I perceived that she was no longer beautiful as before. Every fair feature was distorted, and there was an expression of evil in her countenance, that shocked me like an electric current. Oh, she was hideous! I turned to flee, but she threw her arms around me, and uttered words of endearment; and her voice, instead of being flute-like in its tones, croaked like the voice of the raven. In sorrow I awoke.

Long did I lie pondering the strange vision. "Dreams are, for the most part, fantastic," said I; "but they often come in similitudes of truth. There is truth veiled here; I feel it, I know it. An evil life *must* distort the features of our inner

man, and change them from beauty to deformity. We know that the mind receives impressions and retains them. Warp the mind in childhood, and it ever after retains the unpleasing form, which is ever manifesting itself by means of the outer body. If we could see, by a spiritual vision, this mind or inner body itself, we should see the distortion as we perceive an unsightly crook in a favourite tree."

And if all this be so, and who will make bold to deny it?—each one of us is, day after day, either marring and deforming the unseen body, or rendering it more beautiful. Every evil and selfish affection, every unholy passion, every indulgence in wrong feelings or actions, deforms the spirit; while every good and generous emotion, and every act that springs from a purified and all-embracing love of our neighbour, is rendering it more and more beautiful, and, if continued to the end of life, the unseen body, when it rises into the light of the spiritual world, will appear as the form of an angel.

Reader, lay this up in your heart and ponder well the words of the stranger. They are not idle sounds like the tones of the passing wind.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

A FACT FOR DR. CARPENTER: DR. THOMSON'S TESTIMONY.

MR. G. S. THOMPSON, M.D., of 4, Worcester Lawn, Clifton, Bristol, writes:—

"I have just read the article in the *Quarterly Review* entitled "Spiritualism and its Recent Converts," in which, among many other statements which the author discredits, is the account given by Mr. Crookes of his experiments with Mr. Home with the accordion. He seems to express a desire that the experiment be tried in open daylight, and above instead of under a table, and in the presence of trustworthy witnesses. I think I can satisfy him on all of these points (provided I am trustworthy, which I am considered to be by those who know me). At a *séances* in my own house, the accordion, while suspended by the lower end from one of Mr. Home's hands (while the other hand rested on the table), by which he held it at least two feet above the table, did play, and the whole party, consisting of seven

persons, heard it, and, moreover, saw the keys and the bellows move simultaneously, which latter point the writer appears to have great doubt about. I may also add that the room was fully lighted, every part of it being distinctly visible.

"I should also state that Mr. Home did not see the accordion till it was given him after we were seated at the table, and that during the time the accordion was playing, I passed my hand all round it, in order that I should be perfectly satisfied that nothing was attached to the keys."

EXPERIENCES OF MRS. BASSETT.

Mr. Bassett, of Thornton-grove, Stratford, *E.*, writes concerning the experiences of himself and Mrs. Bassett as follows:—

"We first saw spiritual manifestations about three years ago, at a spirit circle, at which Mrs. Everitt was the medium, and after witnessing the phenomena, had no faith whatever in them, but determined to try for ourselves at home. Sixteen years previously we had heard of table-turning, and on trying found that the table turned for us, but had no idea that spirits produced the movements. After the *séance* with Mrs. Everitt, we began at home, sitting occasionally, and always in the light. At our first sitting certain table movements rather startled us, which we accounted for on Faraday's theory of unconscious muscular action, but afterwards found that when we removed our hands from the table, the same movements sometimes took place. At the fourth or fifth of our weekly sittings, we heard raps for the first time; the raps continued for the next two months, and then we began to sit in the dark. We then heard other noises, sometimes as if a bird were flying about the room. All this time we were not convinced of spirits having anything to do with the manifestations, but ascribed them to an unknown force.

"After forming this opinion, we sat one evening by the light of a paraffin lamp. I placed a concertina under the table, and said—'If this is spirit-power, strike the notes on the concertina, which I have placed under the table, if that is better for you, and we will accept it as a truth, and if not, we will have nothing further to do with it.' Immediately the notes came out full and powerful, so as to frighten us; the accordion also moved about, hitting against my legs and the legs of the table as if it were alive. I said, 'Well, we must accept it.' This was about six months after we began our sittings. We then invited some

friends to come and witness the phenomena. They were startled, and could not account for what they saw. Things went on in this way for another six months, when one night we found at the close of the *séance* that a sheet of paper had been written on, and the name of a friend who had 'died' some years previously was appended to the communication. It was unmistakably his own signature. Afterwards, three or four other spirits, unknown to us, gave us messages in the same way, but they were known, and their signatures recognised by their friends present. Occasionally we get this direct spirit-writing now.

"The next phase consisted in the formation in the dark of spirit-hands, which touched us; they opened and shut doors, and played frequently on the violin and other instruments. Various objects were carried about the room, and sometimes made to gently touch us. Sometimes articles were brought from other rooms in the house, while the doors and windows of the *séance* room were closed.

"About two years after we began, as we were sitting for other manifestations in the light, and while several persons were present, we most unexpectedly heard the spirit-voice for the first time. Since then we have had at different times as many as seven spirit-voices; three of these spirits who speak with audible voices almost invariably attend our *séances* now.

"The name of the spirit who speaks with most ease through Mrs. Bassett's mediumship, is James Lombard; and he has proved his personal identity to the satisfaction of his brother, who lives in Chandos-road, Stratford, and is in the employment of the Great Eastern Railway Company. The names of the other two spirits who frequently talk are Robertson and Dolman. They do not speak with the same voices they had while on earth, as they state that they have to manufacture speaking apparatus out of the emanations from the medium and other members of the circle before they can make their words audible.

"Altogether at our house we have given about two hundred *séances*, besides accepting invitations to all parts of London. We have sat with ministers of religion, writers for the public press, professional men, and men of science, and have given them every opportunity of testing the genuineness of the manifestations. They have been surprised at the length of time the spirits talk; sometimes half an hour has passed without the voice stopping for one moment. James Lombard, in his peculiar style, usually takes up the conversation of the sitters, giving his opinions freely, and sometimes describing other spirits present. Mr. Robinson usually gives a dissertation on the reality of a future state, and the benefits arising from spiritual manifestations. Mr. Dolman usually speaks of the growth and progress

of the spirit in the spheres, and of our duty to God and to our neighbours. They say that they take the emanations from the medium and other members of the circle, wherewith they make speaking apparatus which they use to talk with. The emanations from some individuals are no good at all for the manufacture of speaking apparatus, and a medium is simply a person who gives off the right emanations in greater quantity than other people.

"In conclusion, we have proved the truth of Spiritualism for ourselves, and have the consolation of knowing that through us it has reached the homes and hearts of many more."

[We may add to the foregoing account that Mrs. Bassett is an unprofessional medium, and that her services as a medium have been given solely to aid inquiries into the facts and laws of spirit-manifestations. It is by mediums accepting in this spirit the responsibilities of their position that they can best serve the interest of the truth of which they are the ministers, and not by making a trade of mediumship.—ED. S. M.]

GERALD MASSEY ON SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

This work being out of print the author proposes to issue a second edition limited to one hundred copies for subscribers only, at one guinea each.* After setting forth the character and purpose of the work, the advertisement proceeds to say that "Mr. Massey avows that the revelations whereby he claims to have cleared up a great mystery were made by means of spirit communications, and he offers his work as one answer to those who ask 'What is the use of such communication?' He considers the problem to have been insoluble in any other way."

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

The *method* of communicating with the invisible beings, who surround us like "a great cloud" continually, is one thing, and the communications themselves quite another. We receive, through the wires that are suspended over the length and breadth of our land, and by means of the small machines at our railway stations and post-offices, all sorts and kinds of messages, characterising the persons who send them, and those to whom they are

* Names of Subscribers will be received by our publisher, Mr. J. BURNS, 15, Southampton Row, E.C.

sent. An impertinent person dispatches an off-hand, disagreeable message, and we do not instantly declare that the machinery is to blame, and ought to be broken up, or that the Evil One himself is in it. By the same agency, and within the same hour, comes the brief but "exceeding great and bitter cry" of an untold desolation; a woe heart-rending in the intensity thrown into a solitary word; the triumph shout compressed in a single note of rejoicing; the meek and sad entreaty; the hard terse business message; the common-place statement that the sender will not return to dinner—these, and a hundred more varieties of human life, action, and thought, skim lightning-like from end to end of England, and are communicated through the tickings and pointings of the telegraph. It is a poor little machine for such treasures of feeling, and knowledge, and fact to pass through; but none of us despise it and say scoffingly, "I cannot believe that any wise, or good, or great man would use so small an agency to express his meaning; he would communicate with us more grandly, and with more pomp and circumstance." Yet this is what is every day contemptuously said about the messages which come through the action in spirit hands, of some mighty force, upon the wood of which our tables and floors are composed. We despise the *means*, therefore we overlook and believe not in the object. We say, with the Assyrian captain, that any communication worth the hearing must be given both in style and state, with scenery and emphasis. And so, like him, we turn away in rage and disgust. Nevertheless, God, all through the history of His dealings with men, has chosen the small things of the world to confound the mighty. Looking as the Spiritualist does, then, upon the *manner* and *method* of reception of a spirit message as a merely external and accidental circumstance, and upon its purport and intention as all-important, it follows that the putting himself into a position to obtain a—so to speak—telegraphic communication by raps on a table, argues no want of reverence or esteem for the dead. If I am shut up in a cell, and a person knocks at my door, and, not daring or unable to make vocal sounds, signals to me by preconcerted arrangement, I show him no disrespect by encouraging him thus to use his freedom. I judge him and his character entirely by the tone of his thoughts, as objectively expressed to me by the raps, which are his sole possible means of intercourse. My esteem depends entirely upon his character. The same rule applies to disembodied spirits. Death does not dignify nor exalt. Because a man has died, he is not certain to be wise and worthy of honour. Doubtless the unknown is always mysterious, and full of a nameless awe; and every soul who has made the solemn passage has gone through an experience great and over-

whelming, of which we are as yet individually ignorant, but which each one of us anticipates as inevitable. Therefore all trifling would be out of place and utterly repulsive and objectionable. Nevertheless, the fact remains that "he that is unjust shall be unjust still," and "he that is holy shall be holy still," and that as far as personal veneration goes, it can only be given to qualities which deserve it, in the other world as in this. —*Christian Spiritualist.*

HOW THE MURDER OF HANNAH BROWN WAS BROUGHT HOME TO GREENACRE.

I remember my father's uneasiness when Greenacre was being brought up day after day before the magistrate, and nothing could go on towards his committal, the head of the wretched victim, Hannah Brown, not having been found. Pieces of cut-up flesh could not be identified, and all that could be done was to adjourn over and over in very faint hope. Circumstances were strongly against the prisoner, but the law would not permit a trial unless the body could be identified. A most wonderful circumstance occurred at last and settled the matter. Hannah Brown had lodged some months before at a little shop in Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road, and the very night of her murder she called to take leave of the people there, saying she was going next day to be married. They soon after, of course, heard of her murder. The woman of the shop said one morning to her husband, "I have now dreamt four nights of a place where I know we should find Hannah Brown's head, and if you still refuse to go there with me I am determined to hire a man to dig there, and I shall find it." At last she prevailed on her husband, and took him a long way off (I think in the Bayswater direction) where they were making foundations for houses, a large open space. She looked about, and at last said, "Dig here." He did so, and found the head in a sack. This, of course, was all important, and was still farther corroborated in this way. A gentleman, hearing where the head was found, applied to the magistrate, saying he travelled in an omnibus with a man who had something in a sack he was very careful of; he looked at him very particularly, and should know him. He thought it a most suspicious circumstance that on getting out he ran across that open place I have described and had a lighted lantern. An order was given for thirty prisoners to be shown to this gentleman, who instantly fixed on Greenacre. He was tried and executed, as every one knows. The head was quite perfect, and

the features had not been mangled in the least. He had imagined, by burying the head, he should render discovery impossible, and so it would have been, and he must have been discharged, but for this wonderful interposition of Providence.*

THE BOSTON "JOURNAL OF CHEMISTRY" ON "PSYCHIC FORCE."

The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* is one of the first scientific journals of America. It is conducted by Dr. Nichols, one of the ablest chemists of that country. In an article by him on "Psychic Force," he writes :—

"We have often attempted to investigate them (the phenomena), as observed in the families of our most trusted friends—families where the moral uprightness and high character of every inmate rendered suspicion impossible. It has not been our business, however, to permit this known condition of things to deter us from the most thorough and persistent search, and we believe, if the astounding physical disturbances witnessed had been due to secret springs, wires, electro-magnets, &c., we should have found them. *No—the prestidigitation theory fails to explain the phenomena, and so do ventriloquism, sleight-of-hand, and all such tricks and devices.* Science, within its present boundaries, has no methods for explaining or investigating it; and here we seem to stand at the present time. We may as well call it "the psychic force," as to employ any other term; and certainly, while Professor Crookes and his illustrious associates will fail to shed much light on the dark subject, they ought not to be ridiculed and abused by their equals, much less by those who are vastly their inferiors in every department of learning. In research and knowledge of physical science, Professor Crookes and Mr. Huggins are certainly *the equals of any men living.*

When we learn that Dr. Nichols's investigations, or as he modestly calls it, "attempts at investigation," have extended over nearly a quarter of a century, and that he has come into contact with nearly every phase of the phenomena, and constructed numerous mechanical appliances to test them; his statement that every mechanical, chemical, and philosophical appliance, so far as he knows, has failed to throw any light on the nature of the phenomena, or to elucidate any principle connected with them; ought, we think, to have some weight with those who are only just entering on this kind of experimental investigation; and may possibly suggest the consideration that though they may thus verify the phenomena, and measure the force requisite to their production, that they are still dealing only with *effects*, the *causes* of which belong to a sphere of agency of a totally different kind, beyond the range of physics, and to which mechanical appliances can bear no relation.

* *Recollections of the Public Career and Private Life of the late John Adolphus, the eminent Barrister and Historian, with Extracts from his Diaries.* By his Daughter, EMILY HENDERSON. London: T. CAUTLEY NEWBY, 1871.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1872.

A CONGREGATIONALIST MINISTER ON SPIRITUALISM AS "THE WORK OF DEMONS."*

A REPLY TO THE REV. JOHN JONES.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

WHEN a scientist is confronted with the facts of Spiritualism, and is satisfied that they are genuine, he is pretty sure to conclude that he has come upon the discovery of a "new force;" when the same facts are brought home to a clergyman or Congregationalist Minister, he in general is equally confident that it must all be the work of the devil or of evil spirits; and as the one naturally has recourse to levers, spring balances, and other mechanical apparatus to prove his theory, so the other as instinctively resorts to Church doctrines, Scripture texts, and other theological apparatus to establish his. I do not complain of this: every man to his trade and to the tools he is most expert in the handling. The worthy shoemaker in the old story was no doubt sincere in urging that for the defence of a city there was nothing like leather; his fellow-citizens, however, might, we think, reasonably be excused for not taking quite the same professional view of the situation, and so a mere layman may perhaps be pardoned if he takes exception to the validity of the conclusions and method of reasoning of the conscientious and earnest Congregationalist Minister of Chadwick Mount Chapel, Liverpool, in his late sermon on Spiritualism; the substance of which he has now "sent forth from the press, in order that it may address itself to a still larger audience."

The Congregationalist Minister reminds us that "For these

* *Spiritualism the Work of Demons.* By the Rev. JOHN JONES, Congregationalist Minister, Liverpool.

sixteen past years Spiritualism has been spreading like a tidal wave over the land;" that it "is beginning to deeply agitate the masses;" and that it "is coming up to the front in the town of Liverpool as in other places;" and he warns "the ministers of religion" that they "had better deal with it in time." He sets his brethren in the ministry an example in this respect, but so far it would seem the results are not encouraging, for we learn his sermon and pamphlet have given quite an impetus to the movement of Spiritualism in Liverpool; and this is what might have been expected, for his testimony and the evidence he adduces to the truth of Spiritualism could scarcely fail to arrest attention and excite inquiry, which is all it needs. In reply to those who affirm that Spiritualism is a system of imposture and trickery, he very forcibly remarks:—

"That is a strange imposture in which millions are leagued together, many of whom are eminent personages in the ranks of literature, science, and nobility throughout the civilised world." Again, he shows that natural causes alone are insufficient to explain the phenomena of Spiritualism, and refers as instances to direct spirit-writing and spirit-music. He observes—"Now, there is in the fact of a written sentence and familiar music a display of *intelligence* which neither magnetism nor electricity possess, and these laws of nature, therefore, do not account for the mystery." In short, Mr. Jones considers himself to have established the following propositions:—"1.—The facts of Spiritualism are sufficiently authenticated. 2.—These facts cannot be interpreted in the light of imposture and trickery. 3.—Neither can they be accounted for by any known laws. 4.—They belong, therefore, to the domain of the preternatural."

The only contention with him is as to "what is the source of these preternatural manifestations?" To this question he replies that they are Satanic; and he offers the following arguments in support of his theory:—"1.—That Satanic manifestations are predicted in the Scriptures. 2.—They are corroborated by the facts of history. 3.—Having recourse to the spirits of the dead is forbidden by God. 4.—Spiritualism is an apostasy from the Truth?"

Of course this raises the whole question of Bible Spiritualism, the adequate consideration of which would require far more space than can here be given to it; but without entering fully into this discussion now, we may remark that the first two propositions have no bearing on the question unless it can be shown that all spirit manifestations—and those of the present day especially—are Satanic. The adroit introduction of the term "These," (meaning modern spiritual manifestations) is simply begging the question to be proved. In connection with the

third proposition it would need to be shown (what is not even attempted) that the prohibition to the Jews is binding upon Christians, and that spiritual intercourse, through all time, of every kind and for whatever purpose, is alike forbidden and unlawful.* The last proposition involves the inquiry—What is “the Truth” from which Spiritualism is charged with being an apostacy, and are we to accept Mr. Jones as its infallible interpreter? We certainly cannot with him receive unreservedly and without qualification the Romanist maxim that “the Truth” is “the doctrines of the Gospel as received by the Church in all ages.” From his standpoint of Protesting Nonconformity it would not be easy to define these doctrines, but we know that with the gold and silver there is much hay and stubble; that they are variable and fallible; and too vague, indeterminate, and open to exception to be received as the standard or test of Truth. Concerning them Spiritualism only says with the Apostle—“Who art thou that judgest another?” “Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.” The text, 1 John iv. 1, to which the Congregationalist Minister refers, may fairly be quoted in support of the Spiritualist position, for when we are told not to believe *every* spirit, it implies that there are some spirits worthy of credence; and the exhortation to “try the spirits whether they are of God” could have no point if it did not mean that some were so, and that we should discriminate between them; which is just what the Spiritualist affirms and what the Congregationalist Minister denies.

The truth is, the Bible throughout recognises what the Congregationalist Minister does not—that there are two kinds of Spiritualism: the good and the bad; the divine and the diabolical; the lawful and the unlawful. The latter, doubtless, is prohibited; the former was practised by patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and by Christ himself. Of this kind are the spiritual gifts of the early Church and the modern Spiritualists, and concerning which St. Paul told the members of the Church at Corinth he would not have them ignorant, bidding them earnestly to covet the best gifts. It is a sheer evasion of the Congregationalist Minister to say of the good men in the Bible narratives to whom Angels of Light were despatched, “but these were exceptional cases, and always emanated from God, and are a totally different thing to necromancy or Spiritualism.” This is only asserted, it is not even attempted to be proved.

But while prepared to meet our clerical opponent on his own ground, point by point, and text by text, and to show that

* I have treated the subject at some length in the first three chapters of *The Two Worlds*, and more particularly in the second chapter on “The Law of the Old Testament and of the New.”

while he ignores or evades one class of passages in Scripture, he puts upon another a construction, and gives to them an application unwarranted and gratuitous; I apprehend that my readers, like myself, must be weary of this constant battle of texts, which the experience of Christendom has proved so eminently unsatisfactory, turning as it generally does to a considerable extent on verbal subtleties, questions of Greek and Hebrew; grammar and critical exegesis,—laboured attempts to get at the mind of certain Oriental writers of fifty or a hundred generations back. Protestantism not only admits but insists upon the right of every man to exercise his private judgment on the interpretation of Scripture, and when our readings differ, as in the present case, how is the question to be determined? When there are conflicting interpretations, who is to decide? There is no court of appeal. Protestantism is a Legislature without a Judiciary, and the theory of infallible authority in the letter of the Bible is thus practically nugatory. There is, for us, no infallible Pope, either at Rome, Canterbury, or Liverpool, to settle the articles of our faith; and we cannot accept as the sterling coin of Truth the tattered paper currency of bankrupt creeds.

The most casual reader of this sermon can scarcely fail to observe in it an evident straining of texts to fit the facts, and an equally obvious straining of facts to fit the texts; as, for example, in the pretence that Spiritualism leads men to become vegetarians and celibates, which, though it may be exceptionally true, as a rule is so contrary to the universal plain fact that it could never have been made except to make it fit the text about forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats.

So again, the text is quoted in which the seer of the Apocalypse saw two unclean spirits like frogs; but what has this to do with Modern Spiritualism? The spirits seen by our mediums are not like frogs, but are our departed friends and kindred. Mr. S. C. Hall, for instance, as quoted by Mr. Jones, tells us that he and seven other friends saw the spirit of his "venerable and truly Christian sister," and that the "likeness was exact;" that he "recognised every feature;" she was, therefore, no more like a frog than like a weasel or a whale. Again, there is an eager clutching at any extravagant or exceptional utterance of any reputed Spiritualist which may seem to serve the writer's purpose, with a desperate effort to fasten upon Spiritualism the responsibility for these individual vagaries. We may smile at these puerilities and special pleadings; but it is a matter of serious regret to find a Christian minister, in order to make a point against Spiritualism, striving to depreciate the value of the belief in immortality, questioning if conversion to it may

not be "a very barren result," and affirming that "it is much to be feared that this mere abstract belief in futurity will be of little value in relation to the final destiny of man."

Very different is the feeling of those who have ever experienced the agony of doubt. Speaking of the "idea of a world to come," Robert Burns says—"Would to God I as firmly believed it as I ardently wish it;" and the celebrated author of *Night Thoughts* says of the dispute about religion—"I think it may be reduced to this simple question, *Is man immortal, or is he not?* If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of skill I have long been persuaded that most, if not all, our infidels are supported in their deplorable error by some doubt of their immortality at the bottom; and I am satisfied that men once thoroughly satisfied of their immortality are not far from being Christians."

The experience of many a Spiritualist more than bears out this last assertion. They have confessed that Spiritualism has made them, not only almost, but altogether Christians.

Writing of the late Professor Hare, Judge Edmonds says—"Dr. Hare has all his life long been an honest, sincere, and inveterate disbeliever in the Christian religion. Late in life Spiritualism comes to him, and in a short time works in his mind the conviction of the existence of a God, and his own immortality. . . . The last time I ever saw him, he told me that he was at length a full believer in the Revelations through Jesus—that, in fine, he was now a Christian, full in the faith—that but a few days before he had made a public proclamation of his belief at a meeting which he had addressed at Salem, Mass., and he read me a long article on that subject, which he had prepared for publication." Judge Edmonds adds:—"In the Introduction to my second volume of *Spiritualism*, I published some twenty letters from different persons, showing that the writers of these letters were but a few of the long list we have of such conversions."

Of the efficacy of Spiritualism in bringing home the conviction of immortality to those who had doubted or denied it, and whom the pulpit had failed to convince, we have the fullest admission in the pamphlet before us. Thus, after citing Mr. Hall's account of the apparition of his sister, it goes on to say:—"Equally remarkable and authenticated instances are recorded, apparently confirming the Spiritualistic theory, and what seems to strengthen their belief in it, is the consideration of the object of such apparitions, *viz., to lead back the world, in this materialistic epoch, to the belief in the doctrine of immortality. In this Spiritualism has undoubtedly succeeded. It has made a convert of many a bold materialist; it has gathered*

up into its chariot crowds of the rationalists and sceptics of the world, and such like are still rallying around the unfurled banner on which is inscribed the word 'IMMORTALITY.'"

If this is "the work of demons," I pray most fervently—May God speed it! The "demons" are manifesting God's truth, and so doing a great work, which the professed ministers of religion have been unable to effect, and which, alas! too many of them are now striving to hinder.

Nor do the concessions of our reverend opponent end here. He tells us—"Spiritualism comes also under the guise of benevolence; and human suffering and malady excite the compassion of the spirits." But we are told, that "for all this semblance of religion and benevolence, there is within it the elements of the blackest apostacy." That is to say, the theological opinions of some spirits and of some Spiritualists do not altogether coincide with those of the Congregationalist Minister of Chadwick Mount Chapel, Liverpool. All his quotations at the utmost prove no more than this. In the simplicity of his heart, the good pastor says in effect, "So much the worse for them. They ought to believe as I believe, and to teach as I teach; if the spirits do not, it is a sufficient proof that they are demons. Beware of them!"

Thomas Carlyle, alluding to the strange fantastic tricks played before high heaven by an eminent Anglican divine, once wrote:—

"The Builder of this universe was wise,
He made all systems, planets, particles;
The plan He framed the worlds and æons by
Was—Heavens!—was thy small Nine-and-thirty Articles."

The Congregationalist Minister of Chadwick Mount Chapel is a seceder—or, to use his favourite term, an "apostate" from the Church of the "Nine-and-thirty Articles;" but, nevertheless, he has his own small plan of orthodoxy by which the wise Builder of this universe framed the worlds and æons, and to which pattern the spirit-world must conform its teachings. If the spirits do not preach this Gospel of total depravity and endless punishment, they are to be held "accursed." If they teach that the Divine Father is ever ready to forgive "all such as do truly repent," in whatever world they may be; that "when the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive," whether he be physically embodied or disembodied; and that there is hope and the possibility of progress for all; they are proclaimed teachers of "damnable heresies."

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun.

Steadying himself a little, and struggling to be candid, our Congregationalist Minister bethinks himself that "it will be only fair to listen to the defence of the Spiritualists in regard to this charge of apostacy." Quite so. He tells us that "they say, in effect, that as Spiritualism inculcates such things as love to God, charity towards men, and morality of life, it is impossible for it to be Satanic, for then Satan is divided against himself." This, at all events, was the reasoning of One, to whose authority we should think a Christian minister must defer—One who summed up all the commandments in love to God and love to man; who laid down the rule to which Spiritualists appeal—"By their fruits ye shall know them;" and who, when the charge was brought against Him, which His professed minister here brings against the mediums of to-day—"He hath a demon,"—replied, as we are told the Spiritualist now replies, that in that case "Satan is divided against himself." This, however, the Minister tells us is all "a solemn delusion; and those who are under it are given up 'to believe a lie,' because they have no pleasure in the truth." In reply to the reasoning of Jesus and of the Spiritualists, he says:—"We frankly admit that such are some of the teachings of Spiritualism; but this is only what we should expect. For in this consists the '*seducing*' of the text: all this is trickery on the part of the demon, and is exceedingly good policy. They know well enough that rank atheism and open immorality, and a negation of all religion, would never do as yet. The stratagem is then for the present for 'Satan himself to be transformed into an angel of light' (2 Cor. xi., 14); and through the demons, who are his subordinate ministers, to preach morality. The grand purpose is the destruction of man; and the 'powers of darkness' take care to adopt any means whereby this can be achieved. They can afford for awhile to preach love, and charity, and righteousness, if at the same time they can subtract from the creed of their victims all the wise and saving points of the Gospel. For the present they leave them the shell, after most carefully extracting the kernel. Yes, we repeat, demons can afford to proclaim morality, if, at the same time, they can destroy the notion of natural depravity, of a Saviour, and an endless doom."

Now, we ask, How does the Minister know all this? Have the "demons" taken him into their secret counsels; or has he had a special revelation on the subject; or has he acquired it by instinct, or evolved it from the depths of his own consciousness, or is it but the mere reflection of professional prejudice? One thing is clear—it is unwarranted by any present facts; for in the same breath that he says, "We charge Spiritualism with being a gross

departure from the doctrines of the Gospel as received by the Church in all ages;" he adds, "Not that it at present assumes a non-religious character. No, demons are wiser than that. *Séances* in Paris are, under the direction of the spirits, opened with prayer. *Séances* in London, under similar instruction, are opened with the reading of the 23rd Psalm, and closed with the Doxology. Nay, more, the spirits seem to be of a most reverential type, for at a *séance* held near London, the following message was received from the spirits—"We do all that we can to convince you that we live, and that God is Love.'"

Could some of these "demons" gain access to the Congregationalist Minister, they might perhaps whisper in his ear that, according to a Christian apostle, Charity is greater than Faith; and that his Gospel of "natural depravity" and "endless doom" is not quite the same with the Good News of God proclaimed eighteen centuries ago by One who folded little children to His bosom, and reminded His disciples that "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven;" and who exemplified the relation of man to God in the Parable of the Repentant Prodigal; and they might remind him of that gentle warning voice—"Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

And, after all, who are these "demons?" We are told by the Congregationalist Minister that they are "evil men having departed this life." At the worst, then, they share our common humanity—weak, erring, sinful, as who is not?—but still our brethren, members of the same family, children of the same Divine Father. Should we then, on the plea that they are evil, refuse all communion with them, and withhold from them all sympathy? or, because they hold what we consider incorrect opinions, or, as the minister puts it, have "apostatized from the faith," charge them with "teaching lies in hypocrisy," and treat them as accursed? Would it not be better, more kindly, more Christ-like, to try to win them back to virtue and to truth? Would not this be acknowledged as simply our duty were they in this world, and are our relations to them so wholly changed, that we must adopt a contrary code of ethics because they have "departed this life?" Are the principles of moral obligation so mutable that, under change of circumstances, what was a duty may become a sin? Might not a disciple, and still more a minister of Christ, deem it not incompatible with his Christian profession and office, to seek to save those that were lost?—happy could he bring back some wandering sheep into the fold of the Good Shepherd—happy could he give help and counsel to some misguided, unhappy spirit, seeking light and aid from his mortal brothers.

Say not that for these dark and troubled spirits there can be

no light, no help, no hope. Do not so malign the All-merciful Father as to say that for these His erring children He has reserved only eternal wrath and infinite despair. Say not that our counsels to them and our prayers in their behalf can be of no avail. The experience of many and many a Spiritualist—aye, and the faith of the Church in all ages when it has not been smitten with fatal paralysis—is evidence to the contrary. Think you that Christ would have preached to the disobedient spirits in prison save with a view to their deliverance, or if His preaching could be of no avail? Think you that the joy in Heaven over a sinner that repenteth is not felt alike, whether that repentance be in this stage of being or in the next? And is there no force in the appeal which Christ makes to the witness in our own hearts—"If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Father in Heaven give good things to them that ask Him?" Do then the principles of God's moral government change with our change of worlds?

But, as already intimated, I do not expect this question to be settled by mere citations or arguments from Scripture. The theologian is indeed ready enough to pelt heretics with texts, but he is generally text-proof when texts are quoted on the other side; and especially is this so with the clerical mind. If a text looks heretical, it must be teased and tortured to mean something different to what it says; or it must be offset by some other text more orthodox, or at least more convenient for the occasion. Instead, then, of further appeal to the logic of texts, let me give an illustration from the logic of facts; premising that while I think the matter of it instructive, I must not in quoting it be understood as thereby expressing approval of every incident related, or of the tone in which some of the remarks are written. I quote it, not only for its bearing on the question at issue, but incidentally, because I think it may also be suggestive to those who regard forms of exorcism as of magical efficacy in casting out and banishing evil or undeveloped spirits.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH "DEMONS" OR "DARK SPIRITS."

Mr. Thomas R. Hazard, who states that he has had more than fifteen years' experience in Spiritualism, in an essay just published on *Mediums and Mediumship*, narrates his experience with "demons" or "dark spirits," at a circle of which he was a member. First, the circle broke up the *séance*, when they found these spirits had gained possession of the medium. Then, they had recourse to exorcism. The spirits were commanded in the name of God to depart, which they did. A command in the name of Christ was equally effective. At length, on one of these occasions, a member of the circle, we

are told, "bade every devil of them depart in the name of the devil, and depart they did full as promptly as before."

Mr. Hazard continues:—"I was now satisfied of that which I had before began to suspect—that it was not the particular *name* used that drove away the 'evil spirits,' but the amount of our own will that was embodied, as it were, in *the name* that produced the effects. Even this pleasing thought, however, was soon dissipated; for our enemies soon rallied, and concentrated their spiritual forces in the spirit-body of a very vicious and positive man when on earth—known to some of the circle—who took possession of the medium, and defiantly boasted that we could not cast him out, either by the 'name of God, Jesus, or the devil,' nor could any of us, or all combined, throw sufficient will-force into the medium's mind to dislodge him.

"And now for a new phase of the 'devil' theory which these experiences prepared us to receive. Our spirit-friends had always told us that those spirits that we had been taught to regard as 'fiends or devils,' are simply spirits less developed than some others, but still destined, in the Heavenly Father's good time, to enter into rest and joy; and that their return to earth in the way they did, was in accordance with the laws of spirit-being and unfoldment, and that, instead of chiding and driving them away, we ought always to treat them kindly, as by so doing we would greatly assist them to develope out of their dark state, and, at the same time, benefit ourselves. This was too transcendental a doctrine for even nominal orthodox Christians—as some of us were at that time—to readily receive; but at length, other means having failed, we determined to try the experiment, and, at the next greeting of our *unfriends*, we all put on a grave look, and answered their customary taunting expletives in as kindly a tone as we could command. At this the medium paused; and holding the pencil quietly in his hand, inclined his head one side, very much as we have seen a pig do under an apple tree when his attention has been aroused by a doubtful sound that indicated the approach of something unusual, the exact nature of which, and whether friendly or otherwise, he was not fully assured of. The spirit in control, however, in thus reading our minds, seemed to detect the exact nature of the experiment we were trying to come over him, and soon commenced railing very much in the same strain, though not so decidedly rancorous as before. We persevered, however, in our course through several sittings, until we arrived at a state of mind consonant to the external manner we had assumed, and not only spoke kindly to the poor undeveloped spirits, but from the bottom of our hearts *felt so*. This won for us the victory; and from that time we were not only

relieved of all annoyance, but it became a most pleasing duty—to some of us at least—to commune with the poor dark ‘spirits in prison,’ and by our counsel and sympathy help them to progress out of their low and unhappy state.

“The change was marvellous indeed. Ranting, profane ‘spirits of the damned,’ that but a short time before came to annoy and abuse us, when they looked into our hearts and minds, and saw that they were truly full of sympathy and kindly feeling toward them, and that we were sincerely desirous to assist them—forgot all their former animosity, and became as gentle and tractable as little children in their intercourse with us, and literally they who once came to scoff, now remained to pray. From that day I have never experienced trouble through any mediums from ‘dark spirits,’ but, on the contrary, have always encouraged their coming, believing that I might in this way be made an instrument to do good and help to elevate them on their plane of being, just as I must ever be dependant on those in advance of myself to assist me to rise on mine. Many have been the tokens of gratitude that have been borne me from the other world for the sympathy and words of encouragement I have thus extended to poor despairing souls in the other life, and among the most grateful of these has been the railing and vindictive spirit that we had not will-power enough to subdue or expel from the medium.

“From such and other experiences, I learned that many souls, when launched into the spirit condition, find themselves, through the false conceptions of the future state that they have imbibed in earth life, very much like a ship at sea, without chart or compass, that has lost its reckoning; nor can they find any way to advance until they return again to the earth-sphere, and through some mediumistic source acquire light and strength to begin anew their voyage of progression in the spirit-life. Nor is there probably a soul, either on earth or in the spirit-world, so utterly depraved as not to be amenable to the laws of kindness and love, such as Jesus taught and practised, if these can be extended in such a way as to leave no doubt on the intended recipient’s mind of their genuineness.”

Here is “philosophy teaching by example.” I hope our reverend friend may profit by it, and not like too many of his clerical brethren, steeped to the lips in prejudice, be “as the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears and will not hear the voice of the charmer charm he never so wisely.”

It is only the confused, perverted theologic vision, peering amid the dim religious light and sombre shadows of the conventicle, that sees more devils than vast Hell can hold. These demons of the mist vanish in the open sunshine. To

that clear reason which is the eye of the soul and that purity of heart which sees God, they are alike unknown; or if known they excite no terror. Had we more faith in God we should be less haunted by these shapes of Ignorance and Fear, and the "Demon" we had cursed would be received by us in the spirit of Christ as a man and a brother. It is not the sinner but the sin that we should dread, and our security from harm is not the vain reliance on human creeds but in conscious rectitude of motive in the all-subduing power of kindness; in the laws of order of the spirit-world, and in the protecting presence of God and His ministering spirits. Trusting in that protection, we may say with one of old "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." We have but to step out of the Egyptian darkness of men's pitiless theology into the light of God, and trust the Infinite Love which, like the blue sky, bends over all.

I do not deny that there are "demons"—"evil men departed this life," alas! too often made evil by ignorance and want, injustice and culpable neglect, and the force of strong temptation from which we have been happily exempt. Perhaps, in the eye of Infinite Justice we may not be wholly free from responsibility for the misdeeds of our erring brother. If we would not have to do with "demons," let us cease to manufacture them: and let us also be vigilant lest we each individually add one to the number. But, thank God, the spirit-world is not peopled alone or chiefly by the vicious and the criminal. The wise and good who have "departed this life," and who come to us as "ministering spirits," are, indeed, a "multitude whom no man can number;" and if our reverend brother's spiritual sight is holden to this great "cloud of witnesses" that surround us, so that he cannot discern that "they that be with us are more than they that be with them," we would on his behalf offer up the prophet's prayer—"LORD OPEN THE YOUNG MAN'S EYES THAT HE MAY SEE!"

A GERMAN PROFESSOR ON SPIRITUALISM.*

SPIRITUALISM is a great trouble to professors; when they do not affect to ignore it they are always explaining it on some principles of science or philosophy, but then each has his own explanation, being dissatisfied with the explanation of his predecessors in the same line almost as much as with Spiritualism itself. A history of these various hypotheses which have had their day, and ceased to be, might be added as an interesting

* *Spiritualism and Animal Magnetism.* By Professor G. G. ZERFFI, Ph.Dr. London: ROBERT HARDWICKE, 192, Piccadilly.

chapter to Mr. Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*. English and American professors having hitherto signally failed; a learned German has now come to the rescue, and as Germany has a high reputation for philosophy, we look with some interest to what its present representative has to tell us on the matter, and all the more, as the work has been extensively advertised and trumpeted in the newspapers. If German professors can shed any new light on the question, we are anxious that our readers should have the benefit of it.

What then has Professor Zerffi, Ph.Dr., to tell us on this head?

His explanation of the chief cause of "second sight" and "communication with ethereal beings," is that the human constitution is subject to animal magnetism, and that an electric action takes place between human beings—the brain, with all its dependant organs of motion, acting as the conscious or positive pole in one person, and acting upon the sympathetic nerve with its tissue of ganglia as the unconscious or negative pole in another. By contact with positive and negative poles an electric fluid is known to pass through space, and a similar idea is propounded to the effect that a magnetic fluid may pass in a current from one being to another, each containing opposite poles of sympathy.

"Sympathy is magnetic attraction; antipathy is magnetic repulsion." The fact of the sun having power to send its influence through a space of ninety-one millions of miles, and and then having the effect of forming rocks, trees, plants, and affording the means of sustaining animal life, is offered as a sufficient reason for admitting the possibility of magnetic fluid being conveyed from one body to another, and so affecting the latter.

We are also told that there is a special "organ of dreams," which has its seat in the ganglionic system of nerves, and by which the mind receives impressions from the action of the internal organism corresponding to those received from external objects: it is in some degree active even in our waking hours, and operates independently of conditions of time and space. The delusion of Spiritualists consists, we are assured, in mistaking these phantoms of the heat-oppressed brain, or subjective impressions for objective realities. The Professor lays it down with the authority of a scientific Pope, satisfied of his own infallibility—"That there can be no such phenomena as spiritual manifestations from an objective point of view; but they are all subjective. There is not a single accredited ghost story, spiritual vision, or spiritual manifestation, that could not be explained from a natural point of view."

That is pretty stiff, especially after our Doctor of Philosophy has told us—"Whether spirits can altogether return from another world to this, is rather a difficult question to answer." On his principles of philosophy we should think it is—"rather!"

That we may, and do, see strange apparitions is admitted by the writer—his explanation is "We see, but at the same time we create what we see." He quotes several medical and philosophical authorities; discourses unsparingly upon professional Spiritualists as mountebanks who are guilty of a crime against society, and find imposture to pay better than science.

Those Spiritualists who are not thus qualified for the jail are proper subjects for the lunatic asylum, deluded victims of a "morbid condition of mind." "Visionaries and fanatics," who "are generally hypocrites, untruthful deceivers and addicted to tricks and pious frauds." Why should a learned doctor waste the precious pearls of philosophy upon those who when not knaves, are poor demented creatures who cannot distinguish between hallucination and reality? Reason is only for reasonable people, and philosophy is only for philosophers. The trade in Spiritualism should be stopped by law. He would put down Spiritualism just as a worthy City alderman determined by his magisterial authority to "put down" suicide. We remember the Hon. Grantley Berkeley once concluded a pamphlet in defence of the Game Laws, with "after all, there's no argument like a punch of the head." Professor Zerffi is evidently a disciple of the Berkeleyan philosophy. If learning and logic don't convince, try fine and imprisonment. Where the professor fails perhaps the policeman may succeed. Such is the last argument of German philosophy, as represented by Professor Zerffi, Ph.D., who, we think, would hardly have earned his diploma as an interpreter of the relations between "Spiritualism and Animal Magnetism."

T. S.

THE SPIRIT WORLD ILLUSTRATED FROM DREAM LIFE.

By WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

IN that *quasi* death to the outer and life to the inner degree of our being which occurs in *sleep* and *dreams*, we have, as we maintain, an actual though imperfect exemplification of that death to the outer and life to the inner degree which occurs in its fullness and perfection when the body goes to sleep to wake no more. Not only does the dream state exemplify the spiritual degree or world as respects the interior consciousness of

the individual, but as respects the scenery by which he is surrounded. Of course we must speak with qualification on this point, and in the outset guard our readers against the error of supposing us to refer to the often-broken, inconsistent, fantastic, and even insane ravings of the mind in the dream state, as anything like a *perfect* representation of the mode of existence concerning which we are now inquiring. Most dreams are unquestionably influenced more or less by the state of the body, by the subsiding waves of thought and emotion that had passed through the mind during the hours immediately preceding bodily sleep, or even by sounds, odours, contacts for tastes by which the sensational nerves of the sleeper may, in some slight degree, be acted upon by a waking experimenter, or by fortuitous external conditions. Instances are related in which the thoughts of the dreamer were, in a manner, controlled and directed by a person gently whispering in his ear. But even in such cases, the scenes and experiences presented to the mind of the dreamer differ in a marked manner from what they would be if the outer senses were fully awake to the excitants addressing them, and if the internal degree of the mind that is more fundamentally concerned in the operation of dreaming were slumbering in unconsciousness; and this difference, (and in a certain sense resemblance,) by-the-bye, of itself furnishes an important hint concerning the correspondence between the interior and exterior degree of the mind that is operated upon by these outer stimuli. It may be added, that all those mental and psychical phenomena by which the experiences of the dreamer, whose partially-opened senses are thus addressed, differ from what would be his experiences under the same exciting causes were he fully awake, may be considered as due to, and hinting the nature of, his spiritual life.

Moreover, from the dream scenes and experiences, under whatever circumstances, let all be sifted out that is due to immediate bodily and external conditions, and what remains will be, *so far as it goes*, purely spiritual, and will *so far* stand as an exponent of the spiritual state and world into which one enters when the body drops into its final sleep, called death. And if during the dream-state, disturbed and deranged by such external influences, the soul could be gradually and entirely withdrawn from the body, as it is in the process called death, and is *almost* entirely so in states of deep trance (which are but the deepening of the dream-life), its condition, without essentially changing the nature of the dream-state, would be identical with that spiritual state and world into which we shall all enter after laying off our outer bodies. The spiritual state and world therefore, we repeat, is precisely that which we all know as the

dream-state and world, with this important difference, that the former is disentangled from all those phantasms, inconsistencies, incoherencies, and insanities which, owing to bodily connections, characterise ordinary dreams, and the soul is free, lucid, operative in all its faculties, and exists in a sphere appropriate to its abstract nature, and entirely discredited from the outer sphere of life.

A spiritual theory based upon phenomena so universally familiar as those of dreaming, will no doubt, at first blush, strike the minds of many persons unfavourably, especially those which are preoccupied with other, and it may be, far less simple theories. To meet, therefore, the exigencies of existing scepticism, and to answer, in some degree, the demands which all rational minds have a right to make before accepting a new doctrine, some additional remarks and illustrations seem required.

We submit then, that if the phenomena of the dream-state are carefully examined by the aid of the memory of each one's own experiences, and of the many remarkable facts in this department that are on record, it will be found often possessed of those characteristics that are abundantly worthy of a fixed state of conscious and intellectual existence higher than the present, and answering to a rational conception of the spiritual life. And these characteristics of the dream-state will be manifest as we view it specially in the several aspects of its *vividness*, its *rationality*, its *intuitiveness*, and its *prescience*.

In the *first* place, then, it can scarcely be doubted that the experiences of the dream-state are often quite as *vivid* as those of external consciousness, and sometimes even more so. Instances of dreaming have frequently occurred in which the dreamer was in doubt whether his experiences were not those of external wakefulness—his perceptions being too clear, his sensations too vivid, and the appearance of external objects too real, to agree with *the ideas* he had externally formed of the dream-state. And how often have we experienced emotions of love or hatred, and witnessed scenes of beauty, or of horror, in the dream-state, which have exerted a magic influence over our waking thoughts and affections for hours and days afterward—an influence deeper and more potent than any mere earthly experiences of a corresponding nature could exert? And how often have series of experiences, such as would have required days or even weeks for accomplishment in the wakeful state of the external man, been crowded into a few minutes of dream-life, and yet, occurring apparently without any unnatural rapidity, but with an orderly succession of intervals that corresponded to the hours and days of our earthly time. Who can contemplate these phenomena without being impressed that the

dream-state, as to its vividness and concentration of emotional and intellectual life, has capacities even beyond the line of external wakefulness? It is true that the dream-life as contemplated from the stand-point of external sense, seems faint and shadowy, but we think this is evidently owing to the difference in the two discrete degrees of life being such that they cannot mingle together on one common plane, and in consequence of which our *waking recollections* of the interior state are imperfect. There is great reason to believe that many of the most vivid experiences of our dreams leave no record whatever on the external memory; and what seems to prove this beyond a doubt is the often vivid emotions and subsequent obliviousness of somnambulists and persons who talk in their dreams.

In the *second* place, notwithstanding the incoherence and irrationality of most dreams as owing to the partial and unequal states of interior and exterior wakefulness, there are some dreams which are quite as rational, and consecutive as the thoughts of the waking state, and even more so. This is proved by the many well authenticated instances in which mathematical problems have been solved, and mechanical inventions have been accomplished in the dream state which had baffled all the resources of the intellect in the state of external wakefulness. Somnambulists (who are simply dreamers capable of acting out their impressions through the bodily organs) have also been frequently known to play difficult games, to write compositions, to execute paintings and to perform other feats requiring a range and penetration of intellect of which they were totally incapable in their waking moments.

In the *third* place, the mind in the dream-state, all conditions being favourable, is often characterised with powers of direct *intuition* far transcending its capacities in the state of external wakefulness. Not unfrequently have doubts concerning philosophical and theological questions that have long occupied the waking thoughts, been solved by direct and absolute perceptions of the mind while the bodily senses were closed in sleep; and transcendent knowledge of spiritual things, often difficult or impossible to express in the language of men, has not unfrequently flashed into the soul in a similar way. It is doubtless from the unrecollected perceptions coming to our minds during our profoundest slumber, that we sometimes, on awaking from our sleep in the morning, find doubts that had previously been labouring in our minds entirely and clearly solved, we know not how.

In the *fourth* place, the mind in the dream-state is often characterised by powers of *prescience* or foreknowledge of the *rationale* or mode of which the mind in its external state is

totally unable to conceive. It was in the dream-state that many of the visions of the old prophets, foreshadowing the future of God's dealings with mankind, were given; and in the pages of profane as well as sacred history, the instances of such prescience (subsequently verified) are very numerous. And perhaps it may be safely asserted that more than one-half of persons in our own day, at some time during their lives, receive, in the same way, true impressions of more or less importance concerning the future.

We have not deemed it necessary to cite actual facts under these various heads demonstrative of the positions assumed, as such facts are presumed to be well known to all who are familiar with psychological literature, and many of our readers have more or less knowledge of them from their own personal experience. What objection, then, even in the absence of farther and confirmatory considerations, can there be to our regarding that state of partial and temporary death to the external and life to the internal world which occurs in sleep and dreams, as a sure indication of the nature and *modus* of that more perfect *sleep* of the external and *wakefulness* of the internal man, which occurs when the partnership between the soul and body is thoroughly and finally dissolved? Surely we have in these marks of a superior liveliness and exaltation of the faculties that which, at least in a great measure, satisfies the highest ideal we can *now* form concerning the nature of the transmundane life.

But to all these considerations may be added the fact, that in the dream-state persons have sometimes been actually conscious of spiritual scenes, and of holding converse with spiritual personages. Of this character of mental cognitions was most of the correspondential scenery that appeared to the ancient prophetic dreamers. An example of an actual spirit-appearance and communication in a dream is found in the sublime language of Eliphaz the Temanite, in his reproof of Job, in which he says:

"In thoughts from the visions of the night, when *deep sleep* falleth on man, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. *Then a Spirit passed before my face*; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof. An image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?" &c.—*Job* iv., 13—17.

It was "in a dream" that "the angel of the Lord" appeared to Joseph in several instances, and gave him instructions concerning the child Jesus. It was in a dream or night vision that Paul was invited by a spirit or angel to visit Macedonia (Acts xvi., 9), and in a similar manner he was, on another occasion, comforted concerning the perils of his voyage to Rome (Acts xxvii., 23); not to speak of other and similar cases recorded in the Bible.

In farther confirmation of our main position, at least to the minds of *Spiritualists*, we may cite the fact that the dream-state is in unmistakable analogy and modified identity with states that are expressly recognised by many people to be spiritual, or at least semi-spiritual. We have already intimated that the state of natural somnambulism is but the ordinary dream-state intensified, with the mind in that intimate conjunction with the body whereby it is still able to use it as its instrument. Now, the state of magnetic clairvoyance is precisely identical with this, except that it is induced and controlled by an operator in the external, and is thus rendered more versatile and extensive in its operations. And so it may be safely asserted that the somnambulism, or trance and clairvoyance produced by the magnetic action of *Spirits*, is still but another modification of the same state. If, therefore, Spirituality may be, *à fortiori*, predicated of these latter states, it must in some degree be predicated at least of the more favourable developments of those states ordinarily known as dreaming.

"But," says one, "is it so, then, that we are to consider the spirit and the spirit-world as made up of the unreal stuff that dreams are made of?" *Unreal stuff!* Pray tell us, kind sir, how do you know that the world you are now in is made up of *real* stuff, while the constituent objects and scenery of the *fully developed* life we have been describing, are *unreal*? How do you know that the trees, the flowers, the landscape, the rivers, the lakes by which you appear to be surrounded in this world, are *real* objects, and not mere *appearances* caused by the internal states of your own mind, as some have contended? You perceive them by your *senses*, do you? And is *that* your best evidence of their real existence? Then you should know that by the same evidence precisely (with something deeper than all this), does the spirit, in the perfectly developed mental state we have been endeavouring to illustrate, *know* that the trees, flowers, landscapes, rivers, lakes, cities, &c., of its own world are *real*—even more real and substantial than the fleeting and ever-changing things of this life; for there it may be said in an important sense that outer objects never change, though the spirit's *perceptions* of them change according to states.

It may, however, be said, that to the *exclusively external* conceptions of man in *this* world, a tree (for example) in the spirit-world *is* unreal; while to the spirit's conceptions, totally abstracted from its previous natural state, a tree in *this* world would be still more unreal; for we have already intimated that the objects of one degree of being are real to the other only by *correspondence*.

RECENT AND REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS IN AMERICA.

SPIRIT-HANDS AND FACES, SPIRIT-VOICES, SPIRITS IDENTIFIED, ETC.

DURING the past year, some extraordinary manifestations of the presence and power of spirits have taken place in the United States, more especially at the house of a Mr. Morris Keeler, a substantial well-to-do farmer, in the village of Moravia, Cayuga County, New York. We are told that "He became interested in Spiritualism twenty years ago, since which time his house has been the head-quarters of all the believers of that school for miles around. On Sundays especially they crowded upon his hospitality, coming on foot and in wagons, relying on Mr. Keeler for forage for their animals as well as food for themselves, until at last his friends became alarmed lest he should be eaten out of house and home, and become a burden upon them."

The medium is a Mrs. Andrews; she entered Mr. Keeler's service when twelve years of age. Two years after she gave evidence of being a medium, and the cabinet in which the manifestations are given was made according to spirit-directions. These manifestations have caused so much excitement, that a New York daily paper sent a special reporter to thoroughly investigate the matter. His report was published in the *New York Sun* of September 29, 1871, and occupies about as much space as a page of the *Daily Telegraph*. He fully describes the house and *séance* room, and gives an engraved ground plan of the latter. While the *séances* were going on, he examined the exterior as well as the interior of the *séance* room. He tells us that "The spirits are brought face to face with all seekers, whether believers or sceptics; and that no time nor season, daylight nor darkness, disturbs the coming or interferes with the utterances of these strange visitors from another world."

The editor of the *Banner of Light*, and several independent and reliable correspondents of that journal, also relate what they severally witnessed. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, a well-known public journalist, says "The spirits stood before us just as real as in life." In many cases they were recognised by visitors from a distance, and clearly identified as departed friends or kindred. They joined in singing, and took part in conversation. They frequently related private facts of family history, and sometimes showed objects by way of test. A gentleman who was addressed by a spirit, and whom he recognised, requested as a sign

that his cameo pin might be brought. "Soon a fair girlish hand was outstretched, holding a cameo pin." To a lady who requested flowers, "a hand was thrust out holding roses and pinks." But instead of further citing detached incidents, we give in full the letter of a New York physician, which appeared in the *Banner of Light*, of October 14, 1871, as a fair specimen of the rest:—

"Brooklyn, Sept. 28th, 1871.

"Dear Sir,—Yours of the 29th is at hand, and as I have a few hours' leisure, I will answer your letter at once, and do so with much pleasure, as I feel it a duty to add my testimony to that of others in making known the wonderful proofs of spiritual intercourse and presence which are daily being given through Mrs. Andrews, at Moravia, Cayuga County, N.Y.

"Having seen a letter from a gentleman who had just made a visit to this medium, in which some remarkable occurrences were related, I determined to visit her myself, and arrived at Moravia, June 6th, 1871. I found myself in a plain farmhouse, half-a-mile from the town, with my host and hostess, a plain farmer and his wife, both inured to hard work, with no children, and the medium, now a married woman, with three young children, residing in the town. Her husband is a steady, uneducated working man.

"As soon as I arrived, my host, Mr. Keeler, sent for Mrs. Andrews; and when she arrived I was introduced to a woman about twenty-eight years of age, with large pale blue eyes, fringed with long black lashes, good features, with a modest, serious look. She expressed her willingness to give me a *séance*, and I was conducted to an upper room, which was dedicated to spiritual manifestations. This room was furnished with half-a-dozen chairs and a piano. One side was partitioned off with plain boards enclosing a space the length of that side of the room, by perhaps five feet in depth. I asked permission to inspect the room, and also the portion enclosed, which was freely granted. After examining everything in and about the main room, I entered the partitioned space or cabinet, which was intensely dark, every crevice being covered with newspapers. I then took a bright coal-oil lamp, and carefully inspected every inch of wall, partition, ceiling, and floor, using my eyes, fingers, and knife, and continued this examination alone until I became satisfied, when I left the cabinet.

"At that *séance* there were present Mr. and Mrs. Keeler, Mr. and Mrs. H., another gentleman and myself—all but the former two being visitors, like myself. We were seated in a semi-circle facing the cabinet, in the middle of the partition of which was a square opening, perhaps fourteen inches in diameter,

covered by a black cloth curtain suspended from the inside, The medium entered the cabinet by a door at one end, and seated herself on a chair placed in the corner. The door was then secured with two buttons by Mr. Keeler. The coal-oil lamp was placed in a corner of the main room upon the piano, and nearly in contact with the partition, and a screen placed before the lamp, so that the audience was in the shadow; but the full glare of the light was thrown sideways upon the partition, rendering every part of this latter luminous, so that any object which projected from the little opening or window, caught the full effect of the lamp.

"I have been thus particular in the description of the arrangements of the room, &c., because much depends upon a proper understanding of the surroundings in these *séances*; but space will not permit me to be equally specific in relating what there occurred, as my notes of my *séances* during this and my subsequent visit would, if copied, fill perhaps four sides of the *Banner of Light*. I shall, therefore, only refer to a few points of interest, among the many there recorded.

"I will digress once more, and say that upon my first visit no soul in that part of the country had any knowledge of me; that I had purposely left my card-case at home; that I announced myself as a person desirous of witnessing the phenomena through the medium—gave no name—and that not a question was asked me relating to myself or habitation.

"After sitting a few minutes, suddenly an arm was thrust from the opening. It was clothed with the sleeve of a night-dress. The hand was that of a female, plump, with taper fingers. The lady visitor present inquired if the spirit—had any friend present, when the forefinger pointed to me. I inquired whether the arm belonged to the person I was then thinking of, when the hand waved up and down three times, accompanied with raps. It occurred to me that the medium herself might do all this, and I requested her to withdraw her arm, and again present it in a black silk sleeve. It immediately disappeared, and in less than a minute re-appeared, enveloped in black silk. I will here add that, after the *séance*, at my request the medium showed me her hands, and they presented in full degree the usual effects of hard labour, *viz.*, enlarged finger ends and knuckles, and bearing little resemblance to the hand exhibited. The hand then vanished, and was followed by the appearance of five little hands, ranged along and above the lower border of the opening, every finger in motion, the full hands to the wrists plainly in view, and in addition two tiny fingers peeping from the upper corner, representing the sixth hand. The hands differed in size, from those of an infant to

those of a child four years old. These hands, like the arm previously seen, were, if possible, more plainly visible than my own in strong light. The fingers seemed to be more particularly directed towards me; and upon my asking if they were those of my children, the hands were all directed towards me with a waving motion. I will here add, that six of my children have passed from earth-life, ranging in age from six weeks to four years.

"After this appeared the face of a man of dark complexion and with full whiskers—at the time I did not recognise him—also the face of a woman not so clearly seen.

"At the next *séance* an arm appeared, pointing to the gentleman present, which was recognised by him. Then the same arm which had appeared to me before again appeared. Upon one of the fingers was a plain black ring. I inquired where she got the ring, when she pointed with an unsteady motion to me; and upon my asking if my son gave it to her, she twirled her fingers rapidly as answering 'Yes.' Here the medium, in a low voice, inquired whether we did not hear her speaking, and upon our answering 'No,' she answered, 'The spirit tried to talk, but I only heard the name Charley.' I have a son of that name, who some years since amused himself in cutting rings out of rubber buttons and presenting them to different members of the family, two of which are yet worn by the sisters of the spirit whose arm was visible; one also was presented to her while living.

"At this *séance* a number of spirit voices were heard addressing different members of the circle; most of them were husky and somewhat unnatural, but one or two were entirely natural.

"At another *séance* the same female arm again appeared, the fingers nearly covered with rings studded with precious stones, and a golden bracelet on the wrist, also set with diamonds and other stones, all flashing and sparkling equal to anything in our life. I asked if that was her hand as she decorated it in earth-life, when immediately the hand disappeared and reappeared with the plain black ring as seen before. I then inquired if the jewelled hand was as she had it now decorated, when the hand so jewelled again was presented and waved three times in reply.

"At my last sitting during this visit I proposed that we should have a dark *séance*, and the medium, another lady, and myself entered the room and seated ourselves—the lady and myself side by side, and the medium opposite to and apart from us perhaps six feet. In a few minutes the floor trembled strongly, and violent concussions were heard on the cabinet partition. This was followed by numerous spirit-lights, and one

of these, which approached me, expanded into the form of a human face, but not distinct. Soon I saw a spirit-form approaching me, then numerous other forms until the room appeared full of them in gentle gliding motion. They were nearly or quite as numerous and close together as people in the aisle of a church upon dismissal. One form became so distinct that I saw the body from the shoulders to the waist, as clearly as that of any person in earth-life. It was that of a female dressed in a white dress, every fold and plait of which was visible, and had it remained a minute more, I could have distinguished the texture and threads of the material. Soon the lady next me said the spirits were raising her left arm, and we all saw an infant form placed upon her arm, while another full-sized form stood between the lady and myself, inclining forwards, and appeared to be the one arranging the baby form in the lady's arms.

"Many tests of recognition were given, mostly of a private nature, which cannot with propriety be here given.

"August 30, 1871, I again visited the same medium in company with my wife. The same arm again appeared, and shortly after the face of the same person which we recognised to be that of a deceased sister of my wife. This face repeatedly appeared during our visit. She addressed my wife by name, and we held conversation with her as freely as when she was in earth-life. These conversations referred to relatives and things, showing familiarity with our domestic affairs. My only brother, deceased some thirty years since, appeared. My wife immediately recognised him by his resemblance to me. He spoke of various relatives now in spirit-life. I inquired if my father were present? when a hand was laid upon my head, the fingers tapping my forehead three times. Two arms were thrust out of the opening, with the palms of the hands placed together, and upon my asking if these were C——'s arms, the hands were clapped in a lively manner; and upon Mr. Keeler saying, 'That is your daughter,' C—— said, 'No, I am her sister.' Soon a strong masculine voice said through the opening, 'How do, D——? I come to see you and let you know I come.' I recognised the voice, but said, 'Who is that speaking?' when he continued, 'Why, you ought to know Owasso.' I inquired how Dr. Slade was, and he answered, 'Oh, he is some better.' Then addressing my wife by name he added, 'E——, I will fix you some more medicine at Dr. Slade's when you come back.' I inquired whether this place was not a favourable place for spirit-manifestations, when he answered, 'Yes, this is a good place for these things, but people should go to my Dr. Slade for medicine.' I then asked if he would present my compliments to Dr. Slade, and tell him to remember my having done so when I next saw him.

He answered, 'Yes, I will tell him.' I then asked if many of our friends were there, and he said, 'I guess you'd think so if you saw the crowds—no room for me here.' Bidding us good-bye, and adding that the influence was used up, he left.

"I have omitted saying that, previous to my leaving New York for Moravia, I called upon Dr. Slade, and requested Owasso to manifest himself to us there, and it is proper to state here that soon after my return I again visited Dr. Slade, and immediately inquired whether any message had been received from me. His answer was—'Yes; Owasso brought one from you from Moravia; but he was unable to give your exact words, but he made me understand that you had sent a message, and that I was to remember the fact when you returned.'

"At another *séance*, two muscular arms and hands—the arms clothed in shirt sleeves—were thrust through the opening toward Mr. J——, and, upon his naming various relatives, when he said 'father,' the hands were clapped; then one arm was thrust out, and upon his asking if that was his father's also, the hand was raised and slapped three times vigorously upon the partition above the opening. The board partition trembled and shook as if struck by the hands of a strong man. After this two arms appeared like those of a young man, and upon Mr. J—— asking if his brother was present, a finger pointed toward me. I asked if he would try and show his face, and, after a little while, we saw the curtain move, and the face of a young man appeared. We suspected it was our oldest son deceased, and upon my asking if it was him, he nodded three times. He died about twenty years since, at the age of four years, so it was impossible to recognise him, but he certainly possessed certain characteristics of feature which were peculiar to our son.

"My wife's sister, C——, again appeared, apparently for the purpose of introducing another spirit, for immediately after her appearance, and by her side, became visible the face and head of an elderly lady wearing a close cap and spectacles. Both faces were visible at the same moment, but in another minute the face of C—— disappeared, when my wife said to me, 'Why, that is your mother!' when she bowed in reply, and said, 'Bless God, my son, that we are able to meet in this manner.' Before my wife had remarked that she recognized her, I had done so, as the resemblance was perfect. My wife here asked if our children were with her, and she replied, 'Yes; and it has been far happier for them than you could have made their lives on earth.' My wife then asked if she had any message for her children on earth, when she answered, 'No; my children are not capable at present of receiving these truths; the time is coming when they will see.' After further conversation, she

continued, 'God bless you! I have not power to speak any more. Farewell.' She then disappeared.

"On the last day of our visit my wife and self were conversing upon these subjects in our own room, with the door closed, when she said she wondered whether her aunt would come to us. In a jocular way I replied, 'No; she is too much occupied in the conventicle above, singing psalms, and, besides, she would consider it wicked to dabble in such matters.' We thought no more of it, and in about an hour thereafter took our seats for another *séance*. After several manifestations, a face appeared with side curls and marked features, which we both at once recognised as our aunt. I said, 'Auntie, is that you?' when she nodded her head and at the same time thrust forward just within the aperture a small book, which might either be a Bible or hymn-book. She soon disappeared. She had been very devout in this life, and we strongly suspected that she had obtained knowledge of my humorous remark, and had come to convince us that she was not so much occupied in religious observances but that she could find time to improve this opportunity of making herself visible to us.

"Upon the last day of our visit we had had three successful *séances*; and as we had yet an hour to spare, we prevailed upon the medium to favour us with another sitting, but after half an hour's trial without result, a single finger appeared, pointing toward Mr. Keeler, then toward the door. This we knew to be the usual signal for Mr. Keeler to release the medium, and that the *séance* was terminated. I inquired if the influence was exhausted, and the raps answered 'Yes.' A voice then said 'Some of us will accompany you to your home.' I replied 'Thank you—now farewell,' when numerous raps were heard, and we left without completing our last sitting.

"I wish here to say that the appearance of the faces, arms, and hands was as real as any flesh and blood borne about by mortals—no mistiness, nothing ethereal about it, while a full glow of light brought them out with strong effect.

"In closing, it is also proper to say, what should have been stated before, *viz.*, that the medium is of poor Irish parentage; at the age of twelve years was taken into the family of Mr. Keeler, to assist in the work of the farm, which mode of life she continued until her marriage; that her mediumistic powers were first observed at the age of fourteen years, and from that time to the present they have steadily increased in strength, until now, as I and many others believe, she is unequalled in assisting that class of manifestations which are produced in her presence.

"C."

SPIRIT-FACES IN WINDOW PANES.

Californian journals relate several instances of this phenomenon which have occurred in San Francisco during the last few months. The faces appear impressed in the substance of the glass, and are sometimes identified as those of departed friends or relations, but others are altogether unknown. Every attempt to solve the mystery on principles of physical science, or as the result of natural causes, have been unavailing. The latest instance that has reached us is reported in the *Morning Call*, of San Francisco, for December 9th. The account of it occupies half a column, but the substance of it is as follows :—

A pane in an upper story window in a nearly new dwelling-house, on Main-street, occupied in one of its tenements by a French widow lady named Joergens and family, was discovered to be ornamented by the face of a man, which fact was not noticed before Monday, Dec. 4th. This picture the *Call* reporter describes (as seen by him) as being 'that of a man apparently thirty-five years of age, with dark, wavy hair parted near the middle, and wearing a full, dark, long-flowing beard. The head rests a little on the left shoulder, and the face (which is a full front view) has on it an expression of deep study.' It continues to create the greatest interest among the neighbours. Many explanations of a mundane origin have been offered, but all fail to meet the case successfully. The lady residing there stated to the reporter that she was unable to account for its appearance; that she was no believer in ghosts; and that on Thursday afternoon, December 7th, while gazing on the picture, she saw another figure. This one appeared to be a little to the right of and behind the the one first seen. The outlines of this picture were not so distinct, but she recognised it as that of her deceased husband, who died a year ago in September last. Not wishing to trust to her own eyes in this case, she called her children and several persons, who identified the picture as well as herself. This second picture was only visible for about three hours. Washing the glass on both sides with vinegar, and scraping it with a knife, has produced no effect upon the original portrait, and the baffled reporter is obliged to close by endorsing its real existence, and then saying, 'What it is, or how it came there, are questions which cannot be answered at present.'

MANIFESTATIONS IN MR. BEECHER'S CHURCH.

The *New York Herald* of November 27th reports what it gravely calls "one of the most extraordinary and interesting manifestations of psychic force which has ever appealed to the

credulity of intelligent men and women," and gives the following relation as the "faithful and serious statement of an eye-witness, who intends simply to tell the truth :"—

"Sunday after Sunday last summer, a table, standing immediately under the little desk from which is weekly announced the Gospel according to Beecher, in New York, showed unequivocal symptoms of being thrilled by the fervid oratory of 'the Young Men's Apostle.' As every one knows who has attended Plymouth Church, the preacher and the audience usually settle down to serious business at about the middle of the 'præ-sermon' prayer. It is Mr. Beecher's custom at this point of the service to 'let himself out' with that grand earnestness which is the chief secret of his success as an orator, and after a few sentences of passionate rhetoric, the congregation willingly abandon themselves to his magic spell. At times, indeed, the audience seem enchanted; they sit motionless as the men in that Eastern tale who had been turned into stone by the wand of a wicked magician. It was at this juncture that the disembodied spirits who, viewless to the gross vision of mortals, delight to haunt the precincts of the temple, were wont to betray symptoms of agitation. And they 'manifested' their excitement after the customary fashion of modern ghosts, by an attack upon a table—that 'middle reporters' table' which is one of the most conspicuous objects in the church. The table began to move to and fro, slowly at first, and then faster, with a weird, tremulous, sliding motion, that stirred the souls of those who looked on with solemn awe. As 'Amen' closed the invocation to the Deity for wisdom to know the right, and strength to hold fast to it, the dumb furniture which thus betrayed the sympathetic energy of the dead with these grand aspirations of the living, tipped up and down—so violently, indeed, as to throw the pencils of the scribes upon the floor. Through the sermon the manifestations were even more marked. Those things, wonderful as they are, occurred not once or twice, but many times. They were only stayed by the dispersal of this set of reporters to other tables. Yielding to a mistaken fear of Mrs. Grundy, a vigorous effort has been made to hush up these interesting and instructive illustrations of an unexplored force of nature. We are assured by eye-witnesses that there was no possible concert among the reporters to move the table, and that its gambols continued in a more demonstrative form than before after every human being near by had drawn back their chairs several feet from it. These movements also, which at times assumed almost a saltatory earnestness, curiously corresponded with the outflow of the currents of Beecher theology. Whenever the preacher made an effective peroration, he thrilled

the table as well as his hearers, while in seasons of merely ordinary interest the table had scarcely a perceptible motion.

"It came to the knowledge recently of the *Herald* that the 'spirits' had been playing their fantastic tricks before a crowded congregation at Plymouth Church, and animated by no other motive than a desire to get at the real facts of the phenomena, a *Herald* reporter was requested to interview one of the privileged members of the ghostly circle on the unrecorded and remarkable behaviour of a table in Plymouth Church, that, until it was lately surrounded by male and female members of the Press, has behaved itself with a propriety that was in character with its location. 'Come now, what have you seen?' asked the unbelieving, matter-of-fact *Herald* reporter of the impressionable and susceptible Spiritualistic spectator. 'Seen? I have seen enough to make Spiritualists of every man and woman in the city of New York, if I could make them believe that my story was true and that I was sane.' 'And do you believe that spirits communicate with persons on the earth?' 'I believe it most emphatically. I have had a friendly hand put confidentially into mine, when it was impossible that it could be a human hand. I will only tell you what I have seen at Plymouth Church, and you may make what you can of it.

"You know there are three reporters' tables standing against Mr. Beecher's platform. The middle table, directly in a line with Mr. Beecher, is an innocent-looking affair on pine, stained to imitate black walnut. Some four or five weeks previous to Mr. Beecher's summer vacation, I noticed an unusual commotion in the little circle of reporters; and, as I had been seated by the usher in a chair very near their table, I could not avoid seeing all that was going on. Mr. Beecher was in the middle of his long præ-sermon prayer. As he uttered the words—"Let the whole earth learn the power of love, such as brought Christ to earth to die for men"—the table moved slowly and deliberately towards one of the ladies, and pushed so violently against her arm, that she was obliged to move back. Then it moved as deliberately to the lady opposite. You should have seen the faces of the reporters. Their eyes said plainly, "What shall we do if this table keeps moving?" But keep moving it did, back and forth, with a slow, monotonous slide, till the prayer was finished, and then it gave three emphatic tips by way of "Amen." "Undoubtedly, somebody upstairs endorses Beecher," said I to myself, my eye still on the table. Then the hymn was given out. It was about adverse winds, and cares and troubles, but each stanza closed with this line—

"As my day my strength shall be."

When that line was sung, the table tipped so that the pencils lying upon it rolled to the floor, and the reporters, who had evidently forgotten the spirits for a moment in the music, gave a little involuntary start and a look of horror that to a looker-on was irresistibly comic. They controlled themselves, however, and took their paper upon hymn books in their laps, and began to write. Meaning to do their best, they all moved back, so that not the hem of a garment touched the table. Mr. Beecher preached one of his most radical sermons that day. The table seemed alive. At the very points where a radical reformer would have wished to applaud, the table would push with great force one of the reporters, and travel to the opposite one, as if to say, "That's so; that's the truth." That the table was not touched by even the reporters' raiment during the sermon, I would take my oath before any court in the country.' The thing has attracted so much attention, that the reporters have decided to leave the table, and sit separately in the audience."

We need hardly remind our readers that Mr. Beecher is perhaps the most popular preacher and has the largest congregation in America. The manifestations above related must therefore have been presented before about three thousand witnesses, and they seem to have left a deep impression on both preacher and congregation. In a sermon preached December 9th, Mr. Beecher said:—

"I suppose that from the beginning of things this world has been open to the influence of spirits; that other influences come into the world. Such a truth as this is to be infinitely desired. There is a disposition to treat it with scorn and neglect. It is not impossible to believe that there is a spiritual unity or influence which we neither understand nor appreciate. This is certainly the doctrine of the New Testament. It is taught by the Saviour and the apostles that both divine and demoniac influences did roll in upon the human soul. It is the attitude of most thinkers to repel everything that they cannot prove by the senses, and therefore the doctrine of Spiritualism has been in bad repute. There is nothing that we so much need and should so much desire as that there should be wafted into this sphere the influence of the Divine spirit. This doctrine fits and harmonizes with the higher life toward which we are groping our way. . . . If there comes a sense of sweet spirit-communion, believe that God's great love sends the ministers of His bounty to guide, comfort and instruct you. Is there anything that we desire so much as that light should shine upon the Great Beyond?"

RESCUED BY A SPIRIT.

The following by Mr. A. E. Newton, is from a recent number of the *Banner of Light* :—

"Most of our readers have probably heard of the loss, among the wild passes of the Rocky Mountains, of Mr. Truman C. Evarts, who accompanied an exploring expedition to the sources of the Yellowstone River, in August of last year, and of his subsequent return to civilization, in a nearly starved condition, after thirty-seven days of peril in those inhospitable regions.

"In the November number of *Scribner's Monthly* (1871), Mr. Evarts gives a detailed and thrilling account of his terrible experiences during those wanderings, from which it appears that he owed his extrication from his perils, and his guidance within reach of his friends, solely to the directions and encouragement given him by a 'ghostly counsellor,' an old friend, who suddenly appeared at his side at a critical moment after many days of wandering, and afterwards accompanied him so long as was necessary. I quote as follows :—

While I was thus considering whether to remain and search for a passage (i. e., over the Madison range of mountains into the valley beyond, where he hoped to find settlers) or return to the Yellowstone, I experienced one of those strange hallucinations which many of my friends have misnamed insanity, but which to me was Providence. An old clerical friend, for whose character and counsel I had always cherished peculiar regard, in some unaccountable manner seemed to be standing before me, charged with advice which would relieve my perplexity. I seemed to hear him say, as if in a voice and with the manner of authority—"Go back immediately; as rapidly as your strength will permit. There is no food here, and the idea of scaling these rocks is madness."

"Doctor," I rejoined, "the distance is too great. I cannot live to travel it."

"Say not so. Your life depends upon the effort. Return at once. Start now, lest your resolution falter. Travel as fast and as far as possible—it is your only chance."

"Doctor, I am rejoiced to meet you in this hour of distress, but doubt the wisdom of your counsel. I am within seventy miles of Virginia.* Just over these rocks, a few miles away, I shall find friends. My shoes are nearly worn out, my clothes are in tatters, and my strength is almost overcome. As a last trial, it seems to me I can but attempt to scale this mountain or perish in the effort, if God so wills."

"Don't think of it. Your power of endurance will carry you through. I will accompany you. Put your trust in heaven. Help yourself, and God will help you."

Overcome by these and other persuasions, and delighted with the idea of having a travelling companion, I plodded my way over the route I had come. When I resumed my journey the next day, the sun was just rising. Whenever I was disposed, as was often the case, to question the wisdom of the change of routes, my old friend appeared to be near with words of encouragement, but his reticence on other subjects both surprised and annoyed me.

"His guide, it appears, was not always visible to him, though at hand.

Once, while struggling through a field of tangled trunks, which seemed interminable, at one of the pauses I found myself seriously considering whether

* Virginia City, Montana, is doubtless meant.

it was not preferable to die there than renew the effort to proceed. I felt that all attempt to escape was but a bitter prolongation of the agony of dissolution. A seeming whisper in the air, "While there is life there is hope; take courage," broke the delusion, and I clambered on.

"While at length this kind counsellor ceased to manifest himself, his companionship was substituted in a singular way:—

My old friend and adviser, whose presence I had felt more than seen the last few days, now forsook me altogether. But I was not alone. By some process which I was too weak to solve, my arms, legs, and stomach were transformed into so many travelling companions. Often for hours I would plod along conversing with these imaginary friends. Each had his peculiar wants, which he expected me to supply. The stomach was importunate in his demand for a change of diet—complained incessantly of the roots I fed him with, their present effect, and more remote consequences. I would try to silence him with promises, beg of him to wait a few days; and when this failed of the quiet I desired, I would seek to intimidate him by declaring, as a sure result of negligence, our inability to reach home alive. All to no purpose—he tormented me with his fretful humours through the entire journey. The others would generally concur with him in these fancied altercations. The legs implored me for rest, and the arms complained that I gave them too much to do. Troublesome as they were, it was a pleasure to realise their presence. I worked for them too with right good will, doing many things for their seeming comfort which, had I felt myself alone, would have remained undone. They appeared to be perfectly helpless of themselves; would do nothing for me or for each other. I often wondered, while they ate and slept so much, that they did not aid in gathering wood and kindling fires. As a counterpoise to their own inertia, whenever they discovered languor in me on necessary occasions, they were not wanting in words of encouragement and cheer. I recall as I write an instance where, by prompt and timely interposition, the representative of the stomach saved me from a death of dreadful agony. One day I came to a small stream issuing from a spring of mild temperature on the hillside, swarming with minnows. I caught some of them with my hands, and ate them raw. To my taste they were delicious; but the stomach refused them, accused me of attempting to poison him, and would not be reconciled until I had emptied my pouch of the few fish I had put there for future use. Those that I ate made me very sick. Poisoned by the mineral in the water, had I glutted my appetite with them as I intended, I should doubtless have died in the wilderness, in excruciating torment.

"The wanderer's last tussle with his querulous companion was when he was unwittingly near deliverance, and is thus described:—

My supply (of thistle roots) was running low. With the most careful economy, it could last but two or three days longer. I saw the necessity of placing myself and imaginary companions upon allowance. The conflict which ensued with the stomach, when I announced this resolution, required great firmness to carry through. I tried wheedling, and coaxing, and promising; failing in these, I threatened to part company with a comrade so unreasonable, and he made no further complaint.

"At last, becoming completely worn out with fatigue and hunger, the conviction that death was near took possession of his mind. He continues:—

Once only the thought flashed across my mind that I should be saved, and I seemed to hear a whispered command to "Struggle on." Groping along the side of a hill, I became suddenly sensible of a sharp reflection, as of burnished steel. Looking up through half-closed eyes, two rough but kindly faces met my gaze.

"These were two mountaineers, who had been sent out to search for the lost man, and he was rescued at last, at the very extreme of exhaustion.

"This extraordinary and evidently truthful narrative not only furnishes striking evidence—which its author plainly did not intend—of the reality of spirit-manifestation and guardianship, but also illustrates some of the laws or conditions of spirit-manifestation, which are but little understood by people in general. It further illustrates the inconsistencies and absurdities (not to say blasphemies) into which deniers of the spiritual theory are ready to plunge to avoid its plain conclusion.

"Our author first styles the kindly appearance of his old friend, as a spirit, to rescue him in his peril, a 'strange hallucination,' and yet, with a singular confusion of ideas, immediately declares that to him it was 'Providence!' and in a subsequent part of his narrative acknowledges himself 'indebted to that mysterious protection which comes only from the throne of the Eternal.' According to this, Divine Providence interfered to save him by means of a cheat, a delusion, a LIE! Not more creditable was the 'suggestion of many of the author's friends, that the friendly apparition was a freak of 'insanity.' What clearer evidence could have been given of the action of a wise and benevolent personality, distinct from the wanderer's own mind? How much more rational the belief that a spirit-friend actually came to his rescue, than that delusion or disease should have assumed such shape, and performed so signal a service! In fact, the readiness of sceptics to attribute such plain evidences of divine or angelic guardianship over humanity to hallucination and insanity, is in itself a conclusive proof of their own mental unsoundness, if nothing worse. Jesus is said to have charged those who stupidly attributed to the devil the good works performed through his instrumentality with the guilt of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost! Do not the purblind deniers of spirit-visitation in our day, who see only 'hallucination,' 'insanity,' or 'the devil' in the divinest acts of angelic ministry, commit a similar folly?

"But, it may be asked—If this was really a benevolent spirit-friend who interposed to guide Mr. Evarts out of the wilderness, why did he not present himself at an earlier period? Why not at once have guided him back to his companions, or them to him, as soon as it was known that he was lost, and before they had left the vicinity? or, better still, why not have prevented his becoming lost at all? Would not this have been a far greater kindness?

"Without professing ability to unravel all the intricacies of human experience, a slight knowledge of some of the conditions

which appear to be necessary to enable spirits to sensibly manifest their presence, or to effectively influence minds in the body, enables the Spiritualist to suggest answers to questions of this character, which perplex the minds of many inquirers.

"In the first place, it is evident that—admitting spirit-guardianship to be a fact—all persons cannot—at all times and in all circumstances at least—see or hear spirits, or receive direct and controlling impressions from them. Probably neither Mr. Evarts nor his companions were, in their ordinary condition, either spirit-seers or easily impressible persons. But it is well known to those who have investigated the subject, that many persons, seemingly unimpressible naturally, may become susceptible to spirit-impressions, and even clairvoyant and clairaudient, by pursuing certain courses of diet and regimen, and especially by such fasting as shall reduce their physical vitality to a low ebb. The case of the old prophet, Daniel, is well known to all Bible readers, as are the frequent injunctions in the New Testament to 'fast and pray,' as means of obtaining spiritual or divine guidance and illumination. The instances are almost innumerable in which persons, brought by disease and physical weakness near to the point of dissolution, experience, as they claim, an opening of their spiritual senses, and are thus granted, ere they depart, joyful interviews with friends gone before, and cheering glimpses of the bright world 'over there.'

"Now it appears from his narrative, that Mr. Evarts had become greatly reduced by many days and nights of struggling through an almost impassable wilderness, and by subsisting almost wholly upon a scanty diet of thistle-roots, when first his 'ghostly counsellor' succeeded in making himself seen and heard. Doubtless he was unable to do so at an earlier period. So, no doubt, spirit-guardians are often powerless to warn or rescue us from impending danger, on account of our own condition.

"Again, it may be asked—Why did 'the Doctor,' if really a spirit and an old friend, refuse to converse with the lonely wanderer on other subjects than the way and means of escape? It might be thought a good opportunity in which to enlighten his mind about the condition of disembodied spirits, the possibility of their manifestation, and the philosophy of Spiritualism generally, of which he was apparently profoundly ignorant. On the other hand, it seems quite probable that the friendly spirit saw that any such conversation, and the mental excitement which it would evoke, would be a tax upon the waning strength of the starving man, which at best would scarcely suffice to bring him to the place of rescue, and hence wisely refrained. Besides, it is possible that the spirit may have been unable to

control the conditions to do more than give the briefest necessary directions.

"But it may be urged that the obvious illusions which Mr. Evarts describes as succeeding the final disappearance of his clerical friend, give conclusive proof that he was but a phantom of a disordered brain. A little examination, however, will render this conclusion less convincing than at first it appears. One plain difference is that 'the Doctor' was clearly recognised as a former acquaintance—a person totally distinct from the narrator in all respects; while the last described 'companions' appeared to be, or to represent in some way the arms, legs, and stomach of our traveller. Mr. Evarts does not tell us very distinctly how, or in what shape, these supposed members of his own body presented themselves to his senses, but an accompanying pictorial illustration gives us to understand that he saw them as five distinct shadowy or ghost-like forms, in the complete human shape, attending his steps, and conversing with him as distinct persons. It may be difficult to give a satisfactory interpretation of an experience so singular and so vaguely described, yet some of the facts stated suggest an explanation that seems at least plausible. Mr. E. states that their companionship afforded him pleasure, and that their entreaties induced him 'to do many things for their seeming comfort'—that is, we must suppose, for the comfort of his limbs and stomach—which otherwise would have remained undone. It may be then, that the kind Doctor, having got him well on the road to deliverance, resigned him to the guardianship of other friendly spirits, who in his weak condition thought best, whether wisely or unwisely, not to astonish him with a disclosure of their real character, but to cause or allow him to suppose them to be his own arms, legs, &c., personified, in order to induce him to greater care of those members, the use of which was so necessary to his escape, and at the same time to cheer him with companionship.

"If this interpretation of these strange appearances be correct—and we doubt if a more reasonable one can be offered—then they afford an additional evidence of spirit-manifestation and guardianship, rather than the contrary. As a whole, the narrative is a striking confirmation of the basic truth of Spiritualism. The wonder is, that it reached the public through the highly orthodox pages of *Scribner*, whose present conductor (J. G. Holland—'Timothy Titcomb') has long been known as one of the most bitter and bigoted opponents of this heavenly truth. Probably the author's willingness to overslough his holier convictions, and profanely call his angelic deliverer a 'hallucination,' rendered his effort acceptable to that eminently

religious journal. Had our modern orthodox editors flourished in St. Peter's time, they would have given no credence to his story of deliverance from prison, unless indeed he had been willing to say that his shackles were stricken off and the prison gates opened by 'a strange hallucination!'"

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

DR. CARPENTER AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

WITH every disposition to welcome good arguments against "Spiritualism," we cannot but feel that Dr. C., who lectured yesterday evening on this subject at St. George's Hall, is not likely to do more in the course of his crusade against the "delusions" at which he is so busily railing, than echo prejudices enlisted already on his side. Considering its authorship, we cannot help thinking his reasoning surprisingly weak. In face of such a Report as that issued by the Dialectical Society it is futile to string together idle illustrations showing that from time to time many people have been seized with manias for different kinds of extravagant folly. Whatever explanations may be ultimately given for the manifestations recorded, or concerning which certain persons assume to furnish records, it is clear that the delusions of Spiritualism, if they are wholly delusions, cannot be accounted for in the same way that Dr. C. may explain epidemic hysterics amongst the girls associated together in a factory, or the mania for mewing like cats which once took possession of the nuns in a certain convent. Amongst the men who give us their experience of Spiritualism, there are several who cannot be supposed susceptible to the influences that may have sent the factory girls into hysterics, or induced the nuns to mew; but apart from this, the impulse which leads a person to commit some fashionable extravagance is utterly unlike that which would induce some one else to say he saw a table rise up in the air without any one touching it. We have not much reverence for the Dialectical Society, and the management of its affairs by the Committee appointed to investigate Spiritualism is open to criticism in many ways; but it must be acknowledged that the believers on the Committee, however unscientific and illogically they may go to work themselves, can at any rate afford to laugh at the way in which Dr. C. attempts to refute their statements. His lecture of last night could easily have been blown to atoms by an ordinarily intelligent representative of the opinions he

assailed. He selected, as he has done on former occasions in writing on this subject, if we may assume the accuracy of the generally received view of the authorship of a recent treatise on Spiritualism, a few of the most extravagant and imperfectly attested stories about spiritual phenomena, and dismissed them with little sarcasms that involved no argument whatever. And he once more aired an utterly unreasonable hypothesis, attributing all successful raps given in answer to questions to the quickness of the mediums in following the nervous signs of expectation which the questioners are supposed to give when pointing to the right letters. That explanation may apply in the majority of cases; but there are some to which it is impossible that it can apply, and this discredits it altogether. We do not want to side with the Spiritualists; but it would be affectation at the present day to say what a year or two back we might have been entitled to say, that no evidence is before the world in support of their views that demands respectful consideration.—*Evening Standard*, 15th January, 1872.

[A somewhat longer but not more favourable notice of Dr. Carpenter's lecture was in the *Daily Telegraph*.]

A FACT FOR DR. EDMUNDS.

Mr. Guppy, commenting on Dr. Edmunds' Communication in the *Report of the Committee of the Dialectical Society*, says:—

But I must state one circumstance which, according to marital confidence, must have been known to the Doctor. We gave a *séance* to Serjeant Cox at his own house. The only person there we had ever seen before was Mrs. Edmunds. Mrs. Guppy, on entering the *séance* room, said, "Who is the greatest unbeliever?" Serjeant Wheeler, of Liverpool, said, "I have never been at a *séance* before." Mrs. Guppy said, "You hold one of my hands and Serjeant Cox the other," which was putting herself pretty well in the clutches of the law. Two of the serjeant's friends secured my hands. Flowers came for ten minutes in batches, all the time persons at the table exclaiming, "Are you sure you have hold of Mr. and Mrs. Guppy's hands?" "Yes." Serjeant Cox, when the surprise of his friends had a little abated, made a remark which I have never forgotten. It was: "No conjuror permits you to hold his hands while he is performing his tricks." Robert Houdin and the Wizard of the North are very clever fellows, but take them between two gentlemen, each holding a hand, and their legs, moreover, being wedged in, and let them try. Now Mrs. Edmunds heard all this, saw all this, and presumably told her husband, and all this long before the Report of the Dialectical Society was published.

SOUTHEY ON SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS.

That such things should be, is probable, *à priori*; and I cannot refuse assent to the strong evidence that such things are, nor to the common consent that has prevailed among all persons everywhere in all ages—a belief which is Catholic in the widest acceptation of the word. They who have endeavoured to

dispossess the people of their old instinctive belief in such things, have done little service to individuals, and much injury to the community. My serious belief amounts to this, that preternatural impressions are sometimes communicated to us for wise purposes; and that departed spirits are sometimes permitted to manifest themselves.—*Southey's Colloquies.*

SPIRITUALISM IN HOLLOWAY.

Mr. John T. Markley, of Crowland, near Peterborough, has addressed a long letter to the *Peterborough Advertiser*, giving an account of spirit-manifestations witnessed in his presence on a recent visit to London, and especially at the house of Mr. Stokes, 29, Kingsdown Road, Holloway. Among other phenomena he relates that a "table floated in the air completely over the heads of the sitters, and back again to its first position;" that spirit-lights were seen gliding about the room, and that a soft velvety hand was placed on his, which in his grasp melted like snow. Mr. Markley adds that he is prepared to swear to the correctness of these facts, and to defend them regardless of the public verdict their publication may provoke.

SPIRITUALISM IN MELBOURNE.

Spiritualism has obtained a large number of adherents from among the better educated classes. The Spiritualists have a church, largely and fashionably attended, as well as a monthly periodical; and a clergyman belonging to the Church of England has been suspended by his archdeacon owing to his sympathies with the movement. One of the most remarkable features is the large number of medical men who have become converts, and the cures some of them claim to have made by associating with them in their practice the most eminent professors of the healing art in ancient and modern times, from Esculapius down to Sir Astley Cooper, whom they "spiritually" consult.—*Melbourne Age*, October 9, 1871."

SPIRITUALISM IN RUSSIA.

Mr. Moncure Conway, the well-known Unitarian minister, author of *The Earthward Pilgrimage*, and a Non-Spiritualist, stated at a public meeting "that he had been recently travelling in Russia, and that among educated people, in the houses of Counts and Barons, wherever he mingled in intellectual society, he found that one or more of the members of the family were Spiritualists."—*Hints on the Evidences of Spiritualism*, by M. P.

T. L. HARRIS.

The Editor of the *Banner of Light* gives this as his opinion of Mr. T. L. Harris:—

"We are sorry for T. L. Harris, but not for his earthly period, as the wealth he has secured will enable him to procure earthly comforts; but the richer treasures of the other life, which he has lost by his course, will cause him many years of regret and sorrow. He seems to have been too weak a vessel to contain the new wine, or else he had not got all the old theology out before the spirits poured in the new, but retained enough to spoil the new Spiritual Philosophy, causing it to sour in his brain. We thought him a little crazy in the Mountain Cove movement, but, as he partially recovered from that, we had hopes of his entire recovery; but he could not bear the flattery and praise which his inspiration and eloquence drew around him, and soon began to suspect himself to be an 'especial messenger of the Lord,' superior to his fellow-men, and forgot entirely the lesson which the Brahmin got on the lotus-pod, to

'First count all men of equal caste,
Then count thyself the least at last.'"

WITCHCRAFT.

In 1559 the Articles of Visitation issued ten years before by Archbishop Cranmer for discovering all persons "who used charms, sorcery, enchantments, witchcraft, soothsaying, or any like craft," were renewed. "On this occasion were apprehended Leonard Bilson, uncle of Bishop Bilson, and Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral, and John Cocks, clerks, and John Bright, goldsmith, all three at Winchester, who being committed to the Fleet, and tried at Westminster, confessed their wicked actions, according to Chief Justice Coke. They bound themselves in court not to practise, devise, or put in use, &c. any invocations or conjurations of spirits, witchcrafts, enchantments, or sorceries to find money, or treasure, or to destroy any person, &c., or to provoke to unlawful love, &c." After which they were led through Westminster Hall, and by special command of the Queen and Council were set in the pillory, before the Queen's Palace. Their confession saved their lives.

THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

To me the spirit-world is tangible. It is not peopled with ghosts and spectres, shadows and outlines of being, but with persons and forms palpable to the apprehension. Its multitudes are veritable, its society natural, its language audible, its companionships real, its loves distinct, its activities energetic, its

life intelligent, its glory discernible; its union is not that of sameness, but of variety brought into moral harmony by the great law of love, like notes, which, in themselves distinct and different, make, when combined, sweet music. Death will not level and annul those countless differences of mind and heart which make us individual here. Heaven, in all the mode and manner of expression, will abound with personality. There will be choice and preference and degrees of affinity there. Each intellect will keep its natural bliss, each heart its elections. Groups there will be, and circles; faces known and unknown will pass us; acquaintances will thrive on intercourse, and love deepen with knowledge; and the great underlying laws of mind and heart prevail and dominate as they do here, save in this—that sin, and all the repellence and antagonism that it breeds, will be unknown, and holiness supply in perfect measure the opportunity and bond of brotherhood.—REV. W. H. H. MURRAY.

IS THERE A FUTURE LIFE FOR ANIMALS.*

We give below the title of a work that has lately reached us: it is the biography of a dog, written by his faithful friend and mistress, setting forth his troubles, travels, adventures, entrance into polite society, and other incidents in a canine life, sufficiently amusing, and not without instruction; it is well adapted to promote the main purpose of the author, that of increasing our sympathy with the animal creation. Any profits accruing from the work are to be devoted to the Ladies' Educational Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which Society the author is a life member.

The concluding chapter of the work is devoted to a consideration of the question of the Future Life of Animals, in which our author is a firm believer. She argues for it from the otherwise uncompensated sufferings of the brute creation; from their sense of identity notwithstanding the constant change in the atoms of their bodily structure, from their possessing perception, memory, volition, affection, a sense of justice, and other qualities which in degree they share with man, and to the objection that in the animals these qualities have a lower range, she replies that they are often developed to an extent beyond what we find in infants, idiots, lunatics, in some adult human beings, and even some entire tribes of men. "Nothing fair and beautiful can perish out of the universe of God" says our author; and she holds that "in the beautiful archetypal world we shall surely find fairer flowers, bright birds and animals, more beauteous than ever were seen here;" and she asks, "Wherefore should the once

* *Lights and Shadows of a Canine Life.* SIMPKINS, MARSHALL & Co.

denizens of an earthly Paradise be found unworthy to bask in the verdant glades of a heavenly Eden?" Whether in her view the Future Life extends beyond and lower than these fair and beautiful creations of the animal and floral worlds,—to fishes, reptiles, ravenous beasts, and noxious plants and insects, we are not informed; though as she undertakes to reply to popular objections, the discussion of this point might well have been included. She maintains her views to be consonant with Scripture, and quotes in favour of them ancient classical and modern popular writers, and refers to what some mediums have put forth on the subject as a further confirmation of them.

We content ourselves with indicating the line of argument taken by our author, without entering here upon the discussion of the question at issue. Many of our readers would probably be surprised at the extent of the literature of this subject. We have before us a list of nearly two hundred works on the Nature, Origin, and Destiny of the Souls of Brutes. The controversy is of old standing, and is still unsettled.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

MR. JOHN TIMBS, or any industrious gentleman given to compilation, might find in the newspapers ample materials for a "Spiritual Annual." It is not alone at *séances* that spirit-manifestations occur, they crop up spontaneously, and in great variety all over the country, and are duly chronicled in local journals along with the state of the markets, the doings at the vestry, and other items of local news. Every journal, metropolitan and provincial, has occasionally its local ghost story, and there are no doubt many which never find their way into print. As recent examples of the ghostly appearances and incidents recorded in the newspapers, we give the following:—

A WHISTLING GHOST.

It appears, that on Oxley Island, at Manning River, a farmer named Brown, resides with his family. For some time past his daughter, a girl of 12 or 13 years of age, has been accompanied by a curious whistling noise, which can be heard by persons at a distance from her, and which terrifies her so much that she frequently faints. Strange noises have been heard in the house, and it is related that upon a person, who went there to discover the cause, reading a portion of Scripture and calling upon the spirit to appear, the apparition of a man on his hands and knees, with two stabs on his chest from which the blood was flowing freely, presented itself. The same apparition is said to

have been seen by several persons, one person having swooned away, and been ill ever since. This affair has caused a sensation in the district, and people go to the house to stay for a night to ascertain the facts of the case. One of these fainted twice during the night. The whistling was heard four times, commencing at first in a low tone, and increasing in force until it became almost unbearable.—*Court Journal*, January, 1872.

MYSTERIOUS STONE THROWING IN YORKSHIRE.

On the 15th of December, 1871, about 2 p.m. a widow, who resides in a cottage near the roadside at Ellerton-on-Swale, in Yorkshire, the only inmates being herself and grandchild, heard a thumping at the back door, and on the child going to the door no one was found there. In a few minutes it was repeated, but no visitor appeared. A stone then came through the window, to the alarm of the cottage occupants. Missiles then followed in succession until 11 p.m. A watch was set, but without avail, as the stones continued to pour in all the evening, to be renewed the next morning, and the pelting continued without any discovery as to the cause. The stones were aimed at the windows with such precision that there is now scarcely a whole pane left in any of them. Some of the stones were larger than a man's hand, which does away with the supposition that they have been thrown by a catapult. There is no shelter near the cottage for any one to secrete himself to eject the stone.—*Darlington Times*.

AN AERIAL JOURNEY.

An aged haulier or labourer, who lives at Croespainmen, was the other night (November, 1871) awakened from his slumber by the sound of a voice, saying, "John, you must come with me." "Go thy way, and let me alone to sleep," was the reply. "You must come," said the voice. "I will not and cannot," replied the labourer. At this moment he saw standing before him the ghost of a fellow-labourer who, some years before, worked with him on the Risca tram-way. He consented to accompany his deceased friend, who gave him the choice of being conveyed by "uch wynt," or "is wynt," through air or along the road. J. stated he had never been through the air, but consented to try it. The couple proceeded by air as far as Risca Bridge, seven miles by road and six by atmosphere. Here J. was put down and ordered to throw into the Sizhowy River an old gun which had been concealed on the banks since the Newport riots in 1839. Having done this, he was taken back, *en route*, "uch wynt," and replaced on his straw couch. This statement, according to the *Western Mail*, is believed in Crumlin as a fact by many respectable persons.

Notices of Books.

HINTS ON THE EVIDENCES OF SPIRITUALISM.*

WE would specially commend these "Hints," as the writer modestly calls them, to the attention of cultured, thoughtful, and religious minds who may be inquiring into the truth of Modern Spiritualism. It is a little work which fairly and concisely indicates the general line of argument which the apologist of Spiritualism may adopt, presenting a *résumé* of its evidences, and replying to some of the most common popular objections. It is written with clearness, candour, and ability. The author gives the following as his

ANALYSIS OF THE ARGUMENT.

- 1.—There is no antecedent incredibility in spiritual manifestations.
 - 2.—On the contrary, there is some general probability in favour of (or at the least an absence of strong probability against) their occurrence at any time, founded on—
 1. What we learn from the Bible.
 2. The experience of all nations, civilised and savage.
 3. The fact that Spiritualism supplies a want in human nature.
 - 3.—There is a particular probability in favour of their appearance at the time when they are alleged to have first occurred, based upon the circumstances of the age.
 - 4.—There is a body of evidence in favour of Spiritualism, at least as strong as can be alleged on behalf of any other creed.
- Considerations which strengthen this evidence :—
1. The phenomena in question have been produced in an enlightened and an inquiring age.
 2. The narratives of them are accompanied by particulars.
 3. They have been submitted to scientific tests.

MODERN SADUCEEISM.

Under the third section above quoted, our author represents the future historian or apologist of Spiritualism discoursing on the sceptical and materialistic tendencies of the age. The section is too long to quote entire, but we present the principal passages. He writes :—

By the words "appearance" and "first occurred," I don't intend to imply that they had not been observed in the world before, for we know from the Bible to the contrary; but this may be the most convenient way of expressing their revival on a large scale, and in some respects under new conditions. Now it can scarcely be doubted—so I think the future apologist might very fairly argue—that at the period when Spiritualism is said to have been introduced into the modern world as a new system of belief, the popular faith in the immortality of the soul had, to say the least, become extremely vague. It is

true that sermons by the cartload were preached on the subject, and prayers were offered up, and inscriptions were carved on tombs, and resurgams put up in front of houses, and the tenet was nominally held by hundreds of Christian sects; but to those who penetrate beneath the surface, it is clear that the kind of belief evidenced by these facts was of a very loose and unsatisfactory character—that it did not come home to the hearts of men with a sense of definite reality. The literature of the period, when carefully examined, and still more the language and the habits of everyday life, will confirm this view. For all that men talked of immortality, they had not risen much above the savage theory of death, that it is an unmitigated evil. It was not merely that men as a rule carefully avoided putting themselves in the way of death, and that even the bravest among them used their utmost efforts to escape from it when imminent and when escape was honourable; for to do this much would appear to be a duty, having a natural instinct for its motive power; but that they treated death, when it had fallen on one of theirs, as the end of all things, as an irreparable misfortune, as an event which the survivors were never to cease deploring till time had in some degree mitigated their sufferings. It would be impossible to explain on any other theory the sorrow, often ending in a settled melancholy, of a Christian parent at the loss of his baptized infant child—an event which must necessarily be viewed as an infinite gain to the child so removed. Nor can we otherwise explain how a believer, alleging himself to have a settled assurance of eternal happiness, and with no ties to bind him to the earth, should so generally have exhibited the greatest disinclination, and even loathing, to exchange a bed of suffering for a throne of glory. "Resignation to God's will," "Kissing the rod," "Bowing beneath the stroke," was the kind of language used to designate the spirit in which the invitation to eternal glory should be accepted. Every sentiment and expression connected with death will be found deeply tinged with this sort of scepticism. If two religious missionaries were upset out of a boat into the Ganges, and one reached the bank, he was providentially saved: it would have been a sort of blasphemy to assert that the other was providentially drowned; life being the gift of God, and death, as it would seem, being sent specially by the evil one. This erroneous philosophy of life and death leavened everything. With many, not to be in the flesh, i. e., not to be in this world, was to be non-existent, if there is any meaning in words. How this crops up in countless passages, which seem to come from the writer's inmost soul without his noticing it! The motto of many of them seems to be that of Meccenas, "Vita dum superest, bene est." This casual reference to antiquity may remind the reader that many Christian apologists have quoted passages from the Greek and Latin authors as evidencing their disbelief in a future state, and the consequent necessity of a revelation. But every single passage that can be so quoted may be readily paralleled by one from a so-called Christian poet.

The language of everyday life was replete with sentiments of the like kind. The dead man was spoken of as "*Poor Mr. So-and-so.*" The grave was "*The last long home.*" "*The sleep of death*" was a common expression. "If poor So-and-so could only see this!" a form of words used every day, was by implication an affirmation that under no circumstances could the spirit of the departed be conscious of what is going on in this life. No wonder that, when these views were prevalent, the grave was surrounded with everything calculated to inspire horror and melancholy, and that just as the Romans marked an auspicious day with a white stone, and clad themselves in white for their festive ceremonies, so the deepest black should be used to stamp death as the most inauspicious of events on the Christian mind. Even putting it that there was a general belief in a hereafter, there was no definite realisation of what the term meant, no bringing home to one's self that the friend who departed from this world yesterday was really as much alive as those he left behind him. There was even a doubt among many religious people as to whether there was any conscious existence at all between death and the resurrection.

Nor, in considering this subject, can we fail to notice that there had arisen about this very time a considerable number of persons who altogether denied the truth of Divine Revelation, and, by consequence, anything like an assurance

of a future state. Only a few years before the rise of Modern Spiritualism, a nation, in many respects the foremost in the world, had gone a step further, and on the walls of the capital of Europe might be read the words, "Death is an eternal sleep." "Ma demeure sera bientôt le néant," said Danton, when asked for his address before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The teachings of the great German philosophers, Hegel, Schelling, and their disciples, Feuerbach, &c., were fatal to any conception of *individual immortality*. The old beliefs which had sustained the Christian world for eighteen centuries were evidently enfeebled, and the attacks on them had increased in number and in power. What is still more remarkable is, that these attacks, for the first time, came in great measure from within.

The most intellectual people in Europe at that day are generally supposed to have been the Germans. A competent observer, writing in 1870, represents the middle, and even a large portion of the lower classes in Prussia, as "estranged from the religion of their ancestors." Public opinion in Protestant Germany denied miracles, and had even gone so far as "to negative the efficacy of prayer, and with it the interference of the Almighty in the course of events." (*Religious Thought in Germany*, pp. 11-15). And, as relating more particularly to our present subject, I must notice a passage at p. 27: "Most, indeed, profess to believe in God and in immortality; but if you examine their opinions more closely, you will easily discover they have but confused notions on the relations between the Creator and mankind, and even deny or ignore the duty of aspiring to a more definite knowledge on the subject." "Men who have had a university education scarcely dare go to church, lest they might be taken for hypocrites or sentimental enthusiasts" (p. 37).

When we contemplate a society whose religious belief might thus be exhibited as in a state of disintegration, what can seem more likely than that a new and more comforting assurance should be given to man of the most important of all truths to him—the immortality of the soul? At any rate, I for one fail altogether to see any unlikelihood in the supposition, from the orthodox standpoint. Humanity, in what is styled its highest stage of development, is seen drifting back into the darkness which wrapt Greece and Rome in a pall. As we mark it tossed on a sea of doubt and uncertainty, with every landmark fast receding from the view, who shall say that this is not the moment for holding out a fresh light to it? The occasion is surely an adequate one. To impart new vigour to the decaying belief in the soul's immortality, to bring that immortality home to our senses as a realised experience, "to satisfy the wants and console the sufferings of human nature," this surely might be thought a work not unworthy of a Divine interposition. But nothing of the kind is postulated on behalf of Spiritualism. It must be repeated that spiritual phenomena come before us only as manifestations of *law*, which, indeed, if they are real, they must be, unless, as I before said, we are to extend the meaning of the term miracle, which, in the end, will come to the same thing. Spiritual power is not represented as a power of violently rending the veil which separates us from the unseen world, but of lifting by natural means a curtain which the orthodox must admit to have been similarly lifted in countless instances before.

SPIRITUALISM AND SCRIPTURE.

In reply to the objection—"If any spirits are evoked they must be evil ones, and the practice of Spiritualism is unlawful," our author has the following observations, which we would especially commend to the consideration of the reverend author of *Spiritualism the Work of Demons* :—

In the Old Testament, "consulters with familiar spirits" are ranked with witches, enchanters, wizards, &c., and are pronounced to be an abomination to the Lord (Deut. xviii. 11, 12). A man or woman who had such a spirit, or who was a wizard, was to be put to death (Lev. xx. 27). In Leviticus xix. 31, those

who have them are again coupled with wizards. In 1 Samuel xxviii., a woman who has a familiar spirit is identical with a witch. In 1 Chronicles x., Saul is represented as having died for his transgressions, and amongst others, for asking counsel of one that had a familiar spirit, *and not of the Lord*. In Isaiah viii., these same people are again coupled with "wizards that peep and mutter;" so again at xix. 3. In Galatians v. 20, among the works of the flesh is cited *witchcraft*, where it figures along with murder, idolatry, and other crimes.

It would seem, then, that to be possessed, or to consult with *familiar spirits*, was a form of witchcraft, or allied to it, and that witchcraft existed in the days of Paul, and was a great sin. By witchcraft is generally understood, as Delrio puts it, "an art in which, by the power of the contract entered into with the devil, wonders are wrought" (Brand, *Popular Antiquities*). In all modern definitions that I have seen, a contract or understanding of some kind between the wizard, &c., and an evil spirit, is supposed to be of the essence of witchcraft, and this seems to be the sense of the Hebrew. Now, the question is this: Is *all* intercourse with spirits of every kind necessarily of this character? I don't think this can be asserted; because the same Paul who condemns witchcraft, speaks of the "gift of discerning spirits."

Moreover, all through the Bible we have what may be called an accredited class of seers, or, as we should call them, mediums, who are never confounded with those "who practised divination" (Deut. xviii.). The exact nature of their powers it is impossible to define; but it is important to notice the point, for this reason, that just as all those who foretold future events, and were consulted on that subject, were not necessarily "an abomination" to God, so it does not follow that all persons communicating with spirits should be identified with those "who possessed a familiar spirit." These seers seem to have divined "in the name of the Lord"—that is to say, lawfully, with professed submission to the theocratic Ruler of Israel—not illicitly, like the others. Thus, when Saul is sent in search of his father's asses, his servant suggests to him that they should go to "a man of God, an honourable man; all that he saith surely cometh to pass." Saul regrets that they have spent their money, and cannot pay the requisite fee, and his servant thereupon produces a quarter of a silver shekel which he has remaining. The author or editor of the book adds—"Beforetime in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, thus he spake: Come, and let us go to the seer; for he that is now called a prophet was beforetime called a seer" (1 Sam. ix. 9). "Inquiring of God" here evidently means what we mean by "having one's fortune told," going to ask where a lost object will be found (as in this very case of Saul, and a very common ground for resorting to gipsies, &c. now-a-days), and the like; i. e., asking through a professional medium for an answer to a question, such as it was thought could not be learnt by ordinary means, the unknown being supposed to lie in the hand of God.* We do not hear that any blame is attached to Saul and his servant for consulting this seer (who turns out to be Samuel). On the contrary, the former is immediately afterwards, by Divine command, proclaimed and anointed king of the Jews. Later, we hear of God, "David's seer;" "Heman, the king's seer;" "Jeduthun, the king's seer;" just as one might speak of the Pope's confessor, or the laureate of George III., or the Duke of Argyll's piper. And Amos, when addressed by Amaziah as "O thou seer," and bidden not to prophesy any more at Court, replies that he is not a professional prophet or seer, but carries a special diploma. "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was an herdsman, and a gatherer of sycamore-fruit: *and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and the Lord said*

* It was in accordance with this idea that the eleven apostles cast lots, and chose Matthew, on whom the lot had fallen. The tribes had their position in the Holy Land determined by lot. The notion runs through the Bible. The *sortes Biblicæ* and *sortes Virgilianæ* of the Middle Ages are well known. The superstition is hardly extinct yet.

Dr. Pusey asserts that "*to inquire of the Lord*" was as received an idiom before the return from the captivity, as to 'consult' a physician or a lawyer is among us." And he gives numerous additional examples of this (*Lectures on Daniel*, p. 244).

unto me, Go, prophesy unto my people Israel" (Amos vii. 12-15). And elsewhere we read of the "sons of the prophets." They seem, in fact, to have formed a large class of authorised "canny men," not laying claim to any Divine commission, as the above passage shows, but exercising their mysterious powers under the sanction of the law, and quite distinct from the sorcerers and wizards who were deemed worthy of death.

TESTIMONY OF AN HONEST INVESTIGATOR.*

MR. GILLINGHAM is favourably known as the author of a treatise on "*The Seat of the Soul and its Immortality*." In the course of his practice as a surgical mechanist, he met with a number of persons who had suffered the amputation of their limbs; and he tells us—"The experience of every person that has lost a limb is, that he still feels the existence of the limb when the natural member is removed, and notwithstanding that a patient may have lost a limb for fifty years, he still feels conscious of the existence of the limb, and that it occupies the same space as the natural one did." If, for instance, the arm be removed, "he still feels the arm and hand as he always did when clothed with matter: not only so—the hand and arm that he cannot see are more sensitive than the member which he can see. Further, if a man with a limb off place the end of the stump against a stone wall, his leg or arm is felt through the wall on the other side." From a mass of facts of this kind, and also connected with other cases—from blind, deaf, and paralysed patients, our author was led to conclude "that these facts taught a momentous truth—that the soul is the man, that the body is the clothing that fitted to the shape of the man, and that when a part of the material is taken, whether it be leg or arm, the spiritual limb is not taken or separated, but remains intact, connected to the soul in spite of any accident that happens to the body." Hence he infers that the soul survives its material garment, retains its identity with the spirit-world, and still progresses under laws perfectly natural to its new state, but supernatural to the world it has left. In his view, it is the soul that fills and builds every atom of man's structure, and is not merely a speck in the heart or brain, but that it is the true spiritual being, the man.

These facts and conclusions were embodied by Mr. Gillingham in the little Essay on the Soul to which we have referred. All this time he knew nothing of Spiritualism, and had concluded Spiritualists to be impostors; and was "completely

* *Eight Days with the Spiritualists: or What led me to the subject—What I heard—What I saw—and my Conclusions.* By JAMES GILLINGHAM, Surgical Mechanist, Author of "*The Seat of the Soul*." PITMAN, Paternoster Row.

startled" when told that he had written a work on Spiritualism, and that to Spiritualists his work contained nothing new. He ordered some of the Spiritualist publications, as he says, "to see how they could get hold of the facts I had written about; and in perusing them I was perfectly thunderstruck to find that they had worked out the same truth as myself from an entirely different branch of natural science." This led him to read more deeply on the subject, and to correspond with some of those who had borne public testimony to the facts of Spiritualism. He also received "a large amount of secondary evidence,"—personal testimony of eye and ear witnesses to the facts they related. Finally he resolved to come to London, to see, and hear, and judge for himself. He visited Miss Houghton's Exhibition of Spirit-Drawings, and attended several *séances*; and he very candidly and circumstantially relates what he heard, what he saw, and his conclusions. For all these particulars we must refer the reader to the pamphlet itself; it is an interesting narrative, particularly suitable for inquirers, and can be had for eightpence.

Correspondence.

ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—In *The Medium and Daybreak* newspaper is an advertisement from a New York test-medium, viz., James V. Mansfield, who professes to answer sealed letters for 21s., of course respecting our relatives deceased who have passed into the next life. Now I think it is only fair when you have proved a fact, to give it publicity.

I wrote seven questions of private nature in presence of a lady visitor, who fastened up the note with silk and sealed it with her own seal, then I put it in an envelope and sealed it with my crest; and I merely wrote a letter accompanying it requesting answers. This Mr. Mansfield returned to me unopened in proof of his power. The questions were not common-place merely, requiring a Yes or No, but requiring a knowledge of my family, which it is impossible for Mr. Mansfield to get at without obtaining it from my "daughter," to whom I wrote the questions. Every answer was pertinent to the question put, and what is singular, she says she should not have known I had written to her had not her uncle John (who is dead also) hurriedly told her I had written and wanted answers. Now I never alluded to her uncle in any way, but merely about her brothers and sisters and mother now living, and how Mr. Mansfield, whom I don't know nor have ever seen, gets at the names with seals unbroken and returns to me answers I can't tell. When the letter arrived here I got a dozen gentlemen from our Exchange to open it, and they all agreed my crest and everything was perfect. So also the silk tyings and seal of my visitor had not been tampered with in the slightest, since it left the lady's hands, who would put it in the post herself. I write this from my own experience, and it only occurred last month and was returned to me by next mail.

25th December, 1871.

CHARLES BLACKBURN.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

MARCH, 1872.

MR. OWEN'S NEW WORK.*

THIS long expected work fully sustains the high reputation of its author as a philosophical writer, careful alike in his authentication and relation of facts, and in the conclusions he deduces from them. His style is chaste and forcible, free from all exaggeration and tawdry rhetoric. Whilst free and independent in the handling of religious questions, he is also earnest, reverent, and catholic; bold in the expression of what he feels to be the truth regardless of conventional opinion, yet careful to avoid all needless irritation and offence.

It would be difficult to point to any man of our generation better qualified to investigate both the phenomena and the philosophy of Spiritualism than Mr. Owen. He has sounded the heights and depths of sceptical and materialistic philosophy, and has been recognised as one of its foremost champions. As reformer and statesman he has achieved high distinction. It was while United States Minister at Naples, in March, 1856, that the circumstances occurred which led him to enter upon that investigation of Spiritualism some of the results of which are now before the world in this volume, and in his *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*. While engaged in these spiritual studies he was appointed military agent of the State of Indiana, and together with Judge Holt was appointed a Government Commissioner of Ordnance and Ordnance Stores, and was the Chairman of the Government Commission charged with the duty of reporting on the condition of the recently emancipated freemen of the United States.

From this brief sketch it will be seen that he is no romantic

* *The Debatable Land between this World and the Next. With Narrative Illustrations.* By ROBERT DALE OWEN, Author of *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*. London: TRUBNER & Co.

visionary, but a man of practical affairs, honoured and trusted for his intelligence, ability, and integrity. This practical tone of mind he has carried into his speculative researches. What he says of another in this volume may be fairly applied to himself:—"This, then, is no dreamer, secluded in his study, shut out from the world, and feeding on his own thoughts: no theorizer with a favourite system to uphold: and though a man of decided convictions, not even an enthusiast."

Such a man, after sixteen years' most careful observation, combined with extended and patient inquiry and deep thought over the store of facts he has thus accumulated, is pre-eminently entitled to a candid and considerate hearing. Nor (if we may judge by the reception of his former work, written twelve years ago, and which has reached a sale of 20,000 copies) is that claim likely to be disregarded, more especially as the present work is of even wider range and more pregnant interest than his former volume.

The author conclusively shows that his subject is intimately connected with the present attitude of the religious world, and it is therefore very appropriately prefaced by an Address to the Protestant Clergy. This Address occupies nearly one-third of the volume; and we think a more weighty utterance, one presenting graver issues, has never been addressed to them. Let them ponder these broad facts which Mr. Owen brings before them. "Protestantism conquered in the space of forty years an empire reaching from Iceland to the Pyrenees, from Finland down to the summit of the Italian Alps." From this time, however, downward to the present, a space of three hundred years, there has been for Protestantism nothing but retrogression, until now in place of this overwhelming majority there are in Europe three Catholics for every Protestant. Especially has this progress of Romanism been conspicuous within the last half century; and in the very heart of Protestantism. In England the statistics on this subject should alarm the clergy, but in free America it has progressed even more rapidly. Should its present rate of increase there continue, in less than the third of a century the Roman Catholics will form an actual majority of the population of the United States. How is it that for three centuries Protestantism not only has made no progress, but has not even been able to hold its own, and is still steadily and rapidly declining in both hemispheres? That is the problem to which Mr. Owen invites the candid and earnest consideration of the Protestant Clergy. We shall not follow him in his analysis of the causes which have led to this result, clear and masterly as it is, but must refer the reader to the book itself, which were it on this account alone, would well repay careful perusal. Its discussion

leads the author by gradual and easy stages to the subject which occupies the main body of the work, and that which will doubtless be most attractive to the majority of its readers, the direct evidence of a future life supplied by Modern Spiritualism. The author has here brought together in narrative form some of the more salient and suggestive of those spiritual phenomena, spontaneous and evoked, which have occurred under his own observation, or have come to him in an authentic form, and of which he truly says they are "attested, I venture to affirm, by evidence as strong as that which is daily admitted in our courts of justice to decide the life or death of men." These narratives are also further designed to illustrate in some measure the action of intermundane laws at present but dimly discerned, and which can only be explored in the phenomena they govern.

It would be unjust alike to our readers and to the author to present any of these narratives in the way of abstract; they require to be read at length, and in the words of the author. We can only indicate the general character of the work, refer briefly to some of the more salient experiences related, and present what the author conceives to be some of the more important bearings of Spiritualism, and the leading principles on which he deems all intelligent Spiritualists are united.

As most of our readers are aware, the experimental investigations "into the phenomena alleged to be spiritual," which certain eminent scientists are now prosecuting, and the tests by which they have demonstrated what they are pleased to call a "new force," have long been anticipated by Spiritualists. Mr. Owen, for instance, relates experiments made in 1860 in the presence of himself, the late Dr. Robert Chambers (then on a visit to the United States), and other persons. These experiments included the rising from the floor without contact, and under bright gas light, of a table weighing 121 pounds, and which on several occasions thus remained suspended in the air six or seven seconds, and then gradually settled down without jar or dropping to the floor. The table was also made light and heavy at request; a large steelyard was procured, and the table was suspended by it in exact equipoise, about eight inches from the floor. Mr. Owen says:—

"The table remaining suspended, with the constant weight at the figure 121: we asked that it might be made lighter. In a few seconds the long arm ascended. We moved the weight to the figure 100: it still ascended; then to 80; then to 60. Even at this last figure the smaller arm of the steelyard was somewhat depressed, showing that the table, for the moment, weighed less than 60 pounds. It had *lost more than half its weight*, namely, upward of 61 pounds: in other words, there

was a power equal to 61 pounds sustaining it. Then we asked that it might be made heavier; and it was so: first, as the figures indicated, to 130, and finally to 144 pounds. The change of weight continued, in each instance, from three to eight seconds, as we ascertained by our watches."

On another occasion the author was visiting a private family, who a month before had no knowledge of Spiritualism and scant faith in any of its phenomena; but one of the family suddenly found himself possessed of mediumistic powers.

Mr. Owen gives the following as part of a record of what he witnessed at two sessions with this family. The first occurred in the afternoon. The room was darkened with heavy curtains drawn close, but sufficient light came through to enable those present to see the outlines of objects. Mr. Owen says:—

"We sat at a heavy deal table, made expressly for the purpose, very thick and strong; the legs more than two inches square; size two feet seven inches by one foot eight inches, and weighing 25 pounds.

"At first there was a trembling motion, then a tilting from side to side, gradually becoming more powerful, and at last so violent that it was snatched from our hands. Then, at our request, the table was made so heavy that I found it scarcely possible, with all my strength, to move it even half an inch from the floor; the apparent weight some 200 pounds. Then, again at our request, it was made so light that we could lift one end of it with a single finger; its weight seeming 10 or 12 pounds only. Then it was laid down on its side; and, no one touching it, I was unable to raise it. Then it was tilted on two legs and all my strength was insufficient to press it down.

"Finally, after being jerked with such sudden violence that we all drew back, fearing injury, and merely reached our fingers on the edge of its top, it was projected into the air so high that when we rose from our chairs we could barely place our fingers on it; and there it swung about, during six or seven seconds. Besides touching it, we could see its motion by the dim light.

"We sat again in the evening at ten o'clock, in the same room, darkened: only three at the table, N——, Charles, and myself.

"Then—probably intensified by the darkness—commenced a demonstration exhibiting more physical force than I had ever before witnessed. I do not believe that the strongest man living could, without a handle fixed to pull by, have jerked the table with anything like the violence with which it was now, as it seemed, *driven* from side to side. We all felt it to be a power, a single stroke from which would have killed any one of us on the spot. Then the table was, as it were, flung upward into

the air, again so high that, when we stood up, we could just touch it, and shaken backward and forward for some time ere it was set down. Again it was raised, even more violently than before, and swung backward and forward, as far as by the touch we could judge, in an arc of seven or eight feet, some five or six times. A third time it was hurled into the air, sometimes out of our reach, but we felt it *turn over and over, like a revolving wheel, eight or ten times*. As nearly as we could judge without reference to our watches, it was some *twelve or fourteen seconds* in the air before it descended. Sometimes we were able to touch it, sometimes not."

What is called the "spirit-rap" is now so common that we need here hardly quote instances. Mr. Owen testifies:—

"I have heard them as delicate, tiny tickings, and as thundering poundings. I have heard them not only throughout our own land, but in foreign countries; as in England, France, Italy. I have heard them in broad daylight and in darkened rooms; usually most violent in the latter. I have heard them in my own house and in a hundred others; out of doors; at sea and on land; in steamer and in sail-boat; in the forest and on the rocks of the sea-shore."

Besides the moving of ponderable bodies by occult agency, the rapping sounds, and many other physical manifestations witnessed by himself, Mr. Owen quotes from a little book called *Bealings Bells*, written by Major Moor, F.R.S., a remarkable cluster of narratives of the kindred phenomenon of bell ringing, which the strictest investigation could trace to no human agency. This occurred for fifty-three days successively, at Major Moor's country seat, Great Bealings, Woodbridge, Suffolk. As remarked by Mr. Owen:—

"It is abundantly evident from Major Moor's book that he spared no pains, throughout the seven and a half weeks during which the strange annoyance lasted, to detect fraudulent artifice, had artifice under such circumstances been possible. He avers—'The bells rang scores of times when no one was in the passage or back building, or house or grounds unseen: I have waited in the kitchen for a repetition of the ringings, with all the servants present, when no one could be in concealment. But what matters? Neither I, nor the servants, nor any one, could or can work the wonderment that I and more than half a score of others saw.' Finally, the Major declares—'I am thoroughly convinced that the ringing is by no human agency.'"

A similar disturbance occurred at Greenwich Hospital, and as in other examples the details come from a witness present, Lieutenant Rivers, R.N., a comrade of Nelson. Major Moor's narrative brought him letters containing fourteen different

examples of mysterious bell ringing from various parts of England, every one of them unexplained, and most of them attested by the signatures of those who witnessed them, with permission to give their names to the public.

In the chapter on "Direct Spirit-Writing" Mr. Owen refers to the experiences of Baron Guldenstubbe, who in ten months obtained more than five hundred specimens, of which in his book, published at Paris, in 1857, he lithographed sixty-seven; and Mr. Owen relates an experience he himself had of seeing a luminous hand write; and also of his seeing writing appear on the hand and arm.

The chapter on "Animals perceiving Spiritual Phenomena," we commend to Dr. Carpenter and his followers, if he has any. That pedagogic physiologist tells us that when men think they see spirits it is all hallucination. When cats, dogs, and birds, as well as men, see spirits, as Mr. Owen shows they sometimes do both severally and collectively, are they also, like him, under hallucination, deluded victims of dominant ideas and unconscious cerebration?

Of the reality and objective character of Spiritual apparitions Mr. Owen has had the evidence of sight, hearing, and touch, combined with other proofs, such as the sounds produced by them, the moving of heavy bodies, the bringing of objects outside the room through closed, locked, and sealed doors, and replies to questions—sometimes to unspoken thoughts. If evidence like this is not conclusive we should like to know what would be considered so. The whole chapter entitled "My own experience touching Apparitions," should be read with more than ordinary care. But perhaps the most remarkable example of this kind of experience on record is given in the chapter which follows, headed, "A near relative shows herself throughout five years to a surviving friend." This friend is Mr. Livermore, the well-known banker of New York, of whom we read:—

"Mr. Livermore is, in the strictest sense, a practical man of business. He has been engaged, during most of his life, and up to the present day, in enterprises, financial and industrial, of an extensive, sometimes of a colossal character; and in these—this the world can appreciate—he has been uniformly successful. During the very time of his spiritual experiments he was conducting vast operations involving constant watchfulness and responsibility.

"This, then, is no dreamer secluded in his study; shut out from the world, and feeding on his own thoughts: no theorizer, with a favourite system to uphold; and though a man of decided convictions, not even an enthusiast."

These experiences were observed throughout three hundred and eighty-eight recorded sittings, and in every instance the locality of these *séances* was selected by Mr. Livermore, often in his own house. Doors and windows were sealed with sealing-wax, and the medium's hands were held during all the most important manifestations. Dr. Gray, a leading physician of New York, and others witnessed these manifestations. Imposture or hallucination in this case are alike out of the question. It may be remembered that many of these manifestations were recorded in the early volumes of this Magazine at the time of their occurrence, chiefly in letters from Mr. Livermore to Mr. Coleman. Mr. Owen's account is compiled from the careful and voluminous records made at the time by Mr. Livermore.

Mr. Owen gives some striking illustrations in evidence of spirit identity as in the homely but very convincing narrative of a spirit who had died, suddenly coming to his relatives and arranging his worldly affairs. Still more curious, and very circumstantially related, is "A Case of Identity Three Hundred Years Old." In this instance the proof of identity seems as complete as a case of this kind can be. The chapter headed "A Beautiful Spirit Manifests Herself," will be read with special interest as bearing on this point. In this example, among other evidence of identity, is proof from a stranger five hundred miles distant, and the facts of which are fully detailed. This is a chapter of the author's personal experiences, and of which he therefore writes of his own immediate knowledge.

Mr. Owen concludes his work with two chapters on "Spiritual Gifts of the First Century appearing in our own times;" and in which some well-authenticated instances of spiritual healing are related, and a summary in which he gives us "The conclusion of the whole matter;" with a final chapter on "What underlies Christ's Teachings, as Foundation Motive." On this latter point, we cannot forbear to quote the following paragraph:—

"This matter of basic motive underlying a religion is of vast practical importance. We meanly appreciate Christ's spiritual polity if we fail to perceive that it trusts for a world's reform, to awakening in man the slumbering love of the Right, for its own sake; not to arousing his cupidity or playing on his fears. If a child, passing from under his teacher's hand, grows to manhood honest merely because he thinks that honesty is the best policy, he may be a fair dealer, and so far commendable; but he is not a disciple of Christ. If a professor of religion exhibits the liveliest zeal for his Church, actuated by no higher principle than that which caused Louis XIV. to repeal the Edict of Nantes—namely, to save a worthless soul from hell—he may

be a useful Church member, but he is not a Christian. There is no Christianity except that which has for foundation the indwelling love of the Right."

Mr. Owen compares and contrasts the Christianity of the Gospels with the Lutheran and Calvinistic theology with which it is so commonly confounded; a fatal mistake, one which has caused the name Christian to be applied to bigots and persecutors whose temper of mind was wholly foreign to that of Christ, and who (however zealous for orthodoxy) scarcely maintained even a pretence of obedience to His gentle precepts; and which on the other hand has led many to imagine that in renouncing the dogmas of the churches they ceased to be Christians, when in truth they may have been far more deeply penetrated with the spirit of Christ than those who branded them as heretic and infidel. Our author looks forward hopefully to the time when purged from the errors and corruptions that have gathered around it, Christianity will become the universal and progressive religion of civilised men, who will be neither Romanists nor Protestants, but simply Christians. In reference to the objection that "the alleged phase of modern revelation is anti-Christian in tendency," Mr. Owen says:—

"If after a varied experience of sixteen years in different countries I am entitled to offer an opinion, it is, that if such spiritual communications be sought in an earnest becoming spirit, the views presented will, in the vast majority of cases, be *in strict accordance with the teachings of Christ*, such as we may reasonably conceive these to have been from the testimony of his evangelical biographers. They touch upon many things, indeed, which he left untouched; but the spirit is absolutely identical. They breathe the very essence of his divine philosophy.

"I speak here of those ideas as to which, in all trustworthy spirit-messages, there can scarcely be said to be variance of sentiment. As to side-issues and non-essentials, it would seem that the same variety and uncertainty of opinion exist in the next world as in our own."

Mr. Owen considers that the following may be taken as—

THE GREAT LEADING PRINCIPLES ON WHICH INTELLIGENT SPIRITUALISTS AGREE.

"1.—This is a world governed by a God of love and mercy, in which all things work together for good to those who reverently conform to His eternal laws.

"2.—In strictness there is no death. Life continues from the life which now is into that which is to come, even as it continues from one day to another; the sleep which goes by the name of death being but a brief transition-slumber from which, for the

good, the awakening is immeasurably more glorious than in the dawn of earthly morning, the brightest that ever shone. In all cases in which life is well spent, the change which men are wont to call death is God's last and best gift to his creatures here.

"3.—The earth-phase of life is an essential preparation for the life which is to come. Its appropriate duties and callings cannot be neglected without injury to human welfare and development, both in this world and in the next. Even its enjoyments, temperately accepted, are fit preludes to the happiness of a higher state.

"4.—The phase of life which follows the death-change, is, in strictest sense, the supplement of that which precedes it. It has the same variety of avocations, duties, enjoyments, corresponding in a measure to those of earth, but far more elevated; and its denizens have the same variety of character and of intelligence; existing, too, as men do here in a state of progress. Released from bodily earth-clog, their periscope is wider, their perceptions more acute, their spiritual knowledge much greater, their judgment clearer, their progress more rapid than ours. Vastly wiser and more dispassionate than we, they are still, however, fallible; and they are governed by the same general laws of being, modified only by corporeal disenthralment, to which they were subjected here.

"5.—Our state here determines our initial state there. The habitual promptings, the pervading impulses, the life-long yearnings, in a word the moving spirit, or what Swedenborg calls the 'ruling loves' of man—these decide his condition on entering the next world: not the written articles of his creed, nor yet the incidental errors of his life.

"6.—We do not, either by faith or works, *earn* Heaven, nor are we sentenced, on any day of wrath, to Hell. In the next world we simply gravitate to the position for which, by life on earth, we have fitted ourselves; and we occupy that position *because* we are fitted for it.

"7.—There is no instantaneous change of character when we pass from the present phase of life. Our virtues, our vices; our intelligence, our ignorance; our aspirations, our grovellings; our habits, propensities, prejudices even—all pass over with us; modified, doubtless (but to what extent we know not), when the spiritual body emerges, divested of its fleshly incumbance; yet essentially the same as when the death-slumber came over us.

"8.—The sufferings there, natural sequents of evil-doings and evil-thinking here, are as various in character and in degree as the enjoyments; but they are mental, not bodily. There is no escape from them except only, as on earth, by the door of repentance. There, as here, sorrow for sin committed and desire

for an amended life are the indispensable conditions, precedent of advancement to a better state of things.

" 9.—In the next world Love ranks higher than what we call Wisdom, being itself the highest wisdom. There deeds of benevolence far outweigh professions of faith. There simple goodness rates above intellectual power. There the humble are exalted. There the meek find their heritage. There the merciful obtain mercy. The better denizens of that world are charitable to frailty and compassionate to sin, far beyond the dwellers in this: they forgive their erring brethren they have left behind them, even to seventy times seven. There is no respect of persons.. There, too, self-righteousness is rebuked, and pride brought low.

" 10.—A trustful, childlike spirit is the state of mind in which men are most receptive of beneficent spiritual impressions; and such a spirit is the best preparation for entrance into the next world.

" 11.—There have always existed intermundane laws, according to which men may occasionally obtain, under certain conditions, revealings from those who have passed to the next world before them. A certain proportion of human beings are more sensitive to spiritual perceptions and influences than their fellows; and it is usually in the presence, or through the medium of one or more of these, that ultramundane intercourse occurs.

" 12.—When the conditions are favourable, and the sensitive, through whom the manifestations come, is highly gifted, these may supply important materials for thought, and valuable rules of conduct. But spiritual phenomena sometimes do much more than this. In their highest phases they furnish proof, strong as that which Christ's disciples enjoyed; proof addressed to the reason, and tangible to the senses, of the reality of another life, better and happier than this, and of which our earthly pilgrimage is but the novitiate. They bring immortality to light under a blaze of evidence which outshines, as the sun the stars, all traditional or historical testimonies. For surmise, they give us convictions, and assured knowledge for wavering belief.

" 13.—The chief motives which induce spirits to communicate with men appear to be—a benevolent desire to convince us, past doubt or denial, that there is a world to come; now and then the attraction of unpleasant memories, such as murder or suicide; sometimes (in the worldly-minded) the earth-binding influence of cumber and trouble: but far more frequently the divine impulse of human affection, seeking the good of the loved ones it has left behind, and, at times, drawn down perhaps by their yearning cries.

" 14.—Under unfavourable or imperfect conditions, spiritual

communications, how honestly reported soever, often prove vapid and valueless; and this chiefly happens when communications are too assiduously sought or continuously persisted in: brief volunteered messages being the most trustworthy. Imprudence, inexperience, supineness, or the idiosyncrasy of the recipient may occasionally result in arbitrary control by spirits of a low order; as men here sometimes yield to the infatuation exerted by evil associates. Or, again, there may be exerted by the inquirer, especially if dogmatic and self-willed, a dominating influence over the medium, so strong as to produce effects that might be readily mistaken for what has been called possession. As a general rule, however, any person of common intelligence and ordinary will can, in either case, cast off such mischievous control; or, if the weak or incautious give way, one who may not improperly be called an exorcist—if possessed of strong magnetic will, moved by benevolence, and it may be aided by prayer, can usually rid, or at least assist to rid, the sensitive from such abnormal influence."

Mr. Owen adds:—

"In all this there is no speculative divinity. And I admit the probability that if, through spiritual source, you were to inquire whether the theological guessings of Arius or of Athanasius touching the essence of the Godhead come the nearer to the truth, you might get no reply, or perhaps the answer: 'We are uninformed as to that matter;' with the remark added, it may be: 'We do not entertain such discussions here.'"

We feel that we have but faintly indicated the character and value of this truly important work, but what we have said may suffice if it should lead the reader to obtain and carefully study it. It should be in the hands and in the mind of every clergyman, every Spiritualist, every man interested in the great religious questions of our time, and in that great question of all time—IMMORTALITY. Its value as a work of reference is enhanced by a copious index. There is only one drawback to our pleasure in reading it—the text is too heavily loaded with notes. These notes are interesting and useful, but they seriously interrupt the reading, and many in consequence will yield to the temptation to skip them altogether. In future editions a large proportion of them might we think with advantage be incorporated with the text.

Mr. Owen intimates that should his life be spared we may expect another volume on Spiritualism from his pen. We hope this expectation may not be disappointed; and that so long a time will not intervene ere it appears as has elapsed between the publication of his former volume and the present work.

T. S.

SPIRIT FACES.

A FURTHER confirmation of the remarkable manifestations in Moravia, New York, of which we gave an account in our last number, appears in the *Rochester Evening Express*. We observe that the account is copied into *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, with the editorial remark that it is so copied "because we are personally acquainted with the writer, and are willing to vouch for her truthfulness."

The writer says, "Three of us who stand ready to give our signatures, if so required, resolved on a visit to Moravia . . . We started with strong health and high spirits for a fresh new experience; and for the privilege, as we confidently expected, of detecting a great humbug, thereby ridding the world of a growing nuisance."

After describing farmer Keeler, Mrs. Andrews the medium, and some of the visitors who had come on the same errand as themselves, the writer proceeds to relate what they witnessed. They first examined the *séance* room, but found in it nothing but a piano, a lamp, several chairs and an old-fashioned settee.

At the first *séance* they sat for an hour, but obtained nothing except the shaking of the piano and a perceptible vibration of the floor; none of the promised "lights," "faces" or "voices."

On the next occasion, however, the writer and her friends were more fortunate. She says:—

"At the second *séance*, after the examination of the room as before, and with the same arrangement of the circle, we saw immediately innumerable electric lights darting about like shooting stars. Often, close together, they would move about in singular unison with each other. Our heads and hands were touched gently, and sometimes flutteringly. Then a muffled voice was heard in the room, about our heads, and saying, "Oh, my daughter, this is something serious!" Then raps for the medium to be removed to the cabinet and the lamps to be lighted for us—when two hands together, as in prayer, were thrust from the window of the cabinet, and withdrawn quickly. We were impressed with the lifeless colour and the stiffness, though one hand appeared immediately and moved the things quite naturally and gracefully. Then eight hands appeared at once, some being children's hands. Other well formed hands were shown during the *séance* in different ways and positions from above and below, with mementoes, which were acknowledged to bear a meaning to some who witnessed them. Soon

a gentleman's face appeared four times—the same face as often with the addition of a moustache, and pointed to one of our party whom it recognized.

"Then the old lady dimly appeared but once—recognized by our sensible sceptic. Another with glasses—unrecognized. Then a young lady with very long brown hair, in loose curls, appeared six or seven times at different sides of the aperture, looking towards only one of our party; then in sweet, plaintive tones, though with apparent effort and breathlessness, was distinctly pronounced the name of our Missionary.* He had made the recognition from the first appearance. Then a sermon was given through the trumpet. It was elevated in sentiment, fine in expression, but spoken with laboured breath; about five minutes in length. Then hands motioned the cabinet door to be opened, the medium released, and we dispersed."

Another confirmation has been received in a letter from Miss Hay, an English lady now in Boston, well known to us and to many London Spiritualists; she relates that she visited the farm house at Moravia, and among other spirit-faces, she distinctly saw her aged mother, lately deceased, and other relations.

Mr. Guppy, of Morland Villa, Highbury-hill Park, has been making experiments with a view to obtain, if possible, similar manifestations through the mediumship of Mrs. Guppy, and already with some degree of success. Some square windows were cut at different elevations on the wooden sides of a dark room used for photographic purposes, with a little curtain behind each window to exclude the light. About a dozen guests were recently invited to witness the experiments, among them Miss Kate Fox, but owing to ill health that lady was unable to attend, or more decided manifestations would probably have occurred, as the spirits specially desired her presence. Mr. Guppy asked all his guests in turn to enter the empty dark room and search it, which being done Mrs. Guppy and another lady were told by the raps to enter it. The company sat outside the cabinet, the full moon shone directly through the window, so that everything in the room even to the pattern of the paper pasted over the cabinet could be distinctly seen. The two ladies inside kept their faces at the opening of the lower window, laughing and talking to their friends outside. Suddenly a third face appeared at one of the upper openings, and all three faces were seen at the same time for perhaps two minutes by all the witnesses; but the light was not strong enough for those outside to identify the features of the spirit. The face was small and much whiter than the faces of the two mediums below; there

* One of the writer's party of three.

was something white upon the head, like lace, or a small cap. Raps said, "*I am Lily.*"

"Lily" was the late Mrs. Ritchie, better known as Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt. She was a Spiritualist, and before her death she often said she would come back again at *séances* if she could.

After the face had been at the opening about two minutes, it moved away sideways with a tremulous motion. After some minutes it came tremulously back again, and the Countess de Pomar (a friend of Mrs. Ritchie) said, "Are you Lily? There is not enough light for me to identify you." The face bowed three times, then went away. After prolonged intervals it appeared two or three times more, but only for a moment each time. Once a larger face appeared for an instant, said to be the face of "Katie."

The ladies in the cabinet said they saw the spirit at full length, apparently floating in the air, and to them she appeared phosphorescent. To the witnesses outside the face of the spirit was as opaque as the faces of the mediums below, and if it could have borne a strong light, might undoubtedly have been photographed.

ANOTHER PHASE OF SPIRIT-MANIFESTATION.

It is well for the student in Spiritualism to collate and compare the various phases of spirit-manifestation with the view of seeing what light they may throw upon each other, and that we may eventually arrive at some better understanding of the laws which govern them. The experiences of Mr. Livermore, as related in Mr. Owen's new work; and Mr. Crossland's Essay on *Apparitions*, may furnish some suggestions on this head. As a further contribution, we extract a very remarkable experience from a pamphlet by the Rev. A. K. MacSorley, a clergyman of the Church of England, and published in 1865. It is entitled *An Appeal to the Clergy for the Investigation of Spiritualism, with the personal Experiences of the Writer, by one of themselves*. Among other interesting experiences narrated is the following, which we have slightly abridged.

"One evening my wife and I were invited to spend the evening with a friend, whose son was one of our mediums. There were eight of us altogether. A *séance* was held. A paraffin lamp was burning, and we were told by the spirit to lower the light and screen the fire; then we were bid to mark well the medium's forehead. After a short time all except one of the company saw a light in the medium's forehead.

"The light was about the size of a goose's egg across his forehead, of a dim nature not at all bright, but there it was. Shortly afterwards the medium was again made to write 'Pray.' We all knelt down, and I prayed aloud, 'O Father, grant that we all may be under a good and gracious influence, so that we may receive light and truth, that we may do nothing contrary to Thy holy will. Open our brother's eyes that he may also receive light as well as us, to Thy honour and glory, for Thy name's sake, amen.' We had no sooner risen from our knees and taken our seats, than he said, 'I also see the light.' The medium then wrote on the paper, "Thank God you have seen the spirit-light, now we shall be able to show ourselves to you." I turned up the light, and read out the paper, and then put it down again. After remaining a little longer quiet, the medium again wrote, "Mr. K., mark well the medium's action from his head to his waist, and keep very quiet." We all sat very quiet in great expectation, waiting for what was to come. We heard a great rattle like some electrical machine and the room began to tremble. The medium stood up, we could see him distinctly, he stood erect, his arms stretched out in the form of a cross; then he lifted his hand to his head, slipping his fingers through his hair some half dozen times. Presently he turned to the wall and shook hands apparently with some one, then he turned right round, and appeared to do the same with some one else, then with another also, then he appeared to embrace a fourth, then shook hands with some one else, and so on for a considerable time, as if he had been meeting with a considerable number of friends, who had all met together for some gladsome occasion. Then, after having saluted them all, he again stood quiet. We could now see from his head to his waist quite clearly; the light was clearer. Presently his appearance was changed, and there stood before us a man of about middle age, with a bushy beard of sandy colour, broad face, high cheek bones, broad full forehead, and benevolent countenance.

"He looked round with a pleased air at each of us, and then disappeared. Next came a young, pale, thin-faced man, with no beard and but very little whisker, black hair, and mild, pleasant-looking countenance. He had a pair of bands round his neck, as a clergyman would have at times. I thought I knew him, but to this day I cannot recall him to my recollection. After staying about the same time before us, he disappeared, and then a female of a most beautiful appearance took his place. She was standing as if in the attitude of prayer, with a heavenly countenance brightly beaming forth, her eyes looking upwards, and her hair nicely done up as with a coronet, but it was all hair, and she had a sweet flower at one side of her head. My

wife cried out, 'Surely I have seen her before; is she not an actress?' She disappeared, and the medium wrote on a bit of paper, 'No; she was no actress, but a pure and simple-minded girl, who loved her God and her fellow-creatures. Go you and do likewise.' I then turned up the light, read the writing, and again lowered it. The next that came was a female—one that I had good reason to know while she was in the form. As soon as she appeared the master of the house exclaimed, 'Oh, Mr. K., is not that your daughter?' I replied, "You forget that my daughter is in the flesh; she is very like her; I know her well." She came near to me and smiled sweetly. My wife knew her at once, having been intimate with her while in the body, and she said to her, 'If you are she whom I think you are, let me know.' She drew near to her, and stooped down quite close to her, bowing her head and smiling, she stopped with us longer than any of the others, and after again bowing, disappeared. She was my first wife, and the mother of her Mr. S. thought she was so like. After she went, we saw one after another, male and female, as many as three dozen. All seemed heavenly and happy, apparently delighted that they could thus manifest themselves to us. When all had gone, the medium wrote again, "Now, Mr. K., we have fulfilled our promise to you; we have shown you one-third of our circle. The arrangements were not prepared for the others to show themselves. Go on and let the truth be known, and we shall always be with you. Good night."

NO ANTECEDENT IMPOSSIBILITY IN MIRACLES. A REPLY TO MODERN OBJECTORS.*

By ALFRED R. WALLACE, F.Z.S., F.R.G.S.

THE SUPERNATURAL AND MODERN THOUGHT.

It is now generally admitted, that those opinions and beliefs in which men have been educated generation after generation, and which have thus come to form part of their mental nature, are especially liable to be erroneous, because they keep alive and perpetuate the ideas and prejudices of a bygone and less enlightened age. It is therefore in the interest of truth, that

* This Paper was read before the London Dialectical Society, and subsequently at one of the *Winter Soirées* in the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street. As only an extract from it is given in the *Dialectical Society Committee's Report on Spiritualism*, we publish it *in extenso*, as a fitting pendant to our review of the Report in previous numbers.

every doctrine or belief, however well established or sacred they may appear to be, should at certain intervals be challenged to arm themselves with such facts and reasonings as they possess, to meet their opponents in the open field of controversy, and do battle for their right to live. Nor can any exemption be claimed in favour of those beliefs which are the product of modern civilisation, and which have for several generations been held unquestioned by the great mass of the educated community; for the prejudice in their favour will be proportionately great, and, as was the case with the doctrines of Aristotle, and the dogmas of the schoolmen, they may live on by mere weight of authority and force of habit, long after they have been shown to be opposed alike to fact and to reason. There have been times when popular beliefs were defended by the terrors of the law, and when the sceptic could only attack them at the peril of his life. Now we all admit that truth can take care of itself, and that only error needs protection. But there is another mode of defence which equally implies a claim to certain and absolute truth, and which is therefore equally unworthy and unphilosophical—that of ridicule, misrepresentation, or a contemptuous refusal to discuss the question at all. This method is used among us even now, for there is one belief, or rather disbelief, whose advocates claim more than papal infallibility, by refusing to examine the evidence brought against it, and by alleging general arguments which have been in use for two centuries to prove that it cannot be erroneous. The belief to which I allude is, that all alleged miracles are false; that what is commonly understood by the term *supernatural* does not exist, or if it does, is incapable of proof by any amount of human testimony; that all the phenomena we can have cognizance of depend on ascertainable physical laws, and that no other intelligent beings than man and the inferior animals can or do act upon our material world. These views have been now held almost unquestioned for many generations; they are inculcated as an essential part of a liberal education; they are popular, and are held to be one of the indications of our intellectual advancement; and they have become so much a part of our mental nature, that all facts and arguments brought against them are either ignored as unworthy of serious consideration, or listened to with undisguised contempt. Now this frame of mind is certainly not one favourable to the discovery of truth, and strikingly resembles that by which, in former ages, systems of error have been fostered and maintained. The time has therefore come when it must be called upon to justify itself.

This is the more necessary, because the doctrine, whether true or false, actually rests upon a most unsafe and rotten

foundation. I propose to show you that the best arguments hitherto relied upon to prove it are, one and all, fallacious—and prove nothing of the kind. But a theory or belief may be supported by very bad arguments, and yet be true; while it may be supported by some good arguments, and yet be false. But there never was a true theory which had no good arguments to support it. If therefore all the arguments hitherto used against miracles in general can be shown to be bad, it will behove sceptics to discover good ones; and if they cannot do so, the evidence in favour of miracles must be fairly met and judged on its own merits, not ruled out of court as it is now.

It will be perceived therefore, that my present purpose is to clear the ground for the discussion of the great question of the so-called supernatural. I shall not attempt to bring arguments either for or against the main proposition, but shall confine myself to an examination of the allegations and the reasonings which have been supposed to settle the whole question on general grounds.

DAVID HUME, AND HIS FALSE DEFINITION OF A MIRACLE.

One of the most remarkable works of the great Scotch philosopher, David Hume, is *An Inquiry concerning Human Understanding*, and the tenth chapter of this work is "On Miracles," in which occur the arguments which are so often quoted to show that no evidence can prove a miracle. Hume himself had a very high opinion of this part of his work, for he says at the beginning of the chapter—"I flatter myself that I have discovered an argument which, if just, will with the wise and learned be an everlasting check to all kinds of superstitious delusion, and consequently will be useful as long as the world endures; for so long, I presume, will the accounts of miracles and prodigies be found in all history, sacred and profane."

After a few general observations on the nature of evidence, and the value of human testimony in different cases, he proceeds to define what he means by a miracle. And here, at the very beginning of the subject, we find that we have to take objection to Hume's definition of a miracle, which exhibits unfounded assumptions and false premises. He gives two definitions in different parts of his essay. The first is—"A miracle is a violation of the laws of nature." The second is—"A miracle is a transgression of a law of nature, by a particular volition of the Deity, or by the interposition of some invisible agent." Now both these definitions are bad or imperfect. The first assumes that we know all the laws of nature—that the particular effect could not be produced by some unknown law of nature

overcoming the law we do know; it assumes also, that if an invisible intelligent being held an apple suspended in the air, that act would violate the law of gravity. The second is not precise; it should be "some invisible *intelligent* agent," otherwise the action of galvanism or electricity, when these agents were first discovered, and before they were ascertained to form part of the order of nature, would answer accurately to this definition of a miracle. The words "violation" and "transgression" are both improperly used, and really beg the question by the definition. How does Hume know that any particular miracle is a violation of a law of nature? He assumes this without a shadow of proof, and on these words, as we shall see, rests his whole argument.

THE TRUE DEFINITION OF A MIRACLE.

Before proceeding further, it is necessary for us to consider what is the true definition of a miracle, or what is most commonly meant by that word. A miracle, as distinguished from a new and unheard-of natural phenomenon, supposes an intelligent superhuman agent either visible or invisible;—it is not necessary that what is done should be beyond the power of man to do. The simplest action, if performed independently of human or visible agency, such as a tea-cup lifted in the air at request, as by an invisible hand and without assignable cause, would be universally admitted to be a miracle, as much so as the lifting of a house into the air, the instantaneous healing of a wound, or the instantaneous production of an elaborate drawing. My definition of a miracle therefore is as follows:—"Any act or event implying the existence and agency of superhuman intelligences," considering the human soul or spirit, if manifested out of the body, as one of these superhuman intelligences. This definition is more complete than that of Hume, and defines more accurately the essence of that which is commonly termed a miracle.

HUME'S FIRST ARGUMENT A RADICAL FALLACY.

We now have to consider Hume's arguments. The first is as follows:—

A miracle is a *violation of the laws of nature*; and as a firm and *unalterable experience* has established these laws, the proof against a miracle, from the very nature of the fact, is as entire as any argument from experience can possibly be imagined. Why is it more than probable that all men must die; that lead cannot of itself remain suspended in the air; that fire consumes wood, and is extinguished by water; unless it be, that these events are found agreeable to the laws of nature, and there is required a *violation of these laws*, or, in other words a *miracle*, to prevent them? Nothing is esteemed a miracle, if it ever happened in the common course of nature. It is no miracle that a man seemingly

in good health should die on a sudden; because such a kind of death, though more unusual than any other, has yet been frequently observed to happen. But it is a miracle that a dead man should come to life; because *that has never been observed in any age or country*. There must, therefore, be an uniform experience against every miraculous event, otherwise the event would not merit that appellation. And as an *uniform* experience amounts to a *proof*, there is here a direct and full proof, from the nature of the fact, against the existence of any miracle; nor can such a proof be destroyed, or the miracle rendered credible, but by an opposite proof, which is superior.

This argument is radically fallacious, because if it were sound, no perfectly new fact could ever be proved, since the first and each succeeding witness would be assumed to have universal experience against him. Such a simple fact as the existence of flying fish could never be proved, if Hume's argument is a good one; for the first man who saw and described one, would have the universal experience against him that fish do not fly, or make any approach to flying, and his evidence being rejected, the same argument would apply to the second, and to every subsequent witness, and thus no man at the present day who has not seen a flying fish ought to believe that such things exist.

Again—painless operations in a state produced by mere passes of the hand, were, twenty-five years ago, maintained to be contrary to the laws of nature, contrary to all human experience, and therefore incredible. On Hume's principles they were miracles, and no amount of testimony could ever prove them to be real. But miracles do not stand alone, single facts opposed to uniform experience. Reputed miracles abound in all periods of history; every one has a host of others leading up to it; and every one has strictly analogous facts testified to at the present day. The uniform opposing experience therefore on which Hume lays so much stress does not exist. What, for instance, can be a more striking miracle than the levitation or raising of the human body into the air without visible cause, yet this fact has been testified to during a long series of centuries.

A few well-known examples are those of St. Francis d'Assisi, who was often seen by many persons to rise in the air, and the fact is testified to by his secretary, who could only reach his feet. St. Theresa, a nun in a convent in Spain, was often raised into the air in the sight of all the sisterhood. Lord Orrery and Mr. Valentine Greatorex both informed Dr. Henry More and Mr. Glanvil, that at Lord Conway's house at Ragley in Ireland, a gentleman's butler, in their presence and in broad daylight, rose into the air, and floated about the room above their heads. This is related by Glanvil in his *Sadducismus Triumphatus*. A similar fact is narrated by eye-witnesses of Ignatius de Loyola, and Mr. Madden, in his *Life of Savonarola*,

after narrating a similar circumstance of that saint, remarks that similar phenomena are related in numerous instances, and that the evidence upon which some of the narratives rest is as reliable as any human testimony can be. Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, says that many such facts are related by persons of undoubted veracity, who testify that they themselves were eye-witnesses of them. So we all know that at least fifty persons of high character may be found in London, who will testify that they have seen the same thing happen to Mr. Home. I do not adduce this testimony as proving that the circumstances related really took place; I merely bring it forward now to show how utterly unfounded is Hume's argument, which rests upon universal testimony on the one side, and no testimony on the other.

HUME SELF-CONTRADICTORY.

I now have to show that in Hume's efforts to prove his point, he contradicts himself in a manner so gross and complete as is perhaps not to be found in the works of any other eminent author. The first passage I will quote is as follows:—

For, first, there is *not to be found, in all history, any miracle attested by a sufficient number of men, of such unquestioned good sense, education, and learning, as to secure us against all delusion in themselves; of such undoubted integrity, as to place them beyond all suspicion of any design to deceive others; of such credit and reputation in the eyes of mankind, as to have a great deal to lose in case of their being detected in any falsehood; and at the same time attesting facts performed in such a public manner, and in so celebrated a part of the world, as to render the detection unavoidable: all which circumstances are requisite to give us a full assurance in the testimony of men.*

A few pages further on we find this passage:—

There surely never was a greater number of miracles ascribed to one person, than those which were lately said to have been wrought in France upon the tomb of Abbé Paris, the famous Jansenist, with whose sanctity the people were so long deluded. The curing of the sick, giving hearing to the deaf, and sight to the blind, were everywhere talked of as the usual effects of that holy sepulchre. But what is more extraordinary, many of the miracles were *immediately proved upon the spot, before judges of unquestioned integrity, attested by witnesses of credit and distinction, in a learned age, and on the most eminent theatre that is now in the world.* Nor is this all. A relation of them was published and dispersed everywhere; nor were the Jesuits, though a learned body, supported by the civil magistrates, and determined enemies to those opinions, in whose favour the miracles were said to have been wrought, ever able *distinctly to refute or detect them.* Where shall we find such a number of circumstances, agreeing to the corroboration of one fact? And what have we to oppose to such a cloud of witnesses, but the absolute impossibility, or miraculous nature of the events which they relate? And this, surely, in the eyes of all reasonable people, will alone be regarded as a sufficient refutation.

In the second passage he affirms the existence of every single fact and quality which in the first passage he declared never existed, and he entirely changes his ground of argument by appealing to the inherent impossibility of the fact, and not at

all to the insufficiency of the evidence. He even makes this contradiction still more remarkable by a note which he has himself given to this passage, a portion of which is as follows:—

This book was wrote by Mons. Montgeron, Councillor or Judge of the Parliament of Paris, a man of figure and character, who was also a martyr to the cause, and is now said to be somewhere in a dungeon on account of his book.

Many of the miracles of Abbé Paris were proved immediately by witnesses before the officiality or bishop's court at Paris, under the eye of Cardinal Noailles; whose character for integrity and capacity was never contested, even by his enemies.

His successor in the archbishopric was an enemy to the Jansenists, and for that reason promoted to the see by the court. Yet 22 rectors or curés of Paris, with infinite earnestness, press him to examine those miracles, which they assert to be known to the whole world, and indisputably certain; but he wisely forebore.

All who have been in France about that time have heard of the reputation of Mons. Herault, the lieutenant of police, whose vigilance, penetration, activity, and extensive intelligence, have been much talked of. This magistrate who, by the nature of his office, is almost absolute, was invested with full powers, on purpose to suppress or discredit these miracles; and he frequently seized immediately, and examined the witnesses and subjects to them; but never could reach anything satisfactory against them.

In the case of Mademoiselle Thibaut he sent the famous De Sylva to examine her; whose evidence is very curious. The physician declares, that it was impossible that she could have been so ill as was proved by witnesses; because it was impossible she could in so short a time have recovered so perfectly as he found her. He reasoned like a man of sense, from natural causes; but the opposite party told him that the whole was a miracle, and that his evidence was the very best proof of it.

No less a man than the Duc de Chatillon, a duke and peer of France, of the highest rank and family, gives evidence of a miraculous cure performed upon a servant of his, who had lived for several years in his house with a visible and palpable infirmity.

I shall conclude with observing, that no clergy are more celebrated for strictness of life and manners than the regular clergy of France, particularly the rectors or curés of Paris, who bear testimony to these impostures.

The learning, genius, and probity of the gentlemen, and the austerity of the nuns of Port-Royal have been much celebrated all over Europe. Yet they all give evidence for a miracle, wrought on the niece of the famous Pascal, whose sanctity of life, as well as extraordinary capacity, is well known. The famous Racine gives an account of this miracle in his famous history of Port-Royal, and fortifies it with all the proofs, which a multitude of nuns, priests, physicians and men of the world, all of them of undoubted credit could bestow upon it. Several men of letters, particularly the Bishop of Tournay, thought this miracle so certain, as to employ it in the refutation of Atheists and Free-thinkers. The queen-regent of France, who was extremely prejudiced against the Port-Royal, sent her own physician to examine the miracle, who returned an absolute convert. In short the supernatural cure was so incontestible, that it saved, for a time, that famous monastery from the ruin with which it was threatened by the Jesuits. Had it been a cheat, it had certainly been detected by such sagacious and powerful antagonists, and must have hastened the ruin of the contrivers.

It seems almost incredible that this can have been written by the great sceptic David Hume, and written in the same work in which he has already affirmed that in all history no such evidence is to be found. In order to show how very remarkable the evidence is to which he alludes, I think it well to give you one

of the cases in greater detail, as recorded in the original work of Montgeron, and quoted in Mr. William Howitt's *History of the Supernatural*:—

Mademoiselle Coirin was afflicted, amongst other ailments, with a cancer in the left breast, for 12 years. The breast was destroyed by it, and came away in a mass; the effluvia from the cancer was horrible, and the whole blood of the system was pronounced infected by it. Every physician pronounced the case utterly incurable, yet, by a visit to the tomb, she was perfectly cured; and what was more astonishing, the breast and nipple were wholly restored, with the skin pure and fresh, and free from any trace or scar. This case was known to the highest people in the realm. When the miracle was denied, Mademoiselle Coirin went to Paris, was examined by the royal physician, and made a formal deposition of her cure before a public notary. Mademoiselle Coirin was daughter of an officer of the royal household, and had two brothers in attendance on the person of the king. The testimonies of the doctors are of the most decisive kind. M. Gaulard, physician to the king, deposed officially, that, "to restore a nipple absolutely destroyed, and separated from the breast, was an actual creation, because a nipple is not merely a continuity of the vessels of the breast, but a particular body, which is of a distinct and peculiar organisation." M. Souchay, surgeon to the Prince of Conti, not only pronounced the cancer incurable, but, having examined the breast after the cure, went of himself to the public notary, and made a formal deposition, "that the cure was perfect: that each breast had its nipple in its natural form and condition, with the colours and attributes proper to those parts." Such also are the testimonies of Segurier, the surgeon of the hospital at Nanterre; of M. Deshieres, surgeon to the Duchess of Berry; of M. Hequet, one of the most celebrated surgeons in France; and numbers of others, as well as of public officers and parties of the greatest reputation, universally known, all of whose depositions are officially and fully given by Montgeron.

This is only one out of a great number of cases equally marvellous, and equally well attested, and we therefore cannot be surprised at Hume's being obliged to give up the argument of the insufficiency of the evidence for miracles and of the uniform experience against them; the wonder being that he ever put forth an argument which he was himself able to refute so completely.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT OF HUME'S A PALPABLE FALLACY.

We now have another argument which Hume brings forward, but which is, if possible, still weaker than the last. He says:—

I may add, as a fourth reason, which diminishes the authority of prodigies, that there is no testimony for any, even those which have not been expressly detected, that is not opposed by any infinite number of witnesses; so that not only the miracle destroys the credit of testimony, but the testimony destroys itself. To make this the better understood, let us consider that, in matters of religion, whatever is different is contrary: and that it is impossible the religions of ancient Rome, of Turkey, and Siam, and of China, should, all of them, be established on any solid foundation. Every miracle, therefore, pretended to have been wrought in any of these religions (and all of them abound in miracles), as its direct scope is to establish the particular system to which it is attributed; so has it the same force, though more indirectly, to overthrow every other system. In destroying a rival system it likewise destroys the credit of those miracles on which that system was established; so that all the prodigies of different religions are to be regarded as contrary facts; and the evidences of these prodigies, whether weak or strong, as opposite to each other. According to this method of reasoning, when we believe any miracle of Mahomet or his successors, we have for our warrant the testimony of a few barbarous Arabians. And, on the other hand, we are to regard the authority of Titus, Livius, Plutarch,

Tacitus, and in short of all the authors and witnesses, Grecian, Chinese, and Roman Catholic, who have related any miracle in their particular religion; I say, we are to regard their testimony in the same light as if they had mentioned that Mahometan miracle, and had in express terms contradicted it, with the same certainty as they have for the miracle they relate.

Now this argument, if argument it can be called, rests upon the extraordinary assumption that a miracle, if real, can only come from God, and must therefore support only a true religion. It assumes also that religions cannot be true unless given by God. Mr. Hume assumes, therefore, to know that nothing which we term a miracle can possibly be performed by any of the probably infinite number of intelligent beings who may exist in the universe between ourselves and the Deity. He confounds the evidence for the fact with the theories to account for the fact, and most illogically and unphilosophically argues, that if the theories lead to contradictions, the facts themselves do not exist.

I think, therefore, that I have now shown that—1. Hume gives a false definition of miracles, which begs the question of their possibility. 2. He states the fallacy that miracles are isolated facts, to which the entire course of human testimony is opposed. 3. He deliberately and absolutely contradicts himself as to the amount and quality of the testimony in favour of miracles. 4. He propounds the palpable fallacy as to miracles connected with opposing religions destroying each other.

RECENT OBJECTIONS TO MIRACLES.

We will now proceed to some of the more modern arguments against miracles. One of the most popular modern objections consists of making a supposition and drawing an inference, which looks like a dilemma, but which is really none at all.

This argument has been put in several forms. One is, "If a man tells me he came from York by the telegraph-wire, I do not believe him. If fifty men tell me they came from York by telegraph wires, I do not believe them. If any number of men tell me the same, I do not believe them. Therefore, Mr. Home did not float in the air, notwithstanding any amount of testimony you may bring to prove it."

Another is, "If a man tells me that he saw the lion on Northumberland House descend into Trafalgar Square and drink water from the fountains, I should not believe him. If fifty men, or any number of men, informed me of the same thing, I should still not believe them."

Hence it is inferred that there are certain things so absurd and so incredible, that no amount of testimony could possibly make a sane man believe them.

Now, these illustrations look like arguments, and at first

sight it is not easy to see the proper way to answer them ; but the fact is that they are utter fallacies, because their whole force depends upon an assumed proposition which has never been proved, and which I challenge any one to prove. The proposition is, that a large number of independent, honest, sane, and sensible witnesses, *can* testify to a plain matter of fact which never happened at all.

Now, no evidence has ever been adduced to show that this ever has happened or ever could happen. But the assumption is rendered still more monstrous when we consider the circumstances attending such cases as those of the cures at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, and the cases of modern scientific men being converted to a belief in the reality of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism ; for we must assume that, being fully warned that the alleged facts are impossible and are therefore delusions, and having the source of the supposed delusion pointed out, and all the prejudices of the age and the whole tone of educated thought being against the reality of such facts, yet numbers of educated men, including physicians and men of science, are convinced of the reality of the facts after the most searching investigation. Yet the assumption that such an amount and quality of independent converging evidence *can* be all false, must be proved to be a fact if the argument is to have the slightest value, otherwise it is merely begging the question. It must be remembered that we have to consider, not absurd beliefs or false inferences, but plain matters of fact ; and it cannot be proved, and never has been proved, that any large amount of cumulative evidence of disinterested and sensible men, was ever obtained for an absolute and entire delusion. To put the matter in a simple form, the asserted fact is either possible or not possible. If possible, such evidence as we have been considering would prove it ; if not possible, such evidence could not exist. The argument is, therefore, an absolute fallacy, since its fundamental assumption cannot be proved. If it is intended merely to enunciate the proposition, that the more strange and unusual a thing is the more and the better evidence we require for it, that we all admit ; but I maintain that human testimony increases in value in such an enormous ratio with each additional independent and honest witness, that no fact ought to be rejected when attested by such a body of evidence as exists for many of the events termed miraculous or supernatural, and which occur now daily among us. The burden of proof lies on those who maintain that such evidence can possibly be fallacious. Let them point out one case in which such cumulative evidence existed, and which yet proved to be false ; let them give not supposition, but proof.

Another modern argument is used more especially against the reality of the so-called spiritual phenomena. It is said, "These phenomena are so uncertain, you have no control over them, they follow no law; prove to us that they follow definite laws like all other groups of natural phenomena, and we will believe them." This argument appears to have weight with some persons, and yet it is really an absurdity. The essence of the alleged phenomena (whether they be true or not, is of no importance) is, that they seem to be the result of the action of independent intelligences, and are therefore deemed to be spiritual or superhuman. If they had been found to follow strict law and not independent will, no one would have ever supposed them to be spiritual. The argument therefore, is merely the statement of a foregone conclusion, namely, "As long as your facts go to prove the existence of distinct intelligences, we will not believe them; demonstrate that they follow fixed law, and not intelligence, and then we will believe them." This argument appears to me to be childish, and yet it is used by some persons who claim to be philosophical.

SCIENTIFIC MEN IN ERROR WHEN THEY DENY THE FACTS OF INVESTIGATORS.

Another objection which I have heard stated in public, and received with applause, is that it requires immense scientific knowledge to decide on the reality of any uncommon or incredible facts, and that till scientific men investigate and prove them, they are not worthy of credit. Now I venture to say that a greater fallacy than this was never put forth. The subject is a very important one, and the error is a very common one, but the fact is the exact opposite of what is stated; for I assert that whenever the scientific men of any age have denied the facts of investigators on *a priori* grounds, they have *always* been wrong.

It is not necessary to do more than refer to the world-known names of Galileo, Harvey, and Jenner; the great discoveries they made were, as we know, violently opposed by all their scientific contemporaries, to whom they appeared absurd and incredible; but we have equally striking examples much nearer to our own day. When Benjamin Franklin brought the subject of lightning conductors before the Royal Society, he was laughed at as a dreamer, and his paper was not admitted to the *Philosophical Transactions*. When Young put forth his wonderful proofs of the undulatory theory of light, he was equally hooted at as absurd by the popular scientific writers of the day. The *Edinburgh Review* called upon the public to

put Thomas Gray into a straight jacket for maintaining the practicability of railroads. Sir Humphry Davy laughed at the idea of London ever being lighted with gas. When Stephenson proposed to use locomotives on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, learned men gave evidence that it was impossible that they could go even twelve miles an hour. Another great scientific authority declared it to be equally impossible for ocean steamers ever to cross the Atlantic. The French Academy of Sciences ridiculed the great astronomer Arago, when he wanted even to discuss the subject of the electric telegraph. Medical men ridiculed the stethoscope when it was first discovered. Painless operations during the mesmeric coma were pronounced impossible, and therefore impostures.

But one of the most striking, because one of the most recent cases of this opposition to, or rather disbelief in facts opposed to the current belief of the day, among men who are generally charged with going too far in the other direction, is that of the doctrine of the "Antiquity of Man." Boué, an experienced French geologist, in 1823, discovered a human skeleton eighty feet deep in the lees or hardened mud of the Rhine. It was sent to the great anatomist Cuvier, who so utterly discredited the fact, that he threw aside this invaluable fossil as worthless, and it was lost. Sir C. Lyell, from personal investigation on the spot, now believes that the statements of the original observer were quite accurate. So early as 1715, flint weapons were found with the skeleton of an elephant in an excavation in Gray's Inn Lane, in the presence of Mr. Conyers, who placed them in the British Museum, where they remained utterly unnoticed till quite recently. In 1800, Mr. Frere found flint weapons along with the remains of extinct animals at Hoxne, in Suffolk. From 1841 to 1846, the celebrated French geologist, Boucher de Perthes, discovered great quantities of flint weapons in the drift gravels of the North of France, but for many years he could convince none of his fellow scientific men that they were works of art, or worthy of the slightest attention. At length, however, in 1853, he began to make converts. In 1859-60, some of our own most eminent geologists visited the spot, and fully affirmed the truth of his observations and deductions.

Another branch of the subject was, if possible, still worse treated. In 1825, Mr. McEnery, of Torquay, discovered worked flints along with the remains of extinct animals in the celebrated Kent's Hole Cavern, but his account of his discoveries was simply laughed at. In 1840, one of our first geologists, Mr. Godwin Austin, brought this matter before the Geological Society, and Mr. Vivian, of Torquay, sent in a paper fully

confirming Mr. McEnery's discoveries, but it was thought too improbable to be published. Fourteen years later, the Torquay Natural History Society made further observations, entirely confirming the previous ones, and sent an account of them to the Geological Society of London, but the paper was rejected as too improbable for publication. Now, however, for five years past, the cave has been systematically explored under the superintendence of a Committee of the British Association, and all the previous reports for forty years have been confirmed, and have been shown to be even less wonderful than the reality. It may be said that "this was proper scientific caution." Perhaps it was; but at all events, it proves this important fact, that in this, as in every other case, the discoverers have been right, those who rejected their observations have been wrong.

Now, are the modern discoverers of some phenomena usually termed supernatural and incredible, less worthy of attention than these already quoted? Let us take, first, the reality of what is called clairvoyance. The men who have observed this phenomenon, and have carefully tested it through long years or through their whole lives, will rank in scientific knowledge, and in intellectual ability, as quite equal to any observers in any other branch of discovery. We have no less than seven eminent medical men, Drs. Elliotson, Gregory, Ashburner, Lee, Herbert, Mayo, Esdaile, and Haddock, besides persons of such high ability as Miss Martineau, Mr. H. G. Atkinson, Mr. Charles Bray, and Baron Reichenbach. With the history of previous discoverers before us, is it more likely that these eleven educated persons, knowing all the arguments against the facts, and investigating them carefully, should be all wrong, and those who say *à priori* that the thing is impossible should be all right, or the contrary? If we are to learn anything by history and experience, then we may safely prognosticate that, in this case as in so many others, the disbelievers in other men's observations will be found to be in the wrong.

FALLACIES OF MR. LECKY.

We now come to the modern philosophical objectors, most eminent among whom is Mr. Lecky, author of the *History of Rationalism* and the *History of Morals*. In the latter work he has devoted some space to this question, and his clear and well expressed views may be taken to represent the general opinions and feelings of the educated portion of modern society.

He says:—

The attitude of ordinary educated people towards miracles is not that of doubt, of hesitation, of discontent with the existing evidence, but rather of absolute, derisive, and even unexamining incredulity.

He then goes on to explain why this is so:—

In certain stages of society, and under the action of certain influences, an accretion of miracles is *invariably formed* around every *prominent person or institution*. We can analyse the general causes that have *impelled men towards the miraculous*; we can show that these causes have never failed to produce the effect; and we can trace the gradual alteration of mental conditions *invariably accompanying* the decline of the belief.

When men are *destitute of the critical spirit*, when the notion of *uniform law* is yet unborn, and when their imaginations are still incapable of rising to abstract ideas, histories of miracles are always formed and always believed; and they continue to flourish and to multiply until these conditions are altered. Miracles cease when men cease to believe and expect them.

Again:—

We do not say they are impossible, or even that they are not authenticated by as much evidence as many facts we believe. We only say that, *in certain states of society, illusions* of this kind inevitably appear.

Sometimes we can discover the precise natural fact which the superstition has misread, but more frequently we can give only a general explanation, enabling us to assign these legends to their place, as the *normal expression* of a certain stage of knowledge or intellectual power; and this explanation is their refutation.

Now, in these statements and arguments of Mr. Lecky, we find some fallacies hardly less striking than those of Hume. His assertion that in certain stages of society an accretion of miracles is *invariably formed* round every prominent person or institution, appears to me to be absolutely contradicted by certain well-known historical facts.

The Church of Rome has ever been the great theatre of miracles, whether ancient or modern. The most prominent person in the Church of Rome is the Pope; the most prominent institution is the Papacy. We should expect, therefore, if Mr. Lecky's statement be correct, that the Popes would be pre-eminently miracle-workers. But the fact is, that with the exception of one or two very early ones, no miracles whatever are recorded of the great majority of the Popes. On the contrary, it has been generally among the very humblest members of the Romish Church, whether clergy or laity, that the power of working miracles has appeared, and which has led to their being canonized as saints.

Again, to take another instance, the most prominent person connected with the Reformed Churches is Luther. He himself believed in miracles. The whole world in his day believed in miracles—and miracles, though generally of a demoniac character, continued rife in all Protestant churches for many generations after his death; yet there has been no accretion of miracles round this remarkable man.

Nearer to our own day we have Irving, at the head of a church of miracle-workers; and Joe Smith, the founder of the miracle-working Mormons; yet there is not the slightest sign of

any tendency to impute any miracles to either of these men, other than those which the latter individual claimed for himself before his sect was established. These very striking facts seem to me to prove that there must be some basis of truth in nearly every alleged miracle, and that the theory of any growth or accretion round prominent individuals is utterly without evidence to support it. It is one of those convenient general statements which sound very plausible and very philosophical, but for which no proof whatever is offered.

THE DECLINE OF BELIEF IN MIRACLES.

Another of Mr. Lecky's statements is, that there is an alteration of mental conditions invariably accompanying the decline of belief. But this "*invariable accompaniment*" certainly cannot be proved, because the decline of the belief has only occurred once in the history of the world; and, what is still more remarkable, while the mental conditions which accompanied that one decline have continued in force or have even increased in energy and are much more widely diffused, belief has now for twenty years been growing up again. In the highest states of ancient civilisation, both among the Greeks and Romans, the belief existed in full force, and has been testified to by the highest and most intellectual men of every age. The decline which in the present century has certainly taken place, cannot, therefore, be imputed to any general law, since it is but an exceptional instance.

Again, Mr. Lecky says that the belief in the supernatural only exists "when men are destitute of the critical spirit, and when the notion of uniform law is yet unborn." Mr. Lecky in this matter contradicts himself almost as much as Hume did. One of the greatest advocates for the belief in the supernatural was Glanvil, and this is what Mr. Lecky says of Glanvil.

He says that Glanvil "has been surpassed in genius by few of his successors."

The predominating characteristic of Glanvil's mind was an intense scepticism. He has even been termed by a modern critic the first English writer who has thrown scepticism into a definite form; and if we regard this expression as simply implying a profound distrust of human faculties, the judgment can hardly be denied. And certainly it would be difficult to find a work displaying less of credulity and superstition than the treatise on *The Vanity of Dogmatizing*, afterwards published as *Scep sis Scientifica*, in which Glanvil expounded his philosophical views. . . . The *Sadducismus Triumphatus* is probably the ablest book ever published in defence of the reality of witchcraft. Dr. Henry More, the illustrious Boyle, and the scarcely less eminent Cudworth, warmly supported Glanvil; and no writer comparable to these in ability or influence appeared on the other side; yet the scepticism steadily increased.

Again Mr. Lecky thus speaks of Glanvil:—

It was between the writings of Bacon and Locke that that latitudinarian

school was formed which was irradiated by the genius of Taylor, *Hanwell*, and Hales, and which became the very centre and seedplot of religious liberty.

These are *the men* and these the *mental conditions* which are favourable to *superstition and delusion!*

The critical spirit and the notion of uniform law are certainly powerful enough in the present day, yet in every country in the civilised world there are now hundreds and thousands of intelligent men who believe, on the testimony of their own senses, in phenomena which Mr. Lecky and others would term miraculous, and therefore incredible. Instead of being, as Mr. Lecky says, an indication of "certain states of society"—"the normal expression of a certain stage of knowledge or intellectual power"—this belief has existed in all states of society, and has accompanied every stage of intellectual power. Socrates, Plutarch, and St. Augustine alike, give personal testimony to supernatural facts; this testimony never ceased through the middle ages; the Early Reformers, Luther and Calvin, throng the ranks of witnesses; all the philosophers, and all the judges of England, down to Sir Matthew Hale, admitted that the evidence for such facts was irrefutable. Many cases have been rigidly investigated by the police authorities of various countries, and, as we have already seen, the miracles at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, which occurred in the most sceptical period of French history, in the age of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, were proved by such an array of evidence, and were so open to investigation, that one of the noblemen of that court, convinced of their reality after the closest scrutiny, suffered the martyrdom of imprisonment in the Bastille for insisting upon making them public. And in our own day we have, at the lowest estimate, many millions of believers in modern Spiritualism in all classes of society; so that the belief which Mr. Lecky imputes to a certain stage of intellectual culture only, appears on the contrary to have all the attributes of universality.

MR. TYLOR'S OBJECTION THAT BELIEF IN MIRACLES IS AN
EXAMPLE OF THE SURVIVAL OF SAVAGE THOUGHT.

The philosophical argument has been put in another form by Mr. E. B. Tylor, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, and in several passages in his other works. He maintains that all Spiritualistic and other beliefs in the supernatural, are examples of the survival of savage thought among civilised people; but he ignores the facts which compel the beliefs. The thoughts of those educated men who know, from the evidence of their own senses, that things called supernatural are true and real facts,

are as totally distinct from those of savages, as are their thoughts respecting the sun, or thunder, or disease, or any other natural phenomenon. As well might he maintain that the modern belief that the sun is a fiery mass is a survival of savage thought, because some savages believe so too; or that our belief that certain diseases are contagious is a similar survival of the savage idea that a man can convey a disease to his enemy. The question is a question of facts, not of theories or thoughts, and I entirely deny the value or relevance of any general arguments, theories, or analogies, when we have to decide on matters of fact.

Thousands of intelligent men now living know from personal observation that some of the strange phenomena which have been pronounced absurd and impossible by scientific men, are nevertheless true. It is no answer to these, and no explanation of the facts, to tell them that such beliefs only occur when men are destitute of the critical spirit, and when the notion of uniform law is yet unborn; that in certain states of society illusions of this kind inevitably appear, that they are only the normal expression of certain stages of knowledge and of intellectual power, and that they clearly prove the survival of savage modes of thought in the midst of modern civilisation.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

I believe that I have now shown—1. That Hume's arguments against miracles are full of unwarranted assumptions, fallacies, and contradictions; 2. That the modern argument of the telegraph-wire conveyance and drinking stone lion are positively no arguments at all, since they rest on false or assumed premises; 3. That the argument that dependence is to be placed upon men of science and upon them only, is opposed to universal experience and the whole history of science; 4. That the philosophical argument so well put by Mr. Lecky and Mr. Tylor, rests on false or unproved assumption, and is therefore valueless.

In conclusion, I must again emphatically declare that the question I have been discussing is—in no way whether miracles are true or false, or whether modern Spiritualism rests upon a basis of fact or of delusion,—but solely, whether the arguments that have hitherto been supposed conclusive against them have any weight or value. If I have shown, as I flatter myself I have done, that the arguments which have been supposed to settle the general question so completely as to render it quite unnecessary to go into particular cases, are all utterly fallacious, then I shall have cleared the ground for the production of

evidence, and no honest man desirous of arriving at truth will be able to evade an enquiry into the nature and amount of that evidence, by moving the previous question—that miracles are unprovable by any amount of human testimony. It is time that the “derisive and unexamining incredulity” which has hitherto existed should give way to a less dogmatic and more philosophical spirit, or history will again have to record the melancholy spectacle of men, who should have known better, assuming to limit the discovery of new powers and agencies in the universe, and deciding, without investigation, whether other men’s observations are true or false.

THE TESTIMONY OF NATURE AND OF HUMAN NATURE AGAINST THE DOCTRINE OF ETERNAL TORMENTS.

A Lecture. By REV. JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

I FIND the most exquisite delight in coming to the light in which we are to view the subject this evening. I never weary of the appeal to Nature; I never suspect it; I never question whether I may trust it. Nature is to me a revelation from God. It is not God’s word “written,” but God’s word transacted—God’s word vitalised. Nature is also the most *direct* revelation of God. I am in no doubt about the genesis of *it*. Whence the written word came I know not; but whence the living word came I know. Do we, then, find in Nature anything about an eternity of torment, implacable severity, and undying wrath? No; we find the very opposite. We find that though Nature is stern, she bears no grudges. She condemns not one of her children to hopeless misery. She is wonderfully forgiving: you have only to dismiss your folly and do right, and all is forgiven. The moment of your repentance is the moment of her mercy. Break her laws a hundred times, and then change your mind and obey them, and she will treat you as graciously as though you had never sinned at all. The moment you begin to do right, she will begin to bless. I do not say that all the *consequences* of wrong-doing will be swept away in a moment; all I say is, Nature knows nothing of the spirit of revenge, and gives no hint of a God who will punish eternally, and never listen to the bitter cry for help.

But, to-night, I must confine myself to *Human Nature*—

to the testimony of the human heart and the human conscience on this subject. For, if Nature is a revelation from God, Human Nature is much more clearly a revelation, speaking with more solemn sanctions, and in more penetrating tones. God made me. That is the first article of my faith; and, inasmuch as the maker is careful to leave some mark on his work that shall bear witness to himself, so I believe God has dealt with me; and I feel sure that this question of future torment is now exciting the religious world simply because the witness that God has placed in the human conscience and the human heart is speaking, and will not be still. Human Nature is asserting itself; and, in asserting itself, it is bearing witness to and for God. I know that we are imperfect and sinful beings, but the good God has not given us wholly up to evil; and He has kept alive in our souls enough of the Divine Nature we derived from Him, to make us competent judges of what is just and unjust, merciful and cruel, right and wrong. I do not care to deny that our Human Nature is a fallen Human Nature; but let any man beware how he denies that Human Nature is still a witness for Truth and God. He who denies this, runs the risk of obliterating all abiding distinctions between good and evil, because he denies that we are able to judge of what in God would be right or wrong. The foundation of all faith and morals, then, is this,—the capacity of Human Nature to distinguish between eternal good and evil. Here, then, is the standard to which we appeal;—the standard God Himself has set up in every heart; so that, in this matter, I have only to ask myself whether it possibly *can* be true. If it does not appear to me as being true; if, on the contrary, it seems to me unjust and false, I have no alternative,—I am bound to deny and reject it.

In the first place, then, I point to the fact that the doctrine of eternal torment is repugnant to Human Nature. As a matter of fact, is not the testimony of Human Nature dead against this doctrine? Is there any man anywhere who would eternally torture any one? And is it not a fact that the better we become the less inclined we are to anything of the kind? What does that great fact say, as to the revealed will of God? There is a very simple test here which really is, in itself, conclusive,—that there is scarcely a defender of the doctrine to be found who does not feel its awfulness, and who, when pressed, does not frankly declare, "I wish it were not true." I have conversed with, perhaps, some thousands of persons who have defended the doctrine, but I think I never met with one who said—The doctrine is true, and I am *glad* of it. One of the most popular and most respectable of modern commentators, Albert Barnes, says of the difficulties Human Nature finds in believing such

doctrines as this:—"These are real, not imaginary difficulties. They are probably felt by every mind that ever reflected on the subject, and they are unexplained, unmitigated, unremoved. I confess, for one, that I feel them, and feel them more sensibly and powerfully the more I look at them and the longer I live. I do not understand these facts" (what a sorrowful thing that he was not able to go a step further, respect the leadings of God's spirit in his own nature, and utterly *deny* these supposed "facts,")

—"I do not understand these facts, and I make no advances towards understanding them. I have never seen a particle of light thrown on these subjects, that has given a moment's ease to my tortured mind, nor have I an explanation to offer, or a thought to suggest, which would be of relief to you." (And mark you, this from a man who has travelled right through the land of commentators and divines!) "I confess, when I look on a world of sinners and of sufferers, upon death-beds and graveyards, upon the world of woe, filled with hosts to suffer for ever and ever, and see my friends, my parents, my family, my fellow-citizens; when I look upon a whole race, all involved in this sin and anger; when I see the great mass of them wholly unconverted; and when I feel that God only can save them, and yet he does not do it, I am struck dumb. It is all dark, dark, dark, to my soul, and I cannot disguise it." That is the testimony of an honest and earnest man. He clings to a doctrine because he thinks it revealed, but his Human Nature rebels against it; and he goes stumbling on, unable to fling it away, and yet unable to call this frightful evil, good. I respect a mind like that. I respect a mind that is oppressed with the burden of this doctrine. I sympathise with a thoughtful writer who said that this doctrine had driven many people mad, and that he very much respected those who went mad when they believed it. People who believe it *ought* to go mad. If they were in deadly earnest, if they really looked their own doctrine in the face, if they realized the tremendous fact (if fact it is,) that millions are now screaming in a hopeless hell of torment, if they realized the fact (if fact it is,) that millions more are rushing headlong to their doom, and that only the thin veil of the senses prevents us hearing the cries and seeing the tortures of the lost, if they believed and realized this, they *ought* to go mad. Shame upon their intelligence, shame upon their hearts, that they do not.

But the truth is, the doctrine is not realized. It is accepted, but it is not faced; it is held, but it is not vitally believed. A late writer has said, "I hardly like to refer to a class of Christians who apparently regard this terrible teaching with satisfaction. The sufferings of a slave excite their liveliest pity: they would make any effort to save a condemned murderer from

the gallows; the vivisection of a poor dog would fill them with horror; and yet they can complacently contemplate a dogma which declares the eternal torments of myriads of their fellow human beings! I have heard it taught and advocated by those who have been sipping their wine and enjoying their dessert!" I say this is shocking, and indicates that the doctrine is not realized, and is not, therefore, vitally believed. If men believed it, they would scarcely be able to waste an hour in pleasure or repose: they would live, they would die, beseeching men to avoid the eternal wrath of God.

The testimony which I read just now, as indicating the voice of our common Human Nature, is one that has been often heard. Dean Milman, in his History of Latin Christianity, says, "To the eternity of hell torments there is and ever must be, notwithstanding the peremptory decrees of dogmatic theology—a tacit repugnance;" and another fine mind declared that if he could see his way out of it, it would be "a prodigious relief."

What are all these cries but the protests of Human Nature against a lie? And how is it that, in our own day, the doctrine is crumbling to pieces in all the Churches? and that the Unitarian, who once stood alone in denying it, has now a host of companions all round? The New Testament is the same, the creeds are the same, the doctrines to be believed are the same. Yes, but Human Nature is not the same as to the force and energy of its testimony; and men, driven by the sheer necessities of their own natures, are working their way out of it.

And still further, as regards this testimony of Human Nature, who is not familiar with the fact that, in the time of trouble or in the hour of death, belief in this doctrine utterly breaks down? No phrase is more common at such a time than the phrase "He is better off." And it is strange that this is said of nearly every one. Indeed of *every* one, by *some* one. For the worst man, when he is dead, will have some one to bemoan him—some poor ill-used wife who, in that dark hour, will feel in her sad worn heart, the re-birth of what was once a young passion, though she had long unlearned her early dream of love; or some sorrowful mother who will forget all her poor boy's wilful ways, and remember only that he was her son; or some pitying neighbour or merciful heart who will say, even for the wickedest—"Poor soul! he is surely better off." Yes, thank God, in the testing time of trouble men are wiser and more merciful than their creeds. The truth is, the doctrine cannot be carried out. The preacher in the pulpit may call upon his hearers to do this or accept that on pain of being eternally lost; but if his hearers become hearers no more, but John and James who lie dead at home, the whole thing is changed, and the *heart* tells

the truth though it belies the creed. Now we must try to teach the people that what they give up in the time of trouble, when they are flung back upon the natural God-given emotions and instincts of the human heart, they ought to give up at other times.

I say, then, no one can consistently think by this doctrine and act by it in daily life. I ask any believer in it, whether he ever yet looked upon a man or woman on whom he could lay his hands and say—"This man or this woman will, I believe, be tortured by God in an eternal hell?" Do you think I shall be? If not, why not? I reject the doctrine of the Trinity, I hate the doctrine of salvation by shed blood, I detest the doctrines of election and reprobation, I believe none of the orthodox doctrines they say are necessary to salvation; and yet I defy you to really believe that in a few years or days, I shall begin my eternity of torment. John Milton was not a Trinitarian, Dr. Channing denied all the orthodoxies, Florence Nightingale thinks pretty much as I do, Thomas Carlyle thinks Calvinism itself deserves hell-fire, the poet Longfellow is a Unitarian, so was Charles Dickens, and so is Lloyd Garrison. Do you believe any of these will be eternally tormented? Or if you have given up the idea that men will be damned for their opinions, what do you say of the last collier or dock labourer who died drunk, and knew nothing of the way of salvation? Will he be eternally tormented? If you had the tormenting of him, would *you* never help him or let him off? The poor fellow was perhaps the child of a drunken collier or dock labourer like himself, was born into the very midst of the dirt, the poverty, the passion, and the darkness, of a drunkard's home; he had a few chances and scarcely any aid, and drink and degradation rocked his cradle and led him up to riper years. Will the just God torment *that* man for ever? What does Human Nature say to that? Why, Human Nature says that if the angels in heaven do not help that man, and if they do not spend eternity in trying to give him a chance of rising, instead of crushing and tormenting him, the angels are very ungracious beings, and sadly need some of the gracious men and women now on earth to teach them better. The fact is, the doctrine breaks down the moment you try to apply it; or if any one succeeds in really believing and applying it, he becomes a bigot and a persecutor. He then becomes honest and consistent, I admit, but he then becomes hateful and unbearable: and every man *ought* to be hateful and unbearable who believes and applies the doctrine that God will torment lost souls for ever in hell.

This leads me to note in the next place that this doctrine makes God less humane than man. I need not dwell on this;

but distinct mention of the fact is desirable. Unless all our emotions, feelings, and affections, are deceptive, we must believe that they represent the eternal realities of mercy, pity, love, and good-will: and yet we, who are so imperfect, shudder at the very thought of doing, ourselves, what is imputed to God. All modern legislation in the way of providing for punishment is becoming sober and merciful, and aims rather to reform than merely to wreak vengeance on the offender. It is only in a rude, a savage, and a stupidly indolent stage of existence, that society punishes every offence with death, and falls upon the culprit with hate and rage. As society advances, all this is altered, and punishment becomes a great art, that takes note of a thousand things that mere brute vengeance knows nothing of. Now, the doctrine of eternal and indiscriminate torture in hell belongs to a stage of civilization we have got far beyond: only, in theology and the Church, we move more slowly than in politics and the State. Hence the fact, that we have always to be punishing and striving in religion when the work is almost done in secular affairs. But this fact (for fact it is,) that the doctrine of eternal torments in hell pictures man as more humane than God, is one that is destined to tell greatly upon the public mind in aid of the coming change.

I would here interpose a few words concerning the "glorying in the Gospel," as it is called, which, in the circumstances, seems to me so shocking and repulsive. Orthodox persons, sincerely enough I doubt not, called the Gospel "good tidings;" but, though it may be that to the saved, what is it to the lost? And it seems to me that the fate of the lost ought to go a long way towards moderating the joys and the glorying of any one who believes he is among the saved. It seems to me that common humanity should lead a saint to go into heaven with a very moderate amount of glorying, if he knows that so many of his brethren are going to be eternally damned. An orthodox minister who has very lately come round to our view of the matter, puts this well. He says:—"Suppose a case in illustration. I am a poor man. I receive a letter which assures me of my being entitled to vast wealth. In the same letter it is announced, and on equal authority, that my brother, 'the son of my mother,' about whom my affections twine, whom I have learned to regard as a part of myself, is a convicted felon, is doomed to the just but galling penalty of life-long disgrace—expatriation and hard labour. Shall I go among my friends exhibiting this letter, exulting in its contents as being emphatically 'good news,' and never wearying of sounding its praises? What and if, having respect to my welfare, it so describes itself? 'Blood is thicker than water.' 'Love is stronger than death.' If my

estate might go to purchase my brother's pardon—good ; if not, it brings me no joy, and the document announcing it mine is to me no gospel. Congratulations on my inheritance are in the worst taste, for I can never contemplate my own good fortune without being reminded of his stricken, agonised, and hopeless condition." I speak of this because there has been, and is (in Churches calling themselves Christian, and on the part of men calling themselves Christian teachers), a kind of exultation, shall I say a gloating, over the idea of salvation—ay! and of damnation, which is utterly repugnant to anything deserving the name of humanity.

I pass on now to notice, in conclusion, the most startling and serious point in this appeal to Human Nature. It is hard to see how Human Nature can endure the doctrine of eternal torments *here* ; but it is almost infinitely more difficult to see how Human Nature can do it, when purified and perfected hereafter. And yet this is what we are told is the fact ; we are even told, in every variety of affirmation and illustration, that the saved in heaven acquiesce and even glory in the damnation of the lost in hell. A popular orthodox tract says :—"The lost are tormented within sight of angels and the Lord of angels, and yet no one goes forth to their rescue." It is enough to make one say—Then the Lord keep me from ever becoming an angel, if the effect of the transformation is to give me a heart of stone ! Jonathan Edwards says :—"However the saints in heaven may have loved the damned whilst here, their eternal damnation will only serve to increase a relish of their own enjoyments." And the great modern Calvinist, Mr. Spurgeon, says :—"What will you think when the last day comes, to hear Christ say, Depart ye cursed, and there will be a voice just behind him saying, Amen ; and as you enquire whence came that voice, you will find it was your mother. Or, young woman, when thou art cast away into utter darkness, what will you think to hear a voice saying, Amen—and, as you look, there sits your father, his lips still moving with the solemn curse?" "What will you think?" asks Mr. Spurgeon. The question has been answered by one who, in rejecting Mr. Spurgeon's Calvinism, has been led to reject Christianity altogether :—"What will the lost think when they see their sainted parents calmly acquiescing in their damnation? "Why, that it has been their lot to be born of parents unworthy of the holy epithets of father and mother, and that one consolation in the bitter cup of agony still remained, in the fact that they were separated for ever from such heartless wretches. Is there a Christian parent who can echo this language of Mr. Spurgeon? If so, we tell him that he is a disgrace to humanity, a blot on the age in which he lives, a hideous pest to the society

among which his lot is cast." And yet, we are told, this is what will come of being transformed into an angel! We ought to speak very plainly of these things. I take my own case. My father was a Calvinist of the hardest type; he died when I was very young, but I can remember enough of him to make me long to meet him again. I believe he would have risked his life to save me from misery. He has been in heaven now for some twenty years; and does any man mean to tell me that under the sweet ripening influences of heaven, that kind heart has so changed that if I am damned for denying all he believed, he will look on unmoved, and that, to use Mr. Spurgeon's words, when I look on his longed-for face, I shall only see his cold lips "moving with the solemn curse?" Do you mean to tell me that that is what heaven has done for my good father? Then I shall be glad to be banished from heaven, from the heaven that kills human love, from the heaven that turns beating hearts to stone, from the heaven that has turned my father into a fiend.

I want to know how you are going to explain away all that. I want to know how you are going to account for this ghastly unconcern of the angels, and this wicked selfishness of heaven? For if this doctrine be true, *all* are changed. God is changed, for He loves, and pities, and forgives no more. Christ is changed, for he no longer yearns over the miserable and despairing, and cares no longer to seek and save that which is lost. The sweet and holy souls of earth who found all their delight in doing good are changed; and our own dear friends who would have laid down their lives for us here, are changed, and changed for the worse! I want to know how you are going to account for it, so as to save heaven and the angels from eternal infamy and shame! A great Calvinist once *did* try to explain it, and this is what he said:—"God will, in mercy, extinguish the susceptibilities of the saved." In other words,—God will take away the bright love out of the mother's heart for her poor lost child, and will take out of the father's heart all care for his damned and despairing child. In other words, again, he will take from us the only things that now sanctify and bless our lives. O my God! great and gracious One, whom Jesus taught me to call my "Father"—help me never, never again to believe it! Help me to think of Thy dear redeemed children as making the Universe radiant with Thy love, and as spending eternity in redeeming it from every trace of misery and sin.

They tell me that I shall be lost for this faith,—they with their Calvinism, with their God-dishonouring and man-darkening Confession of Faith,—they tell me I shall be lost, because I will not believe that which crushes my heart, smites my reason,

and robs me of my just and loving God. Be it so. I am ready for my fate. It is no disgrace for a man to be lost, if he has done his best. The only disgrace is in being willing to win salvation at *any* price. I also desire to find my way to heaven, but there is one price I will not pay even for that,—I will not sacrifice my reason, my conscience, and my humanity;—and, that I may become an angel, I will not be content to become a fiend.

But I fear not the result. Already I seem to see the golden light of the beautiful spirit-world; already I seem to hear the music that fills its happy skies; already I seem to catch a glimpse of the glorious hosts whose unceasing delight it is to help some fallen spirit to rise. O, let me but come to your sweet companionship; make me an hired servant of the humblest messenger of mercy: let me only have the reward of "*going on*," then my heaven will be complete in the hope that, one day, hell itself will be conquered, and that a redeemed and purified humanity will fill and hallow the universe of our Father, Friend, and King.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

If there is any body of men who might reasonably be expected to be conspicuously free from prejudice, ever ready to welcome new discoveries, to give a fair hearing to new facts and the discussion of their issues, that body should be the Royal Society of England, instituted for "improving human knowledge." This body would seem of all others the fittest tribunal to which Mr. Crookes could submit his recent experimental investigations, and the "New Force," the existence of which he considers these investigations have established. Well, last summer, Mr. Crookes sent in a paper to the Royal Society detailing his investigations into what he considered to be a new force. This paper was returned to him, but as its rejection seemed to be the act of the Secretary rather than of the Council of the Society, Mr. Crookes sent in a second paper, most carefully stating his experiments, without entering into any speculations as to the origin of the phenomena he had demonstrated. As remarked by a contemporary, "No experiments made under such stringent conditions had ever before been submitted to the Royal Society, the care having actually been taken to add the testimony of scientific witnesses—a course not

usually supposed to be necessary." This paper was submitted to the Council of the Royal Society, and has been officially and unanimously rejected. History will surely record with regret that a Society which has done such eminent service in the advancement of knowledge, should in this instance, by its own act have brought upon itself deserved discredit in refusing to entertain the consideration of phenomena which for nearly a quarter of a century have arrested public attention throughout the world, and which certainly are deeply significant, whatever view we take of their nature and origin. It cannot be pleaded on behalf of the Royal Society that Mr. Crookes comes before it unaccredited by scientific position and attainments, for we may fairly presume that it was from their sense of his eminent fitness in these respects that they did him the unusual honour of electing him a Fellow at his first nomination, when there were only fifteen Fellows to be elected out of fifty candidates. The rejection of a paper on a subject of such grave importance, by one so well qualified to deal with it,—a paper so carefully prepared, detailing a series of experiments conducted with the utmost caution, and verified by witnesses whose competence is above suspicion, is a humiliation of science by a body which is its most conspicuous representative. But this act of the Royal Society is only the latest of a long list of illustrations that might be cited to show that it is not to learned bodies, and men of great reputation that we must look for the advancement of new and unpopular truths, which have to win public acceptance not only without their aid, and in the face of their neglect, but too often in spite of their opposition.

AN AMERICAN JOURNAL ON "PSYCHIC FORCE."

It is possible, if not probable, that Professor Crookes and his associates may have contributed to science a permanent discovery in his recent experiments with Mr. Home as a medium. It certainly has never been clearly demonstrated what is the force or element used by the will when the hand is controlled to write or strike by an individual. Voluntary actions are merely registered as one class of motions, and involuntary as another, and the moving element used as an instrument in the former has never been clearly defined. Experiments have fully proved that it is not electricity nor magnetism, which in their natural and abstract condition are not subject to the will. That there is an element or force which is subject to the human will is also quite certain, and it may be properly termed psychic force, as the will pertains to the soul, and this element may be used by the soul while in the body to regulate its motions, and,

for aught we know, in some instances by souls when free from their bodies to control the bodies of susceptible persons whom we call mediums. There is often evidence of partial control by a foreign intelligence, and sometimes a blending of this with the mind of the medium, in which there is a mixture and comparison of ideas and actions. The element is evidently not intelligent, but is wholly or partially controlled by intelligence from some source. The professor evidently does not wait to admit the control of any foreign intelligence, while we have the best evidence of such control; but we are not certain that he has not hit upon the very element that the soul of each person uses to control its own body, as well as that of others in the case of mediumship. Science is surely feeling her way along toward spiritual ground, and will ere long fairly plant her standard on the spiritual shore, and take observations from that point; and the Psychic Force may be the chain that will enable her to measure over the gulf of death, which has heretofore been her barrier to further discoveries.—*Banner of Light.*

MANIFESTATIONS IN HYDE PARK HOTEL.

Mrs. Berry has a *suite* of apartments in the above hotel, and has had a cabinet constructed for the purpose of obtaining spirit manifestations in her own rooms. This cabinet is just sufficiently large for two persons to be seated in, and is enclosed by two gates, secured by a slip bolt, and a stout iron bar fastened by a padlock, of which at these *séances* Mrs. Berry keeps the key. Between these gates and a pair of outer doors is a space of seventeen inches, and in each of these doors is an aperture six inches in diameter, with a curtain inside to shut out the light. Candles are placed for the light to fall full upon these apertures, through which, when the spirits have drawn aside the curtain, hands are shown; in the evening to which we are about to refer not only full-formed hands but baby hands were thus shown. Articles placed in the cabinet, or taken by the occult agency from the rooms, or from outside the house, whence is sometimes wholly unknown, are thrown out or handed to those present. But a manifestation of a still more remarkable kind occurred on the evening of Wednesday, January 24th. The mediums, Messrs. Herne and Williams, were in the cabinet, which was bolted, barred, and padlocked, as described. After other manifestations had occurred of the kind indicated, the mediums were thrown through the doors, or, as Mrs. Berry expressed it to us, came rolling out; the gates, it was found on examination, remaining fastened and the iron bar undisturbed, the key of the padlock still in Mrs. Berry's pocket. On entering the adjoining room,

the heavy couch, with other articles of furniture were found turned over on the floor, without injury to them, and so noiselessly that the movements had not been heard. On the following Wednesday evening the spirits showed their power by smashing the cabinet. The seat was torn down, the gates knocked to pieces, the iron bar was bent nearly double, and the hinge which fastened it to the gate broken across. How these things were done, like many other things, is a mystery. We give the account as we had it from the lips of Mrs. Berry, and from the Rev. G. C. D., a clergyman of the Church of England, who witnessed these things. We have seen the wreck of the cabinet and the bent iron bar and broken hinge. We think it would have been impossible for the mediums to have bent the bar as we saw it, even had they been free and outside the cabinet, instead of prisoners locked up within it.

A LADY CARRIED AWAY BY SPIRITS.—WRITING ON THE SKIN.

Dr. H. Clifford Smith writes:—

On Saturday, 17th February, I went to the rooms of Messrs. Herne and Williams, 61, Lamb's Conduit-street. Eight persons were present. Having taken our seats, Mr. Williams closed the folding doors, leaving the gas burning brightly in the front room. He locked the doors, and handed the key to a lady who was present, and took his seat.

Two minutes could not have elapsed before I felt the passage of some drapery overhead, and directly afterwards all exclaimed that some person was on the table, and various conjectures were made as to who it could be. A light was obtained, when I, who was nearest to her face, recognised her as Miss Lottie Fowler. She was in a deep trance. The pulse, however, which I felt immediately, was full, but rapid and fluttering, as a person's under the influence of great excitement. Afterward this subsided, and became gradually weak and feeble, but rapid, as in a person in an extreme state of exhaustion.

During her trance, she was frequently influenced by a spirit, "Anne," who spoke distinctly in her own characteristic way, and endeavoured to describe the manner in which she was brought. She stated that her medium would sleep and remain in the trance condition until half-past eight, but that we were to continue sitting and wait for further manifestations. It would take me too long to enter into all the interesting particulars of the *séance*, or of the conversation held with "Anne." Suffice it to say that Miss Fowler with some difficulty recovered consciousness at half-past eight precisely. The time, which I carefully noted, when she was so suddenly brought into our midst was a quarter-past seven.

Miss Fowler when she awoke from her trance became greatly excited—would not credit what had happened. When she was come sufficiently to herself she gave the same account which the spirit "Annie" had previously given—to the effect that she had left her home in Keppel Street, Russell Square, at seven o'clock, proceeded to the corner of Tottenham Court Road, and there entered an omnibus going up Oxford Street, as she was on her way to Mrs. Gregory's. She felt sick, but that was all she could call to memory; she knew nothing more after that until her return to consciousness in our midst.

During her entrancement the spirit stated that Messrs. Herne and Williams were about to have a new development of mediumship, and that they would each have a name written on their hands during the evening. When a

light was obtained, each had a name written on the skin of the hand and arm in blood-red letters. The next morning Mr. Williams called to see me, and whilst we were conversing about the matter, the name of a dear friend of mine in spirit-land gradually appeared on the back of his hand.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE EAST END OF LONDON.

On Wednesday, February 21st, a company of about 200 persons sat down to tea at the Assembly Rooms, New Road, Commercial Road East, when a purse and some books were presented to Mr. Cogman, in acknowledgment of his services as a medium, who has laboured more especially at this end of London, and has thrown his house open for *séances* for the last seven years. The chair was taken by Mr. Burns, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Shorter, Powell, Goss, and other speakers; and there was some talk of a Society of Spiritualists being formed in this part of the metropolis, where a wide field of useful work would be open to it.

SPIRITUALISM IN CHELSEA.

Modern Spiritualism has lately been the subject of discussion before the Chelsea Literary and Scientific Association. It was introduced by an Address from Mr. J. W. Jackson, who said he had lately seen a great deal of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and who gave details of many private *séances* he had attended, when heavy objects had been moved without contact, spirit-voices had been heard, direct spirit-writings had been obtained, and other phenomena had been witnessed. Mr. Coleman also related many of the remarkable incidents of his experience, and counselled the Association to appoint a committee of its members to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, and report thereon to the Association. Dr. Carpenter has also recently lectured on Spiritualism to the Association, but his lecture had little to do with the subject, and the only novelty in it was a gross misrepresentation of one of the experiments made by Mr. Crookes, and described by him in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*. This misrepresentation was exposed and corrected by Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, which had reported Dr. Carpenter's lecture, but as is too commonly the case with the newspaper press, that journal has not been so ready to give currency to the truth as to the falsehood, and it has not published Mr. Wallace's letter. Dr. Carpenter declined all discussion; he would not deign to notice a written question put before him by the chairman, and when at the close of his lecture Mr. Coleman rose to speak, Dr. Carpenter hastily decamped.

Notices of Books.

CROOKES *VERSUS* CARPENTER.*

MR. CROOKES has issued a temperate, dignified, and able reply to the calumnious falsehoods of the *Quarterly Review* and the smaller critics and detractors who have followed its injurious lead. The public may now learn from the pamphlet under notice how their misplaced confidence in the veracity of the *Quarterly Review* has been abused; and if Dr. Carpenter has any sense of honour or of shame, he must wince under this scathing exposure of his heedless or wilful misrepresentations. Mr. Crookes shews that in ten distinct instances the *Review* has deliberately calumniated him. We need not follow Mr. Crookes, for the superficial character of the *Quarterly Review* article and the spiteful nature of the attack on Mr. Crookes and other eminent men of science is too obvious to dwell upon. It is only the scientific position of the writer, and the literary reputation of the *Quarterly Review* which has given to it an ephemeral and factitious importance. An eminent chemist, a disbeliever in Spiritualism, in a critique on the article by Dr. Carpenter, remarks:—

My object is not to discuss the personal question whether book-making and dredging afford better or worse training for experimental inquiry than the marvellously exact and exquisitely delicate manipulations of the modern observatory and laboratory, but to protest against this attempt to stop the progress of investigation, to damage the true interests of science and the cause of truth, by thus throwing low libellous mud upon any and every body who steps at all aside from the beaten paths of ordinary investigation. The true business of science is the discovery of truth, to seek it wherever it may be found, to follow the pursuit through bye-ways and highways, and having found it, to proclaim it plainly and fearlessly, without regard to authority, fashion, or prejudice. If, however, such influential magazines as the *Quarterly Review* are to be converted into the vehicles of artful and elaborate efforts to undermine the scientific reputation of any man who thus does his scientific duty, the time for plain speaking and vigorous protest has arrived. My readers will be glad to learn that this is the general feeling of the leading scientific men of the metropolis; whatever they may think of the particular investigations of Mr. Crookes, they are unanimous in expressing their denunciations of this article in the *Quarterly*.

We hope that what has befallen Dr. Carpenter will operate as a salutary warning against that spirit of rash and reckless assertion so common among journalists in writing on Spiritualism and of those who certify to the genuineness of its phenomena, and that it will also be a lesson to Dr. Carpenter himself, bringing home to his mind the wholesome conviction that even he may not with impunity violate the commandment—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

* *Psychic Force and Modern Spiritualism: A Reply to the "Quarterly Review," and other Critics.* By WM. CROOKES, F.R.S., &c. London: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

Correspondence.

W. FISHBOUGH ON SPIRIT-LIFE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—If Spiritualism be a great truth, the cause cannot advance under the shadow of untruth. Now Mr. W. Fishbough's article in the *Spiritual Magazine* for January is all very true so far as it goes in regard to dreams and clairvoyance, &c. But he endeavours to explain and account for the state of the soul emancipated from the trammels of the body by taking up an old imaginary conception of a great exaltation of power occurring to the released spirit—a change as great as when the butterfly puts off its grub state for a new and glorious existence, leaving earth and all that is earthly for its new and brighter life in the circumambient air. But which ancient conception is entirely set aside by the facts of modern Spiritualism, and clearly acknowledged to be so by all Spiritualists, showing that all progress is gradual, and that the emancipated spirit is hence in its first stage not very different from what it was during its life in the body. But what says Mr. Fishbough? "The spiritual state and world therefore, we repeat, is precisely that which we all know as the dream-state and world, with this important difference, that the former is disentangled from all those phantasms, inconsistencies, incoherencies, and insanities which, owing to bodily connections, characterise ordinary dreams, and the soul is free, lucid, operative in all its faculties, and exists in a sphere appropriate to its abstract nature, and entirely discredited from the outer sphere of life." Now such a statement entirely ignores the facts of Spiritualism, for he would have us believe that certain exceptional exaltations of power, such as are exhibited in clairvoyance, would on the soul's release immediately become the permanent nature, and as in Milton's distinction between angels and men, instinct would take the place of reason; but no spirit has yet shown this permanent exaltation of power and lucidity. The most marvellous part of the dream, and its more special character—at least in regard to my own dream—is that which is creative and visionary: in the most clear complete perception of the things imagined; for instance, the most distinct perception—all at once—of original and varied patterns in form and colour of all the objects in a room—for instance, the pattern of the carpet, furniture, curtains, the paper of the wall, &c., and certainly not the transcript of anything I have ever actually seen; and the whole seen at once and with a distinctness as to impress me with astonishment on first waking and recalling the fact, but the images mostly fade away before the real impressions of the actual; but on some occasions such perceptions have remained sufficiently long for me to produce the same in drawing and colours, and which may have some bearing of the source of what is called spirit-drawing, and indeed of all that is actually original in design, and touching upon what is called inspiration, but which is a phase of the dream that Mr. Fishbough has not noticed.

H. G. A.

"MR. BREVIOR'S REPLY."—A BRIEF REJOINDER BY THE REV. J. JONES.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Mr. Brevior has exercised an undoubted right in criticising my sermon, nor can I complain of the *tone* in which he has written; but having carefully read his article, I am bound to say that I am of the same opinion still; while, to some of his assertions and deductions, I must altogether demur. I will do so, in as condensed a form as I am able—both for my own sake and yours, Mr. Editor.

1.—*The sermon is said to have resulted in calling attention to Spiritualism.*

True; but also in winning numbers of persons to regard Spiritualism as the work of demons. I have proof of this, which Mr. Brevior has not.

2.—*Mr. Brevior represents Spiritualism as prohibited only to Jews.* But if it was a sin before Jewish times, then it was prohibited to those who were not Jews; and if it is likewise prohibited after Jewish times, it is a sin still. In proof of the former, it was the crime of the ancient inhabitants of Canaan, and for which they were exterminated (Deut. xviii., 9—14). In proof of the latter, the Christian Church is enjoined to avoid the demon-worship or necromancy of the heathen (1 Cor. x., 20).

3.—The reference to 1 John iv., 1, does not apply to Spiritualism—the testing of the spirits is not in reference to the two classes of human souls departed this life, but to *God's Divine Spirit* on the one hand, and Satan on the other, as acting through the Prophets, hence the second verse—"Hereby know ye the Spirit of God."

4.—Mr. Brevior asserts that the Bible distinguishes between lawful and unlawful spirit-communion. We reply that the Bible has in no single instance authorised communion with departed human souls, *either good or bad*. The only spiritual communion it enjoins is with the Great Spirit Himself. Every prohibition of necromancy is in regard simply to the DEAD, irrespective of their character.

5.—*Vegetarianism and Celibacy.*—Mr. Brevior charges me with straining the point, because such practices are not universal among Spiritualists, but in my sermon I have distinctly stated that it was yet in its "*incipient stage*." Of this I furnish the proof, and there is then no straining of the case.

6.—*Demons described as Frogs.*—In reply to this I would beg to remind Mr. Brevior that I quoted the symbolic language of the Bible (Rev. xvi., 13). The reference to "frogs" is intended to point out the moral *uncleanliness* of the demons. As to their gathering earthly kings to battle, we have a precedent in the case of Ahab—quoted in my sermon.

7.—*The Doctrine of Immortality.*—Mr. Brevior intimates that I underrate the significance of the theory. If he will refer to the passage in the sermon he will see that I have guarded against this by specifying "*mere abstract belief*," as of little worth. In proof of this, our jails and haunts of crime are filled with those who believe that there is a future, but it exerts but little influence upon them.

8.—*The Kingdom of Satan Divided.*—In claiming that evil spirits teach morality, &c., I am said to represent a divided state of things, such as was portrayed by Christ when he spoke of devils being cast out by Beelzebub: but the cases are not parallel, for this teaching of morality, &c., in order to thereby lead to the ensnaring of men, is not an act of *division* on the part of evil spirits, but one in which they are all *agreed*. Hell concurred in Satan (according to the Apostle) transforming himself into an angel of light, as an act of imposture to suit their ends. North and South America at war was a divided kingdom; but North and South agreeing to despoil England in any way is union on their part. In this sense hell is ever united in all its tricks and impostures.

9.—*The Treatment of Evil Spirits.*—Mr. Brevior introduces a narrative in order to advocate kind treatment towards demons. If any personage in this world knew how best to deal with them, it was Jesus Christ. How did he act? He rebuked them and unceremoniously ejected them from human beings, and in no single instance did he deal gently with them, and that because they were hopelessly lost and hopelessly bad.

10.—*As to the Question of Apostacy.*—Let me say that while reserving the right of freedom of conscience and of private judgment, yet the Christian Church in all its branches and in all ages agrees substantially in these points, which Spiritualism casts aside or tramples under foot.

I conclude by again most urgently and respectfully warning my fellow-men of the soul-destroying results of this modern necromancy, for it is altogether the WORK OF DEMONS.

JOHN JONES.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

APRIL, 1872.

MR. ALFRED R. WALLACE ON EXPECTANT ATTENTION AND POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS, AND ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MESMERIC AND SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

IN the *Academy*, February 15th, is an able review of a work by Edward B. Tylor on *Primitive Culture: Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Art and Custom*. Mr. Wallace analyses these two volumes, and examines their leading positions with a keenness of logic, a comprehensiveness of grasp and critical acumen which goes to the heart of the question in dispute. He points out that—

“The minute anatomy of the brain has been long ago exhaustively investigated, while the comparative study of its form and size in different races and individuals has been carried on by means of extensive collections of crania and casts; yet, although the brain is almost universally admitted to be the organ of the mind, by neither of these lines of research nor by any combination of them, have any definite conclusions been arrived at as to the relation of the brain to the various mental faculties. Up to the present day our physiologists dispute as to whether the forehead or the occiput is the seat of the intellect, yet they scout the idea of giving up their hitherto barren line of investigation in favour of that experimental method of comparing function with development—which, the much-abused phrenologists maintain, leads to complete success. Equally unsatisfactory is the practice of leaving out of view, in theories of mental development, the numerous well-established cases of abnormal mental phenomena which indicate latent powers in man beyond those usually recognized. These are looked upon as obscure diseases of the nervous system, and although their occurrence is very rare to individual experience, the records of them are now sufficiently

voluminous to furnish comparable cases to almost all that occur. They can thus be grouped into classes, and this fact, of each one forming an item in the group of analogous cases, is supposed to preclude the necessity of any attempt at a rational explanation of them. This is the method very largely adopted by Mr. Tylor, who in treating of the beliefs, customs, or superstitions of mankind, seems often to be quite satisfied that he has done all that is required when he has shown that a similar or identical belief or custom exists elsewhere."

On the question of the essential unity of mankind Mr. Wallace remarks:—

"One of the most important results of Mr. Tylor's researches and that which is most clearly brought out in every part of his work, is, that for the purpose of investigating the development of man's mental nature race may be left out of the question, and all mankind treated as essentially one. If we accept this as the result of a long and, as far as this particular question is concerned, almost exhaustive study, it forms a powerful argument against the polygenetic school of anthropology; for had the several races of man been derived from several distinct animal forms, or in any other independent way, it is hardly possible to conceive that no fundamental differences whatever should be exhibited in the nature and quality of their mental faculties."

But what will perhaps most interest our readers is the observations of Mr. Wallace concerning "Animism," or the Doctrine of Souls; with which more than half Mr. Tylor's work is occupied. We quote this part of the article entire:—

"We are overwhelmed with elaborate details of the endlessly varied ideas and beliefs of men as to the soul, spirits, and gods. We are constantly told that each such belief or idea "finds its place," with the implication that it is thus sufficiently accounted for. But this capacity of being classified necessarily arises from the immense variety of such beliefs and from the fact that they are founded on natural phenomena common to all races, while the faculties by which these phenomena are interpreted are essentially the same in every case. Any great mass of facts or phenomena whatever can be classified, but the classification does not necessarily add anything to our knowledge of the causes which produced the facts or phenomena. We find at times great looseness of statement when Mr. Tylor attempts to account off-hand for superstitions. He tells us, for example, that when the devil with horns and hoofs and a tail had once become a fixed image in the popular mind, 'of course men saw him in this conventional shape.' Now this general statement is simply not true. In the records of witchcraft trials it will be found that witches generally described the devil as 'a man'—'a dark man'—'a

black man'—'a gentleman in black clothes'—'a gentleman richly dressed,' and seldom, if ever, as appearing in the full conventional form. The theory of expectant attention determining the form taken by a delusion does not cover these facts, and this is even more strikingly shown by another discordance of a similar nature. It is certainly a popular belief that the devil is hot, and that his touch burns. Yet the witches, whether in Scotland, England, or France, almost invariably describe him as cold to the touch; and this statement, so often made by persons who could have had no knowledge of what others had said, curiously agrees with the phenomenon described by modern Spiritualists, of a cold wind passing over the hands during a *séance*. Such a correspondence of testimony in a direction exactly opposed to popular belief points to some substratum of unrecognised facts even in witchcraft, and it is not satisfactory to find the value of this testimony misstated to make it fit in with a foregone conclusion. A recognition of the now well-established phenomena of mesmerism would have enabled Mr. Tylor to give a far more rational explanation of were-wolves and analogous beliefs than that which he offers us. Were-wolves were probably men who had exceptional power of acting upon certain sensitive individuals, and could make them, when so acted upon, believe they saw what the mesmeriser pleased; and who used this power for bad purposes. This will explain most of the alleged facts without resorting to the short and easy method of rejecting them as the results of mere morbid imagination and gross credulity. Again, we are told that "the ghost or phantasm seen by the dreamer or visionary is like a shadow, and thus the familiar term of the *shade* comes in to express the soul." But the dreamer sees what appear real substantial bodies, not shadows or images; and it is only the waking seer who, by seeing other objects through the phantasms or by testing their unsubstantiality by means of touch, can arrive at the conclusion that they are of a spiritual or shadowy nature. So, the general belief in the ghost of a man being seen in or near the house where he lived, is not at all accounted for by dreams, which are bound by no limits of locality, and generally show persons in the most incongruous places. Accounts of the other world seen in visions are said to be 'just what the seer has been taught to expect;' but at p. 47, vol. ii. the seer is *surprised* to find the trees, shrubs, and paths such as she had been used to on earth. It was not therefore what she had been 'taught to expect;' and the remark becomes both valueless and misleading instead of helping us to understand how such visions originate.

"Although the details given on these subjects are so nume

rous and so heterogeneous as to be wearisome in the last degree, they are yet altogether one-sided. They have been amassed with one object and selected no doubt unconsciously, so as to harmonize with the *à priori* convictions of the writer. All narratives tending to prove that anything which goes under the general term supernatural really exists as facts, are either entirely omitted, or just mentioned in such a manner as to imply that they are necessarily impostures or delusions, and therefore unworthy of discussion. There is however on record a mass of facts or alleged facts ranging through every period of history down to the present day, and going to prove that the so-called supernatural is not all delusion, and that many of the beliefs of all ages classed as superstitious, have at least a substratum of reality. In the works of Dr. Kerner, Ennemoser, Görres, and Dale Owen, and in Mr. Howitt's *History of the Supernatural*, are collections of these facts which, although by no means exhaustive, are yet far more extensive than those Mr. Tyler has cited to support his argument; while many of them are so thoroughly well established that they cannot be explained away. It is therefore at least a possible solution of the problem of animism, that the uniformity of belief is due in great part to the uniformity of the underlying facts; and a work on the development of religion and mythology should fairly grapple with the question, 'How much of truth is at the bottom of the so-called superstitious beliefs of mankind?' But our author avoids all such inconvenient enquiries by means of his infallible nostrum. A fact or a belief occurring once only might require explanation, but if a second or an analogous fact or belief can be found elsewhere, the whole thing becomes clear. 'Second sight,' for instance, occurs among savages as well as in Scotland. Nothing more is required, according to Mr. Tylor, to prove that it has no existence at all, except as a mere 'belief.' Those curious phenomena which have been recently investigated by Mr. Crookes and other Fellows of the Royal Society, and which are declared to be realities by members of the French Institute, by American judges and senators, and by many medical and scientific men in this country, are treated in exactly the same way. Something closely related to them is recorded by classical writers, and occurs now among savage tribes. It is therefore clearly a case of 'survival of old beliefs,' and no further notice need be taken of it. Mr. Tylor even goes so far as to say that for his purpose it really matters little whether they are true or not. In order to arrive at true results as to the origin, nature, and development of men's beliefs, it matters not whether their foundation is fact or imagination! This belief of Mr. Tylor seems to the present writer as com-

pletely an hallucination as any to be found recorded in his volumes.

"It is pertinent to recall the fact that even matters of pure science, when they have run strongly counter to popular opinion, have been treated just as Mr. Tylor treats superstitions. Less than twenty years ago the evidence for the antiquity of man was in this category. It was then ignored or sneered at as beneath discussion. It was treated just as if it were an 'epidemic delusion;' yet every iota of it turned out to be fact, and fact of the highest importance and of surpassing scientific and human interest. This was a purely scientific question, but there is another which had all the aspect and characteristics of a superstitious delusion, and was yet a truth. About twenty-eight years ago the phenomena of insensibility to pain in the mesmeric trance attracted attention. Experiments of this kind were often exhibited in public, and most painful surgical operations were performed on subjects who manifested no indications of feeling. The present writer well remembers the universal shout of indignation at these experiments. They were declared to be gross impostures or delusions from beginning to end. The apparent unconsciousness was all sham, and the medical men who performed the operations, and gave a detailed account of them, were accused of being parties to the imposture, and even of having bribed the patients. It took many years to establish this fact, of insensibility to the most excessive stimuli and the most intense pain produced without the use of any drug or any violence; but it was established. It remains, however, a fact of which modern science can give no intelligible account, and which it therefore ignores as much as possible.

"These examples (and many others might be adduced) should teach us, that it is unsafe to deny facts which have been vouched for by men of reputation after careful enquiry, merely because they are opposed to our prepossessions. A work like the present, one-sided though it be, furnishes much evidence to support the views of those who maintain that a considerable portion of the so-called superstitions of mankind repose upon facts; that these facts have been almost always misunderstood and misinterpreted in past ages, as they are now by the ignorant and among savages; and that, until they are recognised as possible realities, and studied with thoroughness and devotion and a complete freedom from foregone conclusions, it is hopeless to expect a sound philosophy of religion or any true insight into the mysterious depths of our spiritual nature."

In reply to a communication of Mr. Tylor in *Nature*, February 20th, Mr. Wallace replies in that journal of March 10th:—

"Mr. Tylor suggests that the phenomena that occur in the

presence of what are called mediums, are or may be of the same nature as the subjective impressions of persons under the influence of a powerful mesmeriser. Five-and-twenty years ago I was myself a practised mesmeriser, and was able to produce on my own patients almost the whole range of phenomena which are exhibited in public as illustrative of 'mesmerism' or 'electro-biology.' I carried on numerous experiments in private, and paid especial attention to the conditions under which the phenomena occur. During the last seven years I have had repeated opportunities of examining the phenomena that occur in the presence of so-called 'mediums,' often under such favourable conditions as to render trick or imposture simply impossible. I believe, therefore, I may lay claim to some qualifications for comparing the mesmeric with the mediumistic phenomena with especial reference to Mr. Tylor's suggestion, and I find that there are two great characteristics that broadly distinguish the one from the other.

" 1.—The mesmerised patient never has doubts of the reality of what he sees or hears. He is like a dreamer to whom the most incongruous circumstances suggest no idea of incongruity, and he never inquires if what he thinks he perceives harmonises with his actual surroundings. He has, moreover, lost his memory of what and where he was a few moments before, and can give no account, for instance, of how he has managed to get out of a lecture-room in London, to which he came as a spectator half an hour before, on to an Atlantic steamer in a hurricane, or into the recesses of a tropical forest.

" The assistants at the *séances* of Mr. Home or Mrs. Guppy are not in this state, as I can personally testify, and as the almost invariable *suspicion* with which the phenomena are at first regarded clearly demonstrates. They do not lose memory of the immediately preceding events; they criticise, they examine, they take notes, they suggest tests—none of which the mesmerised patient ever does.

" 2.—The mesmeriser has the power of acting on 'certain sensitive individuals' (not on 'assemblies' of people, as Mr. Tylor suggests), and all experience shows that those who are thus sensitive to any one operator are but a small proportion of the population, and these almost always require previous manipulation with passive submission to the operator. The number who can be acted upon without such previous manipulation is very small, probably much less than one per cent. But there is no such limitation to the number of persons who simultaneously see the mediumistic phenomena. The visitors to Mr. Home or Mrs. Guppy all see whatever occurs of a physical nature, as the records of hundred of sittings demonstrate.

"The two classes of phenomena, therefore, differ fundamentally; and it is a most convincing proof of Mr. Tylor's very slender acquaintance with either of them, that he should even suggest their identity. The real connection between them is quite in an opposite direction. It is the mediums, not the assistants, who are 'sensitives.' They are almost always subject to the mesmeric influence, and they often exhibit all the characteristic phenomena of coma, trance, rigidity, and abnormal sense-power. Conversely, the most sensitive mesmeric patients are almost invariably mediums. The idea that it is necessary for me to inform 'Spiritualists' that I believe in the power of mesmerisers to make their patients believe what they please, and that this 'information' might 'bring about investigations leading to valuable results,' is really amusing, considering that such investigations took place twenty years ago, and led to this important result—that almost all the most experienced mesmerists (Prof. Gregory, Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Reichenbach, and many others) became Spiritualists! If Mr. Tylor's suggestion had any value, these are the very men who ought to have demonstrated the subjective nature of mediumistic phenomena; but, on the contrary, as soon as they had the opportunity of personally investigating them, they all of them saw and admitted their objective reality."

BIBLE SPIRITUALISM.

THERE seems to be a growing controversy between Bible and anti-Bible Spiritualism in England, with some danger of sectarian odium and intolerance. This does not promise to be directly useful to the cause of Spiritualism as a mission of religious evolution.

Christian Spiritualists should remember that neither the Romanists nor Protestant churches have been able during the present century to convert unbelievers to the religion of the Bible, nor to a belief in the existence of a future life; and that anti-Bible Spiritualists, entrusted with a special mission, have converted within the last twenty years hundreds of thousands, and possibly several millions of unbelievers or so-called Atheists, to a belief in the continuous existence of disembodied human spirits and the immortality of the soul. This is a magnificent result, achieved by spirits in the other world influencing certain mediums in this, who were themselves in sympathy with anti-Bible rationalistic modes of thought.

The reasoning faculties of this class of minds are on a lower phase of religious understanding than that of Bible Spiritualism, though hardly inferior in any sense to the irrational theology of nearly all the religious sects of Christendom, Roman, Lutheran, or Calvinist. It is the Bible Spiritualism of these sectarians which is so highly offensive to the anti-Bible class of modern Spiritualists, and causes them to feel a strong antipathy for all sects of Christianity, and even for the Bible itself, so often and perversely invoked by these dogmatic and intolerant sects. Moreover it is this so-called rationalistic antipathy to the Bible itself and to all sects of Christians, which gives a marked preference to missionaries of modern Spiritualism amongst the most unbelieving class of minds. We Bible Spiritualists should appreciate this anti-Bible mission for what it is worth, and not feel angry with its want of higher understanding, which higher plane of reason, is beyond the present reach of such a class of minds, and if applied to them would be utterly incomprehensible.

Our advice then is, that Bible Spiritualists learn to tolerate and even to appreciate the modes of thought of anti-Bible Spiritualists for the sake of the good which the latter can do, where the former are powerless. Let each class of minds find work for itself where the harvest is ripe and the reapers are few.

We do not wish to insinuate that Bible Spiritualists are not to think for themselves, and even criticise the views of all sects and parties, and from this point of view we may offer a few observations on the divergent sects of modern Spiritualism. There are two distinct classes of mind busy in the movement, and two sects in each of these, namely:—

Bible Spiritualists { 1. Reincarnationists.
2. Anti-reincarnationists.

Anti-Bible Spiritualists { 1. Free-lovers.
2. Anti-free lovers.

In France the reincarnationists of the school of the late Allan Kardec are very numerous, while they are very few in England; in America the free-lovers are said to be very numerous amongst anti-Bible Spiritualists, while they are very few in England, and indeed we may say would not be tolerated in society. Free-lovers and reincarnationists being out of the question in England, the dissidence is between Bible and anti-Bible Spiritualists, and this difference of opinion is open to controversy with or without intolerant bigotry or enmity, on either side.

Dupuis, Volney, Voltaire, Paine, Godfrey Higgins, Andrew Jackson Davis, and many others are accepted luminaries of anti-Bible Spiritualists, in opposition to the Bible, as a divine revelation and a religious authority. Some of them admit the God of nature as divine authority, and these are called Deists,

while others deny that there is a God of justice and benevolence in nature, or such a God could never have created tape-worms, and hundreds of other parasitical torments of the human body; not to mention rattle-snakes and tigers to worry and devour harmless creatures.

The God of Nature has certainly created some strange creatures, and the God of the Bible revealed some strange things, and human reason must endeavour to understand the motives of divine reason in all such cases; but certain minds revolt against the horrors of these things, and say they cannot be divine, they must be diabolical; as if that made any difference to the problem to be solved.

Dupuis, Volney, Voltaire, and Paine were learned men, we know, because we have read some of their works; Godfrey Higgins may be very learned for ought we know, we have not read his works. Andrew Jackson Davis is a very good man, with a frank and friendly bearing, as far as we knew of him in New York City, where we sometimes met him in society in 1856, 7, and 8; but he is not a learned man, though a medium for some learned spirits, who have impressed him to write books on various topics, in a copious and popular style very acceptable to many unlearned readers, though superficial and tedious to those who know more than the writer on questions of purely natural science.

Andrew Jackson Davis has no doubt been used as an instrument to convert Atheists to a belief in the immortality of the soul, and the existence of a spiritual world; and his own natural state of mind fits him for this mission. He told me himself, that the Bible has become stale and unprofitable spiritual food for mankind; that new spiritual food is necessary for the regeneration of the human race. He does not understand the Bible—not many do, perhaps. His mind is not capable of understanding very deep spiritual truths. I told him so, on one occasion; in consequence, of which, he said, as we were leaving the house, that he had a crow to pluck with me. I told him to choose his own time, but I have heard nothing from him since. Perhaps he will do it now. He will remember the occasion in the winter of 1857-8, when Mr. Alcott came to New York, and we were all invited to meet him at the house of a gentleman whose name I forget, but who was a dentist by profession.

I hope Mr. A. J. Davis will feel inclined, because I see in the *Medium* of February 23rd, and March 1st, that a letter on "The Parentage of Jesus and Free-love" indignantly blamed by Mr. Gerald Massey, has called forth a profession of faith from the editor, in which he reiterates in his own way the faith he has long maintained, and which being duly analysed

amounts to this,—there is no God but God, and Andrew Jackson Davis is his prophet.

A controversy on this subject would perhaps be useful in clearing to some extent, the mental atmosphere of modern Spiritualism.

HUGH DOHERTY, M.D.

Paris, March 3, 1872.

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN LONDON.

UNDER date of March 12, 1872, Mr. Samuel Guppy, of 1, Morland Villas, Highbury Hill Park, writes:—

“On the 4th inst., I accompanied my wife to Mr. Hudson, photographer, 177, Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road, to have her picture taken for some *cartes de visite*. After her sitting was finished I asked her to try an experiment, to see if I could get a spirit-photograph. I arranged the drapery, sitting myself in front of the screen of black cloth, my wife being behind it. While so sitting, waiting for Mr. Hudson to bring the prepared plate, a wreath of artificial flowers was placed on my head. Mr. Hudson brought the plate, took and developed the picture which showed a draped figure, in white, standing behind me. My wife was dressed entirely in black, and neither she nor I had any idea of trying for spirit-photographs when we went to Mr. Hudson; in fact, the idea only entered my head five minutes before I put it in execution. We tried again, and got another curious figure of white drapery, with an opening in it resembling the ace of spades. The third time we tried I arranged the drapery so that instead of one large background two curtains met. This time the black curtain appears to have been drawn aside, and there is white drapery with a dark place in the centre.

“Two days after, Mr. Hudson had sent me the proofs, and Miss Houghton called on my wife and seeing the proofs, begged her to step over with her to Mr. Hudson's and make a trial. Three pictures were taken of Miss Houghton. In the first there is a veiled figure behind Miss H., and a spirit-hand near Miss H.'s shoulder; in the second there is a veiled figure, in which there are indistinct traces of a face; in the third there is no figure; but Miss H. felt her hairpin (a tortoiseshell, with a cross) removed, and above her head are three illuminated points representing a cross.

“As far as I know, these are the first positively and indubitably spirit-photographs taken in this country. They are

neither very handsome nor very perfect, but they show a spirit-power of acting on the salts of silver much stronger than anything I have seen from America. Mr. Hudson will show the pictures to any person who calls on him."

We have also received the following letter with the photographs referred to, and which correspond with the description given :—

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

20, Delamere Crescent, W., March 11th, 1872.

SIR,—I went on Thursday, March 7th, to Mrs. Guppy's, and in the afternoon Mr. Guppy showed me three photographs, and told me that the spirit who usually converses audibly with them, had given particular instructions as to the needful arrangements to be made, which they had carried out at the photographic studio of Mr. Hudson, which is very near their own residence, and those photographs were the result of their first trial. Mrs. Guppy was in a kind of extemporised dark cabinet, behind Mr. Guppy, who, while sitting in readiness to be photographed, (of course in the full light of day), felt a wreath of flowers lightly placed upon his head, and so the portrait was taken, while a large veiled figure is seen standing behind him. I believe they were artificial flowers which Mr. Hudson had in his room for the use of any sitter who might wish for such an ornament. In the other two photographs there are also gleaming white figures to be seen behind Mr. Guppy, but not very defined.

Mr. Guppy then suggested that as it was such a fine afternoon, we might as well go over to Mr. Hudson's, and make the experiment with me as the sitter. Mrs. Guppy was not very well, and therefore feared the attempt would be useless, but my spirit friends urged it, so Mr. Guppy and I started immediately to get everything ready, leaving Mrs. Guppy to follow us, and she arrived at the very moment that she was wanted. While Mr. Hudson was in his dark room preparing the plate, she told me that after I had come away, she had had a message from the spirit to the effect that mamma would try to manifest herself, and to place her hand on my shoulder. Of course as soon as Mr. Hudson began to develop his negative, we questioned eagerly whether there was anything to be seen on it, and hearing that there was, went in to see as soon as we could be admitted without risk of damaging it by letting in the light; and behind me there is a veiled figure with the hand advanced almost to my shoulder; there is also behind the hand, a glimpse of a face belonging to another spirit, but being out of focus, it is not very distinguishable, although I do recognise it.

A second plate was then prepared—and there, within a brilliant light appear two figures as far as the bust, but the

brightness of the light has probably prevented them from being defined, so that it was only by studying them with a powerful magnifying glass that I have been able to identify them as papa and mamma, thus united as it were in one medallion. The form of the light which is somewhat of an oval, reminded me of the first experiences of the gifted medium Dr. Willis, that I heard him relate on the occasion of his public reception at the Spiritual Institute, Southampton-row. He then told us that one night when going into his own room he had seen a bright, egg-shaped light, which gradually increased in size, and then seemed to open, when within it he saw his mother, as far down as the waist; she then spoke to him, giving him some family details of which he knew nothing, but afterwards ascertained the truth of them from his grandmother, and he was thus convinced of the reality of a spirit-world.

We asked Mr. Hudson to prepare another plate, but while he was doing it, we heard raps, and received a negative in answer to our desire for another spirit photograph, and notwithstanding my pleading, we were told that there would not be another, but I still wished to try, and asked if I was wilful in making the attempt, to which the answer was a brisk *yes*. But the plate had been got ready, and I was very anxious for the appearance of one of my two little baby sisters, whose birthday it was, and I felt the dear little hands playing about my head, and just as Mr. Hudson was focussing me, I felt the tortoise-shell dagger withdrawn from my head, and as he again covered the lens after taking the negative, the dagger was dropped into my lap. On our questioning Mr. Hudson as to the result, he said:—"There is no spirit—but in the air, above the head, I see a cross." I then explained to him what it was, and, as he had not noticed it, I gave it to him to look at when we joined him in his sanctum.

You may imagine how anxious I was to receive the proofs, which came to me on Saturday night, and I enclose you one of each, so that you may possess the earliest English specimens. They are not very successful as far as my portrait is concerned, for it was so late in the day that the lights and shadows are unsoftened by half-tints, but I consider that they each have a great value for their spiritual significance: the first, for the clearly defined *hand*, the symbol of *power*, thus implying that this phase of manifestation will do a great work for Spiritualism. In the second, the complete union of the true husband and wife exemplifies the happiness to be attained by those who have led unsullied lives; while the third contains a test for the sceptical, the dagger being, as it were, self-sustained in the air, although from the background being black (by the direction of the spirits),

the dark tortoise-shell is not very visible, except for the bright gleams of light on the three balls, and on the hilt-guard.

GEORGINA HOUGHTON.

We may here add that the manifestation of spirit-faces at Mr. Guppy's house, referred to in our last number, has again been witnessed; they appear with increasing distinctness, and one is said to be the same as that of the draped figure on the photographs of Mr. Guppy.

MR. G. H. LEWES ON DICKENS.

DICKENS possessed singularly sensitive spiritual faculties. He lived in an atmosphere uncongenial to the development of his gifts, and he probably regarded them with some suspicion himself; but his writings afford ample evidence that he was wiser than he knew and in his conversation he frequently described experiences which proved how open were his relations with the other world. Than Mr. G. H. Lewes there is not perhaps among our contemporaries an author with a more decided aversion to Spiritualism; the dictionary does not appear to contain terms sufficiently emphatic for his scorn and contempt; yet in an article entitled "Dickens in relation to Criticism," in the *Fortnightly Review* for February, he has to testify that—

"Dickens once declared to me that every word said by his characters was distinctly *heard* by him. I was at first not a little puzzled to account for the fact that he could hear language so utterly unlike the language of real feeling, and not to be aware of its preposterousness; but the surprise vanished when I thought of the phenomena of hallucination."

Of course, Dickens's experience had to be explained away as "phenomena of hallucination;" but we may thank Mr. Lewes for the fact whilst dispensing with his explanation.

Mr. Forster has related the intense grief of Dickens at the death of Mary, his sister-in-law—a grief which for two months interrupted the composition of *Pickwick*. Writing from America and describing his delight at Niagara Falls, he says:—

"What would I give if you and Mac were here to share the sensations of this time! I was going to add, what would I give if the dear girl whose ashes lie in Kensal Green had lived to come so far along with us; but she has been here many times, I doubt not, since her sweet face faded from my earthly sight."

Mr. Lewes cites these lines, and the question occurs with what intention does he suppose Dickens wrote the words we have

put in italics? Did Dickens really mean that Mary had visited Niagara many times? Or does Mr. Lewes imagine he was desecrating sincere affection with sentimental fibs?

"Several years afterwards," continues Mr. Lewes, "in the course of a quiet chat over a cigar we got on a subject which always interested Dickens, and on which he had stored many striking anecdotes—dreams. He then narrated, in his quietest and most impressive manner, that after Mary's death her image not only haunted him by day, but for twelve months visited his dreams every night. At first he refrained from mentioning it to his wife; and after deferring this some time, felt unable to mention it to her. He had occasion to go to Liverpool, and as he went to bed that night, there was a strong hope that the change of bed might break the spell of his dreams. It was not so however. That night as usual the old dream was dreamt. He resolved to unburthen his mind to his wife, and wrote that very morning a full account of his strange experience. From that time he ceased to dream of her. I forget whether he said he had never dreamt of her since; but I am certain of the fact that the spell had been broken then and there."

Mysterious are the conditions and affinities of spiritual communion! "The spell was broken," but why?

"Here is another contribution to the subject of dreams," adds Mr. Lewes, "which I had from Dickens shortly before his death. One night after one of his public readings, he dreamt that he was in a room where every one was dressed in scarlet. (The probable origin of this was the mass of scarlet opera-cloaks worn by the audience, having left a sort of *after glow* on his retina.) He stumbled against a lady standing with her back towards him. As he apologised she turned her head and said, quite unprovoked, 'My name is Napier.' The face was one perfectly unknown to him, nor did he know any one named Napier. Two days after he had another reading in the same town, and before it began, a lady friend came into the waiting-room accompanied by an unknown lady in a scarlet opera-cloak, 'who,' said his friend, 'is very desirous of being introduced.' 'Not Miss Napier,' he jokingly inquired. 'Yes; Miss Napier.' Although the face of his dream-lady was not the face of this Miss Napier, the coincidence of the scarlet cloak and the name was striking."

It was striking indeed; but whilst Mr. Lewes accounts for the scarlet cloak, he leaves the more remarkable incident of the name unaffected. And so it nearly always is with what are called "scientific" explanations of spiritual phenomena. Some of the circumstances are dealt with more or less plausibly, but the central position is left unattacked.

A PAINTING MEDIUM AGED FOURTEEN.

THE March number of *Human Nature*, contains the account of a boy aged 14, named Charles Sivan, who never received an hour's instruction in painting, but who has produced more than fifty paintings under the control of spirits. The boy's uncle, Mr. Thomas Wilson, ironmonger, Market-square, Aylesbury, gives the history of the case; as follows:—

"The mediumship of my nephew commenced about six years ago in the following accidental manner. He was suffering very much from toothache, and, having just read something of Spiritualism and healing mediumship, I said in sport to my wife, that I would try my healing powers on the boy. I accordingly placed one hand on his head, and with the other commenced stroking down his face on the side where the aching tooth was located. In a few minutes he dropped off to sleep, and I laid him on the sofa. In a short time I perceived his hand moving about in an extraordinary manner; but, having read Barkas's 'Outlines of Spiritualism,' given me by a relative from Newcastle-on-Tyne, I had made myself acquainted with some of the phases of mediumship—that of writing amongst the rest. I accordingly put a pencil into the boy's hands, and immediately there was rapidly written, 'Let the boy alone; he is all right,—Mary.' I asked the lad what he meant, when he replied through the pencil: 'It is not the boy who is writing, but I, your sister, dead now about twenty-two years!' After he had lain on the sofa about two hours, his hand again wrote, giving me instructions how to wake him. I did so, and the first question the boy asked was, 'Where is that lady who has been laying hold of my hand?' I desired to know what he meant; and he described the form, features, and every particular of outline, height, and size, of my deceased sister, as accurately as I could have done myself. The toothache had also vanished. Since that time he describes the particular controlling spirit who influences his hand, as standing by his side, and placing one hand upon his. Though entranced, he knows that his hand moves about, but he cannot tell afterwards whether he has been writing, drawing, or painting. After discovering his mediumship, I got a few friends to assist me from time to time in sitting at the table. One of these friends, Mr. Parker, has continued to sit with us very regularly from the first up to the present time. In this way, nearly all the various phases of mediumship have been produced—table moving, rapping, seeing spirits in the trance, and so on.

"When his mediumship had continued about two years, he

began to see spirits as he went about the house or town. I have known him to describe as many as six different spirits on his passage from the shop to the bedroom. I have seen a table in the parlour dance about very considerably, no one being nearer it than, at least, six feet. About two years ago he commenced to draw with the lead pencil, and produced very crude sketches, regularly, for some time. Then strange-looking animals, with short descriptions, stating that they belonged to one or the other of the planets. He attended school, at Bexley Heath, for twelve months, part of 1870 and 1871. In the early part of last year he again sat at the table, and the drawing proceeded as before. Water-colours were then asked for, and a great many little things were done, getting better from day to day, until about May last, when oil-colours were required. Since then, a list of pictures, fifty-one in number, have been produced. This series was commenced in April, 1871."

Then follows a list of the paintings, and of the several artists who produced them, as given to Mr. Wilson by the spirits at his request.

The editor visited the medium, and describes some of the paintings, and gives some further particulars elicited from Mr. Wilson. We are told that several spirits control the medium besides the painters; and their autographs have been given, as well as sketches illustrating their identity. Mary Wilson the writing spirit, who gives all the instructions, affixes to her signature a hand holding a pen in the act of writing on a scroll. Wm. Wilson was a doctor, and used to carry a skull and cross-bones depicted on a card and fixed in the top of his hat. John Wilson was a carpenter, and does the framing, fixing, and other mechanical operations. H. Seymour was the son of a former employer of Mr. Wilson, who thus describes the symbol opposite that name:—"The £5 note in front of H. Seymour's signature I consider an excellent proof of identity. The writer of that signature went to reside at Brighton for a time, and during his residence there he wrote to me to loan him £5. I did so, and the first time I saw him afterwards he honourably returned it. I had forgotten the transaction until I read the meaning of the symbol drawn opposite his name, for I could not understand the meaning of it myself. The boy knew nothing of this transaction, as it had never been mentioned before him, or even brought to my mind, as the money was honourably paid to me, and I had therefore no longer need to entertain thoughts of the transaction." Henry Angus was a relative of Mr. Wilson's, who used to tease him for a tin teapot, and in memory of the joke, he had it placed opposite his name. William Angus, another relative, was an undertaker, and proves his identity by

the coffin. However, all of these signatures are recognised by Mr. Wilson and others as genuine, and fac-similes of the writing produced while in earth-life by the persons whom they represent.

Some of the paintings are copies of works of eminent artists. We are told—

“On the morning after the copy of Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage was produced it was found written, ‘Mr. Turner has been doing a little painting. When you go to London, he wishes you to take it with you to the National Gallery, and compare it with one which is on view there.’ Mr. Wilson tried in vain to get the name of the picture, but no further information was afforded him, so he had no alternative but take his picture to London, and see whether his spirit communications were a hoax or the truth. At that time he had not received so many tests as now, and his faith was necessarily not so strong. Accordingly he came to London, and brought the small picture with him, and on looking over the Turner collection, he at once found the original, the copy of which, done by the medium, was found to correspond with it exactly in every particular, even to a dead branch that appears among the foliage of the tree in the foreground. Whilst Mr. Wilson was verifying this picture he discovered another, entitled ‘Crossing the Brook,’ which the boy-medium had faithfully reproduced in like manner. Thus was Mr. Wilson thoroughly confirmed in the truthfulness of the spirit-communications, as he was entirely ignorant of the existence of such pictures until he verified the statement of the spirits by examining the originals in the National Gallery.

“Mr. Wilson states that he has had one instance of direct spirit-writing, and about four years ago the boy wrote about twenty pages of poetry.

“A great number of people have seen these paintings, and two eminent artists have likewise inspected them, and say they manifest many points of excellence. The composition of the pieces are considered of a kind far beyond a school-boy’s conceptions, or, indeed, any but a painter of considerable ability.”

In connection with the article is a lithographed sheet of *fac-similes* of the signatures and emblematic sketches attached thereto by the spirits through the hand of the medium. Each signature is distinctive, quite unlike either that of the boy or of his uncle, which are given; and as far as we have traced them corresponding to the known autographs of their respective writers.

"A CHAPTER FROM A LIFE'S HISTORY."

THE subjoined narrative has been forwarded by a friend of the editor, with the following note:—

My dear Sir,—A relation of mine having lately had some, to us, rather singular spiritual experiences, I have induced her to throw the facts together in the form of a letter, thinking that they may interest your readers. If you consider the paper worth a place in your pages it is at your service. I need only add that the whole is given honestly as literal and unvarnished truth without the least addition. A few of the phenomena I myself witnessed and for the rest I am fully prepared to vouch. The writer has an enquiring mind and is more prone to doubt than to believe. Indeed, even now, she often tells me she is far from being thoroughly convinced and has many doubts and suspicions yet to be cleared up.

Yours faithfully,

D. A. L.,
B.A., B. Sc., Lond.

My dear Friend,—As I think I have before told you, my spiritual experiences commenced on Christmas Day, 1870. For the next two months I sat at least once a week at my little table, sometimes quite alone, and sometimes with Louisa. The manifestations were good, and I had every reason to believe that I was often in actual communication with a sister who left this life some eight or nine years ago. This being so satisfactory, you will be surprised, perhaps, to hear that I never once received any information respecting a dear friend who had left me but recently, and between whom and myself there had existed a strong sympathy of thought and feeling; and, what is quite as extraordinary, Lewis Banks never came to me.

Of course you have often heard of Lewis, and of the "shameful manner" in which I treated him, and no doubt have shared the feelings of indignation caused by my "heartless behaviour," &c.; but you have never heard how it all happened; you do not know the real truth, because until now I have never revealed it. No; seven years ago I locked up the secret so firmly that its existence was not even suspected. Ah! they never would have called me "heartless" had they guessed what an aching sore I carried about with me. Why did I not tell them? How could I? The more I suffered, the more I hid my sufferings. What! tell parents and sisters that which I had withheld from *him*? Rather bear invectives and reproaches—rather total estrangement.

After the lapse of seven years, it is difficult, yea, all but impossible, to find the real motives by which I was actuated, therefore I think it is better to give you merely a relation of the facts, and leave you to draw your own conclusions.

The real cause of the whole affair was our first-cousinship. Had that not existed, there would have been more reserve in our intercourse with each other; at all events we should have examined our ways, and have clearly defined our intentions, before indulging in confidential communications. Then again, why did fate, in the shape of mutual relations, throw us so much together? We were in the same German class; each wrote essays and poems to be criticised by the other; we discussed religious questions; we went deeply into the subject of capital punishment; and finally, we took different sides on the American War. So strong were our opinions on this last question, that interminable arguments never worked a conversion on either side, and when I went away to begin life as a governess so much remained to be said that a brisk correspondence was a positive necessity. I will not say that nothing but arguments filled our letters; there were collateral points—points full of interest and tempting beyond measure to minds of a discursive order—and by-and-by we dropped the American War entirely.

Then gradually I saw that our correspondence was assuming quite a different phase; Lewis's letters were taking another tone—one clearly not dictated by cousinly feeling. This was a dilemma which would have puzzled an older head than mine. I did not want Lewis for a lover, but I did want him for a friend, and I took the very worst measures to bring this about. I wrote and told him that unless he could carry on the correspondence on purely Platonic principles, it must come to a full stop at once. He remonstrated, and many letters passed between us; I admitted to him that his friendship was much to me; he suggested that it might be more; then, doubting the strength of my own principles and feeling silence to be my only safe course, I said firmly, "I will write to you no more." You will laugh, perhaps, when I say that I did not contemplate silence; how could I, when to write or not to write was provoking such an active exchange of letters? It was a point we contested warmly, in fact we began to treat it like a scholastic question, one quite external to our correspondence, and I was determined to maintain my position until compelled by sheer exhaustion of argument to yield it. As the Midsummer holidays approached, Lewis proposed to let the matter stand over for a *viva voce* discussion.

Two weeks of the holiday passed and then came Lewis. Like two children we took the pleasure of the moment, we walked and talked, gathered wild roses and dug ferns, made hay and even flew kites; but, as if by mutual consent, we never touched upon the very question which we had met to decide. With the

last week came a change; there was no more of the child in Lewis; on every possible occasion he approached the subject; I grew skilled in the art of fencing, and he gained no advantage. His sister gave him all the help she could; I saw it and was annoyed; in our last walk she continually tried to leave us alone, but I followed her like her shadow. Somewhere in the depths of a wood we sat down to rest, Lewis carved my name on a tree and begged me to come and see it. I barely glanced at it then, little thinking that one day I should clasp the tree in a very agony of spirit, and ask in the bitterness of my soul—

‘Is there never a chink in the world above,
Where they listen to words from below?’

Still the question remained undiscussed. How fervently did I wish that it might be left always in that condition, or that Lewis and I might once more become the friends we had been! But either alternative seemed now alike impossible. Even on the last morning I escaped a *tête-à-tête* with Lewis, until he took care to render escape impossible—then, when fairly brought to bay, I longed to say “Yes,” yet felt impelled to say “No.”

“Mary, will you write to me?” “As a cousin, yes.”

“As a cousin I cannot write; will you write upon my terms?” “No, I will not.”

“Write then as a cousin.” He said this so eagerly that I replied at once, “No, I’ll not write at all.”

I ought certainly to have pointed out, or even hinted at the host of difficulties which I saw opposing the fulfilment of his wish; but I did not. I left him to attribute my refusal to caprice. He brought before me the pleasure I had confessed to feel in the correspondence, the happy days we had spent together; and even suggested that my conduct to him, until the last week, had given him encouragement. I could deny none of the charges, so I merely said, “I won’t write again.” I suppose I felt that the time for argument was past, for when he persuaded and entreated me to be more true to myself and him, I grew harder and harder, and reiterated “No, no, no!” Yet I went with him to the railway station, and was so kind and friendly that at the last moment he whispered—“Once more, Mary, will you write?” “Once more, Lewis, no; I will not.”

One letter more I had from Lewis, written, he said, because he could not believe me to be so false and faithless as I seemed. Miserable me! I never answered that letter; no, I tore it into scraps, and more than that, I tore up every letter he had ever written me. I made a bonfire of them; I poked and pounded them into little bits, and when at last they were consumed, I

cried and sobbed, because the world was so wide and empty without a friend.

The silence grew intolerable, yet I told myself day by day that I was quite right not to break it; so month after month passed by, autumn came, then November wet and cold and miserable; I shudder now when I think of those days. A little after four o'clock one Sunday afternoon, I was pacing my room, a very personification of gloom and misery, when suddenly, unaccountably, I felt that I was not alone; I started, looked round, but I saw no one and heard nothing; the impression deepened and became so definite that I even named the presence, for I exclaimed aloud "Oh Lewis, Lewis! what a troublesome world this is!" At first I almost expected an answer, then I laughed, for Lewis was miles away. Ah me! on that Sunday afternoon soon after four o'clock Lewis passed away from this life with my name on his lips. Just think of the awful silence which followed, a silence of seven long years; then realise if you can that this silence has been broken. You will be interested to hear how; I am now going to tell you, and if you find the narration tax your power of belief, you must remember that I am not drawing upon my memory, but writing from notes which I made after every communication.

In the July of this present year, I discovered that Phoebe Martin had had some strange experiences, and was investigating Spiritualism. I called upon her, and in the course of conversation she produced a planchette, saying that she was a writing medium. Although the weather was unfavourable we sat together hoping to get some writing; but planchette could not or would not write, and we were fain to content ourselves with tilted answers to our questions. Presently a decided change took place in the tilts, they became firm and decided. Phoebe looked curiously at me and then said, "He always tilts so."

"Who tilts so?" "Lewis Banks."

"Has he then been to you?" "Yes, he has written messages to his mother through me."

"And you are sure it is he?" "Quite. I have tested him severely."

Perfectly incapable of saying anything to him, I at first left Phoebe to ask just what she liked, then rousing myself a little I suggested a few questions which might serve as tests. These being correctly answered, Phoebe asked for a message. "Mind Mary b——" here we lost a letter, and it seemed impossible to get more; planchette then moved vigorously, and after some scribbling produced the word "dear," and then what seemed to us "Julia is——," but we could get no more.

On July 23, I sat with my sister Ellen; several spirits had

been to us, when, as before, the firm raps commenced and Lewis Banks announced himself. He answered several test questions, wrote his own name and mine and those of several other relations. He told us that he was not happy, that he was sorry he left this world; he advised us to investigate Spiritualism and promised us all the help he could give. He said he could neither read my thoughts nor influence me, and that he had no idea that any change had taken place in my religious opinions.

July 24.—Ellen and I sat for an hour and a half. Soon the firm raps commenced; we asked for the initials of the name of our communicant, and "L. B." was written at once and very clearly. I asked for full initials, after two false attempts they were written. I then asked for my second name, which was given correctly; but immediately afterwards came the startling question, "Do you love me?" Imagine such a question coming in such a manner! Will you wonder that I was perfectly unable to answer it?

Lewis came again to us the next day, but seemed unable to write much. When asked to spell the cause of failure he gave this, "Ellen is not a writing medium." "What sort of a medium is she?" "Trance." In answer to many questions, we elicited that he himself would entrance her on the next evening, and that through her he would say something to me which he could neither write nor spell. When asked why Ellen was a trance medium, he spelt: "Passive brain, kind temper, will keep quiet." Of course we kept the appointment next day, but the attempt, if attempt were made, was a total failure; Ellen never even felt an inclination to sleep.

Lewis's next visit to me was made under peculiar circumstances. In the waiting room of a railway station when I was showing a planchette to a friend, he came and without the least reserve wrote an affectionate message to "Dear Mary, my own old love." It now occurred to me that perhaps Lewis would not speak freely in the presence of Ellen, therefore on the first Sunday in August I determined to sit alone. Planchette soon wrote the initials, "L. B.," then the name in full, then answers to some test questions. Then Lewis said that he was in the room, that he could hear what I said, but could not see me; that he could not read my thoughts though he was conscious of some of them. I said, "How do you know me if you do not see me?" "Your thoughts help to bring me."

I then told him that I had never intentionally been unkind to him; would he write me a message? "Lewis loves you better than ever; he longs to have you with him; he loves no one else better; he has loved you always; he loved you better than his life; he could not live without your letters, so live he

did not. Love me. Will you be my own, Mary, my dear love?"

I saw none of these words as they were written, for I had purposely covered my eyes; when I read them I did not realize them enough to answer them but felt that I must make the most of so good an opportunity for gaining interesting information. I therefore asked a question which had often occurred to me relative to his absence from all my *séances* in the spring; this led to the next, "Why did you not know that I was investigating Spiritualism?" "Because," he wrote, "I could not read your thoughts."

"Where do you live, and how do you spend your time?" "Lewis lives with those who love knowledge dearly; he spends his time learning new things; he studies diligently as he worked on earth. Good-bye, Mary, my own dear love." These messages were with the exception of one word entirely written with my left hand. If you wish, you may see the original papers; indeed I should like you to do so, as the writing is well worth an examination; it is all in text hand and looks much like that produced by guiding a child's hand. Do you think that Lewis himself guided my hand? Why does he give information in the third person and ask questions in the first? My theory is that in the former case, he is satisfied with suggesting to his agent the ideas which he wishes to be communicated, whilst in the latter he so strongly infuses the ideas with his own feelings that "Lewis" becomes "I or me." Soon after this, Ellen and I went to visit a friend for a day or two. We had a few good *séances* with planchette, and one evening four of us sat at a small round table. Lewis came there, fortunately only giving his initials, when he spelt me an affectionate message. As it was far too affectionate to be pleasant in company, I interrupted, and asked him to send a message which would interest all; this he refused to do, and when asked why, said he cared to interest no one but me. I could not, and would not ask him questions, because so doing would have revealed what I wished no one there to know. Ellen elicited from him that he had much to say, though he would not say it then; that he was not in heaven but near me, where he intended to remain until I joined him, and that he would not be perfectly happy until that event took place. This was getting too close, so I suggested that he should try to write, knowing very well that writing would not be successfully performed on so warm an evening.

August 16.—Ellen and I sat alone, and our first visitor was our sister Annie; she was answering a most interesting question when she was supplanted by Lewis Banks. I told him I wanted to talk to Annie, but he would not consent to give place

to her. Presently he either thought better of it or was compelled to go and Annie returned. Again she left off abruptly, and Lewis wrote his initials, and told us he wanted to say something, which he could neither write nor spell, but would give through Ellen. Here Annie returned; it seems to me that there was a little tussle—I cannot say, but first one and then the other wrote; at any rate Annie came again for a short time. After a while planchette began to move wildly, and finally wrote "Lewis." Again he said he had something to say which he would only say through Ellen. The planchette was like a thing possessed, knocking about the table and moving two legs at once in answer to questions about the conditions to be observed, so that Ellen might be really entranced. He did not appear to be effecting this, so I suggested that he should get some help; planchette jerked indignantly, and then wrote, "Mesmerize her yourself." This I could not do, and presently Lewis said he would try again; it was plainly of no use, I therefore asked him to write a few words before he went away; at once came, "My dear Mary, I love you very much. Do you love me?" Again I did not answer; do not blame me, could you yourself answer such a question asked by an invisible, intangible presence? In our last *séance* with our friends Lewis came, and as before wrote affectionate messages, but when he began to call me, "My good angel," and "Mary, my wife," I thought it was quite time to dissolve the sitting.

On the 20th August, Ellen and I sat alone again, and again came Lewis, vigorous as usual; we tested him almost unnecessarily, and then I asked him to write directly through my hand. Holding the pencil as before in my left hand, it wrote; "Ellen is awake, mesmerize her. Lewis has much to say but he will not say it before any one—he loves you too much, do you not know it, Mary, my old love?" There was a pause and then my hand moved again, but Lewis was evidently not the motive power. "Annie does not believe in love lasting beyond the grave, she thinks that we ought to leave all and go on to God; she thinks Ellen and you ought not to dream away life." "What do we do wrong?" "You do not think often enough of God."

"Is there a God?" "Yes."

"Have you seen Him?" "No."

"Does He care for us?" "Yes, God does bless those who do what is right."

"Do Ellen and I please you?" "No."

"With whom are you best pleased?" "Ellen—because she does her best."

"Why are you not pleased with me?" "You dream of what you might be and do, but you do nothing, you have great powers, you must exert them."

"What must I do?" "Rouse yourself, be yourself; not all things to all men, learn to think of others."

"I am not strong in body?" "You are well enough."

"What would be the effect of taking your advice?" "You would be happier."

Then followed a severe castigation for Ellen. The most extraordinary part of the above communication is, that although utterly out of season now, it exactly applies to our state when Annie left us nine years ago.

On the 26th August I sat again with Phoebe Martin. At first planchette moved irregularly, then suddenly it altered its style and wrote "L. B." Would he write us a message? Yes, he would. "Do you love me, Mary, my dear——"

Evidently more was coming, but I said, write something for Phoebe, and I held the pencil in my left hand, Phoebe placing her hand very lightly on my wrist; she had not read the first message, and from her position could not read these words as they were written. "Do you love me, Mary, dear?"

Again I asked for a few words for Phoebe; this time he complied with my wish, and through my hand wrote something which to me was perfectly unintelligible, and which puzzled Phoebe much. Presently she said, "I believe I have the clue. It is very strange, no one except myself can possibly know anything about this." Anxious to ascertain if her guess was right, she asked him, "Can you read my thoughts?" "Yes."

"Will you answer some mental questions?" "Yes."

My hand now wrote "No," or "Yes," several times, and Phoebe said that the message did refer, as she had anticipated, to some domestic perplexity, and concerning which Lewis had counselled her to seek good advice. We asked, Would he write her the name of some one likely to be useful? He wrote a name at once, and then without a pause added, "You are lonely, are you not, Mary, my good angel wife? Good-bye, Mary, my dear.—Lewis." I may add that Phoebe took the advice given her, with some degree of advantage; I have never heard what the difficulty was.

On the 7th of September Phoebe came to see me with the purpose of getting some more writing, either with planchette or directly through my hand. In many respects our *séance* was a failure; it seemed that so many spirits were present that no one could get a fair chance. We tried with planchette and with the pencil only. Lewis monopolized me and wrote, "Do you love me?" four distinct times; at last he added, "Lewis must be answered, he has waited such a very long time." Phoebe said, "Answer him," and as I could not, she asked him what he would do if he were answered. He wrote, "You must not ask, you

would be——” But here under the impression that nothing was being written we removed the paper. It was now that the confusion commenced. We ascertained by tilts that many of Phoebe's friends, and most particularly her father, wished to send messages to her; but when I held the pencil Lewis wrote, and when Phoebe held it there were no intelligible results; while, if to help her, I laid even a finger on her wrist or planchette, Lewis wrote at once more or less distinctly.

I spent Sunday, the 24th September, with Phoebe. To this fact I attribute our greater success, when in the evening we had a short *séance*. Directly our hands touched planchette it wrote “L. B.” Then when we were talking came an affectionate message to “Mary, my dear wife,” ending with the usual question, “Do you love me?” Phoebe said to me, “Mary, whatever you do, never let Mrs. Banks hear of this.” I asked her if it were likely I should; and then we began to discuss the affair, our hands still resting on planchette, which first moved a little and then became perfectly still. Phoebe having heard the story from the Banks family was very hard upon me. I explained a little, told her that I had tried to act for the best, and owned that I might have done it in a better way. At last I said that the Banks's had been cruel to load me with invectives, for “Had I nothing to bear in losing such a friend as he was?” “Then you did care for him.” “Care for him, of course I did; but he was my first cousin and we were mere children.” “If he had not been?” pursued Phoebe. “What is the use of talking about what might have been? Who knows what might have been if he had had more patience, and had not died.”

Planchette now began to move, and in answer to Phoebe's question, “Who is here now?” “Lewis Banks,” was very clearly written.

“Have you heard our conversation?” “Yes.”

“Has it answered your question?” “Yes.”

“Satisfactorily?” “Yes.”

I felt that it certainly behoved me to speak now; a question appeared more easily framed than a sentence, so I asked, “Have you anything more to say to me now?” “Yes, remember, Mary, that you belong to me for ever.

Phoebe owned that she began to feel nervous. “Suppose, said she, “that after all it is not he who is claiming you.” I asked Lewis to give us a decided proof of his identity; in reply he wrote, “Do you remember what John Rock called us?” I did not and therefore asked him to write it, but after many vain attempts to do so he said he would spell the word. “Fools,” was the result. It is so long since that I do not remember distinctly, but I certainly seem able to recall that John Rock did

make some remark which being repeated to me made me very angry. Altogether I consider this one of the best tests we have had. Lewis's last message to me that evening was, "Good-bye, dear; I am waiting and longing for your coming."

The next evening, being quite alone, I brought out *planchette* for a while; but when it had written "Lewis Banks, I am so happy to think that we can——," fearing that my own mind was dictating the message, I removed my hand.

October 5th.—Phœbe and I sat for an hour and half but did not get one whole message. The *séance* exactly resembled one that we had had a short time before; the communicating spirits would not act in conjunction. Phœbe's father and Lewis Banks both attempted to write, but no sooner was a message commenced by one of them than the other tried to begin. In vain we begged them to give place to one another—"In honour to prefer one another." Phœbe even proposed that each one should have possession of our powers for ten minutes, which proposal was received with indignant thumps. We then asked them to unite their powers and give us a message; this they either could not or would not do.

I spent October 10th with Phœbe, and in the face of great difficulties we contrived to have a short *séance*. Lewis came and wrote something to "Mary, my dear wife" about being very glad that she did love him. Here I said, "Will you not tell me something about life with you? First of all, why do you always call me wife?" He wrote "Because——" Then an interruption occurred, and the sentence was never finished.

Here then the matter rests. Time and opportunity have not served for another *séance*. If they ever again coincide, I shall at once repeat my last question. You will naturally want to know how this strange experience has affected me. I fear my answer will hardly satisfy you. Seven years is a very long interval; I have changed wonderfully in that time; is it not reasonable to suppose that he has changed too? In my opinion he knows as little of my part in the last seven years, as I know of his; his ignorance is to me unaccountable, and it sometimes suggests to me the idea that it is not the myself of this present moment whom he loves, but a "Mary" of his recollection or even perhaps of his imagination. The opportunities for communication being very few, and the difficulty of the process very great, I do not expect to get many questions answered respecting the conditions of life with him; yet failing these answers can I reasonably pledge myself to him?

I should much like to test Lewis further; at present tests do not satisfactorily establish his identity, for when he refers to anything we know, we attribute it to thought-reading, and

when on the other hand he brings forward anything we have either forgotten or never knew, we say at once "It is not he." I confess that at times I am deeply moved—these times I am thankful to say are very rare; thankful because they unfit me for my daily work. I have no time just now either to regret the past, or to anticipate the future; the present demands all the energies of my mind.

Yours, &c.,

A. E. R.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

REV. CAPEL MOLYNEUX ON MINISTERING SPIRITS.

THE Rev. Capel Molyneux says, in his published sermon on the text, "Why weepest thou?" "When Mary was weeping, the Lord she deplored stood close to her. . . . Now, I dare not for a moment say it is so; but who shall say that when a soul is weeping for a departed saint, that saint may not be standing close to it at the very time? We are to be 'as angels,' if we are God's people, and angels are ministering spirits. I am sure that angels are round about us continually. I delight to think of that; in this church I delight to think about it. I believe there are plenty of angels here now. Well, why may not some of these angels be departed souls? You weep for some departed child of God; perhaps he or she may be close to you at this moment!"

SPENSER ON THE RELATION OF THE SOUL TO THE BODY.

Mr. Gillingham's theory "that the soul fills and builds every atom of man's structure," is not a very novel one, as may be seen by the following quotation from Spenser:—

"For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form and doth the body make."

A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

St. Frances was a holy woman who lived in Rome in the *seventeenth* century, and the legend concerning her states that she was favoured with the visible presence of her guardian angel. She has left us the following description of her heavenly companion:—"He is about as tall as a child of nine years of age, his

face is full of sweetness, his eyes are turned towards heaven; he wears a long shining robe, and over it a mantle white as snow. When he walks by my side his feet are never soiled by the mud or dirt of the streets." When St. Frances fell into any fault her good angel disappeared, but as soon as she repented, he came back. At the point of death she was heard to exclaim, "The angel has finished his task. He stands before me; he beckons me to follow him." Having uttered these words, her soul was borne by her angel guardian to heaven. St. Frances is commemorated by the Western Church on March 9th.—*The Penny Post*.

MARLOWE A SPIRITUALIST.

Tradition asserts that the poet Marlowe was an Atheist. It also affirms that he studied the black arts and practised Necromancy. Tradition, if cross-examined on any such subject as this, gets very confused and contradictory. I do not doubt, however, that Marlowe was a Spiritualist, and in some form or other practised spirit-communication. It was partly by aid of this clue that I was enabled to identify Marlowe as the rival poet of Shakespeare's Sonnets, in my book called *Shakespeare's Sonnets and his Private Friends*. This is Shakespeare's reference to his great rival, in Sonnet 86:—

"Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit by Spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished!
He, nor that affable familiar Ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance filled up his line,
Then lacked I matter: that enfeebled mine!"

By this we learn that the rival poet is accredited with being taught by spirits to write above a mortal pitch; that he has spiritual visitants in the night hours, who give him aid in his work; that he is especially reputed to have an attendant spirit—a plausible *familiar* spirit—who "gulls him nightly with intelligence." All this supernatural aid Shakespeare acknowledges that his rival receives, but it was not this which made him keep silence in fear of being eclipsed. He grants the facts of this abnormal inspiration, but does not think very highly of it. He takes the common view that the spirit must be a lying one, and the intelligence false. Still, here is Shakespeare's testimony

that his rival competitor for a patron's approval practised spirit-intercourse, and it is for that evidence I allude to the subject and cite the sonnet. The rival poet I have shown to be Christopher Marlowe, to whom Thomas Thorpe also—in his dedication to Edward Blunt of Marlowe's translation of Lucian's first book—alludes as a "familiar spirit."—*Gerald Massey*.

AN APPARITION AT THE TIME OF DEATH.

The following is taken from the *Renaissance Chronique des Arts et de la Littérature*, published in Belgium, in 1840-1:—

"Two gentlemen visiting this country many years ago were occupying a hut on the frontiers, when a strange form, youthful but cadaverous, in the garb of an officer, noiselessly entered by the door. Both were greatly alarmed, and, seizing their pistols, demanded the name of the intruder. No response came, but the apparition, regarding them fixedly, raised his sword, which gleamed in the light of the fire, heaved a deep sigh, and then slowly withdrew. "That was my brother," said one of them. The other laughed at him, but they remained no longer there, and continued their way through the forest till the sun rose to dispel their fears. On their return from their mission, a letter was received from England announcing to one of them the death of the aforesaid brother at the time he was seen in the American cabin."

THE WRECK OF THE RANGOON.

The *Rangoon*, a fine large steamship bearing the Australian mails, passengers, &c., failed to reach her destination—the Western coast of the Australian continent. With reference to this missing vessel, we clip from the *Ballarat Star*, a newspaper of large circulation upon the Victorian metropolitan gold-field, the following statement. It must be borne in mind that this paragraph was published some time before any information whatever could possibly arrive in the colony respecting the fate of the *Rangoon*:—"On Tuesday evening (Nov. 21st) a circle was formed by some Spiritualists, and in answer to a question put concerning the mail, the following answer in effect was given:—"The English mail will never reach Victoria. The steamship has foundered. All the passengers were saved. The mails were lost." And now follows the sequel. On the 27th (Monday), six days after the message had been given through the medium, and three days after it had appeared in print, the *Melbourne Argus* gives a detailed account of the foundering of

the *Rangoon*. The account had arrived overland *via* Adelaide, to which port the news had been brought by the succeeding mail-ship, the *Bebar*. The loss of the mail, the safety of the passengers, the foundering of the vessel, were each and all correctly stated. It may be added that after the wreck three or four coolies perished in the waves; but it should also be stated that these men had come off from the shore to the steamer for the purpose of pillage, after the wreck had taken place, and were in no way connected with the ship. The sea ran too high for them, and they were drowned.

HOW A BOAT'S CREW WAS SAVED.

The springing a leak and loss of the *Sachem* of Gloucester, occasioned by her sinking on Georges, September 8th, was attended by a singular circumstance, which we find published in the *Cape Ann Advertiser*, that paper assuring the reader that it is correct in every particular, and will be fully substantiated by the master of the vessel, Captain J. Weuzell, from whose log-book the particulars were gleaned:—The vessel left Brown's Bank on the 7th of September at 9 p.m., for Georges, with a fresh north-west breeze. At midnight the steward, John Nelson, arose from his berth, and going aft where the skipper was, remarked in an agitated voice—his whole appearance indicating great fear—"Skipper, we are soon to have a severe gale of wind, or something else of a dangerous nature is going to overtake the vessel, and we had better make land if we can, or at least keep clear of Georges, so as not to have it so rough when the danger comes." Captain Weuzell asked him what made him think so, as everything was clear at the time, and there were no apprehensions of trouble or danger. Nelson replied, "I have been dreaming, and twice before I have had the same kind of dreams when at sea, and both times have had narrow chances of being saved. The first time we were run into the day following the dream, and left in a sinking condition. With great efforts in baling and pumping we reached the coast of Norway. The other time we experienced a terrible gale, had our sails blown away, and the vessel half full of water ran before it under bare poles, until we met the north-east trade winds when we patched her up and made out to get into Havana." He then told the purport of the dreams, which were of females dressed in white, either standing in the rain or near a waterfall, or attempting to cross a brook. The figures in each dream were the same, but the surroundings were different. The steward is a reliable man, and was so much in earnest that the captain,

although seeing no signs of a gale of wind, and not inclined to be superstitious, concluded it best to be on his guard, and charged the man forward to keep a strict watch. The wind was now increasing, with a heavy sea rising, and at half-past one a.m. the vessel was about five miles from Georges Banks. She was hove to under a close-reefed foresail, and they were furling the balance reef, when a white light was observed to leeward, supposed to be on board a fisherman lying at anchor. Suddenly one of the crew sang out from the forecastle, "The vessel is filling with water!" Telling him not to alarm the men, the captain went down and found six inches of water on the top floor. The pumps were immediately manned, and baling with buckets commenced, after which the captain went sounding around in the hold to find the leak, but the vessel was rolling so hard and the water made so much noise among the barrels and in the ice-house that it was impossible to hear anything else. . . . They spoke the schooner *Pescador* and told them their condition. With all their pumping and baling they could not gain on the leak; and the crew were determined not to remain on board another night. The tide swept them down to leeward of the *Pescador*, and efforts were made to speak her again, but they could not reach her. Their movements were seen on board the *Pescador*, and upon asking them to send their boat to take them off, they did so at once. . . . At two p.m. the *Sachem* rolled over on her side, raised herself once, then plunged under head foremost, the master and crew feeling thankful to God that they had escaped and were safely on board the good schooner *Pescador*. These are the facts, and our readers can account for the dreams and the disasters in any manner that best pleases them. We publish the statement because we consider it somewhat remarkable that the dreams should be the harbingers of disaster on three occasions.—*Boston Herald*, November 13th, 1871.

SPIRITUALISM IN CAIRO.

A Society of Spiritualists has been formed in Cairo, Egypt, under the direction of Madame Blavasky, a Russian lady, assisted by several mediums. *Séances* are held twice a week, namely, on Tuesday and Friday evenings, to which members alone are admissible. It is intended to establish, in connection with the Society, a lecture room, and a library of Spiritualistic and other works, as well as a journal under the title *La Revue Spirite du Caire*, to appear on the 1st and 15th each month.

A STRANGE STORY.

The following strange story is taken from *The South London Courier* of Saturday, March 2nd, 1872. It is printed in that journal in large type, and on the leading article page:—

In the present day it is rare to hear of a *bona fide* ghost; but the following story is authenticated in a private circle of friends, to some relations of whom the ghost made his attentions particularly disagreeable. It is, of course, impossible to vouch for the exact truth of every detail of the ghostly story; but the facts are fully believed and certified by the circle above alluded to. The facts are as follows:—A few months ago a couple about to be married took a house in Berkeley-square, and upon concluding the transfer, &c., they were solemnly warned by the agent that a certain room in the house was haunted by a ghost. Of this they thought nothing, however, but, partly out of curiosity and partly out of necessity, the mother of the bride said she would have no fear to sleep in the haunted room, as she was at the house superintending the arrival of furniture, &c. The brave lady was not alone in the house at the time of her venture, as there were servants also sleeping there. At the usual time the lady retired. Nothing alarming was heard by the servants during the night, but the next morning, when they went to call up their mistress, they found her dead—in her bed—with open eyes wildly staring at the ceiling. A medical man, who was called in, could give no satisfactory cause of death, which seemed to have taken place through some violent shock to the brain and nerves. But the newly-married couple, much shocked as they were by the untimely death of their relative, were quite incredulous as to its having been caused by any supernatural agency, or that the supposed ghost had anything to do with it; nay, even the husband of the lady said that the would have no objection to sleep in the haunted room, and he at length prevailed upon his wife to consent to his making trial of the powers of the ghost. But the lady stipulated that she should sleep outside the room in the adjoining passage, and that she should have the protection of a fierce bulldog and a pair of pistols, while two policemen were to be within call in another room. The gentleman retired to rest without any anxiety, the only precaution he took being the taking with him a pair of revolvers, in case of any emergency. He also agreed to ring a bell twice should the ghost appear, and he require the assistance of the police. About half-past twelve p.m. the anxious wife heard the bell ring, first rather rapidly, and then faintly and feebly. She flew into the haunted room and found her husband dead, with his eyes fixedly gazing at the ceiling. Such are the facts. We have not inserted a story merely to gratify our readers, but we have simply recounted the facts as they actually happened. We do not believe in ghosts, and we have no doubt that the whole mystery will ere long be cleared up; but, until we hear the explanation, we cannot help thinking the story a very remarkable one.

The editor of the *Spiritualist* after quoting the above, adds:—

We wrote to the editor of the *South London Courier*, Mr. J. E. Muddock, of 121, Fleet-street, E.C., and asked him for information which would enable us to inquire into and verify the strict accuracy of the narrative. Last Monday we received a reply in which he stated:—"While not being able to give you names and particulars at present respecting the Berkeley-square ghost, I vouch for the accuracy of the facts as narrated, and you are at liberty to use my name, if you think proper." In a subsequent letter, Mr. Muddock says:—"I believe that in each case a coroner's inquest was held, and the verdict returned was '*Died by the Visitation of God.*'"

The story seems to be the same as that which some time ago appeared in *Temple Bar*, under the title of "The Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth."

INTERVIEWING THE SPIRITS.

Under this head the New York *Evening Standard* of January 17th, gives a long account of *séances* with Dr. Henry C. Gordon, of that city written by one of its staff. One of the *séances* is thus described:—

This *séance* took place in the day-time. He and I alone sat at the table which was an ordinary round dining table, covered with a striped tea-cloth. On the table were a Bible, a small hand-bell, a tray of pencils, some common reporting paper, and a small portfolio. The medium and I sat facing each other at opposite sides of the table, and sideways to the light. After sitting a moment he became influenced, and after a process of jerks and spasmodic contortions, passed into what is supposed to be the "trance." He knew neither my name nor occupation, but immediately reaching across the table put his hand on mine, and calling me by name, saluted me as "brother." "Who are you?" I asked. "Do you not know—?" he answered, giving the name of a little sister who died many years ago. The name was a common one, and this "test" did not affect me much. Next, the medium drew himself up, and with a peculiar motion of the head and drawing down of the moustache, that strongly reminded me of a friend recently deceased, commenced writing rapidly. Page after page of the paper was filled; at the bottom of the fifth he signed a name, and shoved the script across to me. The communication began with a term of endearment with which my friend, whom he had appeared to personate, used to address me. I glanced at the signature, and there was the name of my friend in full and *fac simile* of his own sign-manual. The contents of the communications were such as I would have supposed could be addressed me by no one but my friend. They referred to matters which I have every reason to believe were known to none but ourselves. I sat considering a moment, when the medium said: "If you do not believe that I (my friend) am present, if you have not faith after this test, you may ask and we will try to give you a test that shall satisfy you." "May I ask mentally?" "Yes." The hand-bell was just before me, and I involuntarily wished that it might be rung without hands; the wish was hardly out of my mind ere the bell arose about six inches from the table, was rung twice, and then gently descended to its place. This closed the *séance*, the doctor opened his eyes, came to himself, and not being engaged for the moment, very cheerfully answered the questions I asked."

THE POLICE BAFFLED.

The *Gazetta de Torino* relates the following:—"Not far from Savigniano, is a house owned by M. Mussa, which, for some time has been nightly disturbed by spirits of very turbulent and disorderly character. Windows are stoned, and crockery is hurled at visitors by unseen hands. These disturbances at length reached the ears of the prefect of police, who sent four carabinieri with a marshal to install themselves in the house and arrest the disturbers. The *poltergeists*, however, paid no respect to official dignities or police authority, and went on as usual, broke the windows and crockery, tipped over the tables, and did all sorts of mischief. Under these circumstances, what was the poor marshal to do? His orders were peremptory to arrest the disturbers of the peace. Not having fulfilled his instructions, he was liable to the military rules for disobedience."

THE QUESTION OF IMMORTALITY AMONG SCIENTISTS.

By MARY F. DAVIS.

It is a generally conceded proposition, that some idea of a future life is so prevalent, even among rude and barbarous nations, that it may be claimed as universal. Huxley says: "There are savages without God in any proper sense of the word, but none without ghosts." C. O. Whitman, in the *August Radical*, disputes the validity of this claim, and cites examples of such mental darkness among the lowest savage tribes, as would preclude any idea of immortality. "Is it any wonder," he says, "that such hopeless stolidity never indulges speculation about eternal existence?" Nay, verily. But it is a wonder that our author should take the absence of such speculation on the part of these savage beings as an index of the universal native conviction of the mind on this question. He seems not to be aware that, by showing the lack of ideas on all subjects in these undeveloped minds, he fully explains their lack of the idea of immortality.

Creatures so low in the scale of being as not to understand "the simplest arithmetical calculations," are scarcely the ones to illustrate the sweep of human reason in its normal activity. The author says: "Children and idiots have no conception of immortality." Have children and idiots any conception of other ideas which we find ourselves possessed of when the powers of the mind, which are latent in infancy, and dormant in idiocy and among the lowest savages, come to reveal themselves more fully? If children do not enunciate the axioms of mathematics, does this prove that these axioms have no lodgment in the mind? And if they express no thought of the moral law, does this show that it is not written on the heart? "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual." A certain amount of mental activity must precede even self-consciousness, and the actual contents of consciousness cannot be discovered until such command of the faculties is attained, as to make introspection possible. Therefore the assertion that "whatever is innate appears clearest in children, idiots, and the lowest savages," is necessarily without foundation, and the apparent absence of any special intuition from a mind wholly unawakened, forms no basis on which to predicate the theory that it is actually destitute of such intuition.

But the whole doctrine of "innate ideas" is called in question by modern science. The theory of "evolution" is rapidly superseding it. In fact, mind itself is considered by materialistic scientists as evolved from matter. The phenomena of

thought, reason, affection, and moral ideas are regarded as caused by the various forces operating upon matter in the human form of organization. Carl Vogt considers that the brain secretes thought as the liver does bile; and others aver that soul is a product of matter. C. O. Whitman says: "Is the mind a distinct and independent entity or *a mere attribute of matter?* This is the real question that awaits a scientific answer. Assumption cannot settle it; speculation cannot solve it; intuition cannot grasp it; reason cannot compass it; dark circles can shed no light upon it; reported resurrection cannot determine it." Thus the board is swept clean, and we are left to await the slow processes of scientific inquiry for a settlement of our doubts. The affirmations of reason, which is "the flower of the mind," are to pass for nothing; the intuitions which have an outlook toward the hidden realm of causes, are to have no voice; the testimony of the senses, those swift messengers of the soul, which constitute the primal dependence of science itself, must be cast aside. Yet to the ear of the spirit, thus prone and abject, comes a voice saying: "We lie open on one side to the depths of spiritual nature, to the attributes of God." Reason is not doomed to remain under the sway of the understanding. It would fain stand abreast of science, but it will accept its fiat only after it has explored the *whole field of investigation*.

A poet-philosopher of our day, Mr. Emerson, has uttered the following memorable words: "All goes to show that the soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all the organs; is not a function like the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison, but uses these as hands and feet; is not a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect or the will, but master of the intellect and the will; is the background of our being, in which they lie—an immensity not possessed, and that cannot be possessed." This is an affirmation of the higher consciousness, and is as valid, to those who "dwell in the same thought on their own part," as the declarations of science are to its earnest investigators.

In this view, mind is something far other than "a mere attribute of matter;" and, strange to say, the fundamental assumptions of modern science unwittingly confirm this high claim of deductive philosophy for the spiritual nature of man. These primary assumptions are, first, matter; second, spontaneous molecular activity; and hence, as one writer asserts, a latent pantheism lurks in the scientific system. "Comprehensively stated, humanity represents the highest self-consciousness of matter; and if self-consciousness is a mode of molecular motion, then molecular motion is latently conscious." In

other words, science, in its baldest materialistic phase, lays the foundation for a purely spiritual philosophy. The "formative principle," which it is forced to admit the existence of, can be none other than the Divine Energy, or Supreme Intelligence, that pervades the trackless universe, and, ascending from chaos through material forms, at last finds completest expression in the highest type of organic life, and by means of this incarnation gives immortal personality to each separate human soul.

This tacit contribution of material to spiritual science is clearly shown by William J. Potter, in the *June Radical*, in a discourse of inestimable value, entitled "The Doctrine of Immortality in the Light of Science." He points out certain "fatal defects" in the argument of those scientific men who positively deny the possibility of the soul's continuance. The first defect appears in connection with the scientific doctrine of the unity of force. Materialists "resolve human consciousness and all its contents into the action and interaction of physical and chemical forces," but, by their own confession, they are unable to tell the nature of force itself. "Since we do not know," says Mr. Potter, "what are the contents of this original germinal energy, this elementary matter or force, why may we not believe that in it was the element of mind? Nay, must we not so believe, on the principle which these scientists make so much use of in their investigations and deductions, that 'the cause equals the effect?' This axiom expresses the very essence of the doctrine of 'correlation of forces.' Whatever appears in the effect must exist in some shape in the cause. And since mind, consciousness, personal intelligence and will have been evolved in the processes of nature, it follows, on the ground of this material philosophy, that there must have been something corresponding to them, equivalent to them, and equal to their production in the primal germ—that is, an element of consciousness, mind, will—not as something separate from the germinal matter, but involved in it as one of its native latent capacities."

This is a masterly and unanswerable argument in favour of the supremacy and perpetuity of mind, constructed on the basis laid down by the materialists themselves. The second defect on their part, instanced by Mr. Potter, is their failure to present testimony from all sides of human nature, even while professing to make facts the entire substrata of their argument for the dissolution of consciousness with the body. Their facts all belong to the physical side of human experience. All the phenomena connected with what is called religion they leave out of the account; yet these facts make up half the recorded history of mankind, and have an important bearing on the question of immortality. "And, there is another class of phenomena," says

our brave and candid author, "which, however much of fraud, delusion and charlatanism may be mixed up with them, will persist, I believe, in forcing themselves upon human attention until science shall give them a just investigation and recognition, I refer to the phenomena of mesmerism, clairvoyance, animal magnetism, along with which whatever is well authenticated in 'Spiritualism' is so placed. * * * I believe it will be found, in the end, that this class of phenomena to which I now refer, and which are so closely related to the mysterious connection that exists between mind and body, will, when investigated and classified, have an important bearing on the revelation of things pertaining to the future that are now inscrutable to reason."

This manly attitude toward an unpopular theme is worthy of imitation on the part of all professional scientists, and, would they at once assume it, the antagonism between "Intuition and Science," drawn in such bold relief by F. E. Abbot, in the *Index* of April 15th, would, ere long, disappear. Mr. Abbot says that the scientific school "insists that universal causative power, the intelligible unity of nature, the 'creative idea' in organic development, the moral sentiment in man, the religious affections, the spiritual instincts, sensibilities and aspirations, the ideal hopes and struggles, the conscious freedom of the human soul, considered as a part of nature, are just as real facts, to be scientifically studied and interpreted, as any other facts." This is doubtless the position of one class of Free Religionists, but not of the main body of scientists. They not only ignore this spiritual half of human experience, but reject with impatient scorn the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, for the neglect of which Mr. Potter takes them to task. This vast body of well-attested phenomena science has no right to overlook.

When a person tells me that, on one occasion, ten years before the advent of Spiritualism, her room at midnight was suddenly irradiated with a soft white light, and, from its midst the glorified face and form of her departed mother advanced toward her bedside, with an expression of more than mortal love, and when I learn that this occurred when the daughter was healthy in body and mind, and that she was fully awake, and her senses on the alert, it is my business not to scout her testimony, or dismiss it with a scientific platitude concerning optical illusion, but to inquire what law of spiritual being underlies so transcendent and beautiful a phenomenon. Such facts as this, and others of a more public nature, abound in the record of human experience for the past twenty-three years, and invite scientific inquiry into that occult realm which by its aid may be rescued from superstition and dogmatism. C. F. Varley, the

electrician, disdains not to devote his most earnest attention to its investigation, and Gerald Massey, the poet, publicly admits the establishment of his faith in immortality by the revelations of Spiritualism. F. E. Abbot, and his co-workers on the broad platform of Free Religion, show a noble courage and devout trust in principles, by assuming an attitude of perfect acquiescence in the final decisions of science, be they for or against man's personal continuance after death. But, while yielding so much to science, let them demand of it what is demanded by one of their number whose truth-inspired words we have quoted. Let them insist, as do rational Spiritualists, that it shall take a larger outlook, so as to scrutinize the whole area of spiritual phenomena, and they will help hasten the time when life and immortality will be brought to light anew by a religion based on science.—*Banner of Light*.

SPIRITUALISM *VERSUS* DEMONISM.

FINAL REPLY TO THE REV. JOHN JONES.

By THOMAS DAVISON.

MR. JONES's Rejoinder to my Reply to this Sermon though quite in order and to the question, traverses so wide a field that, like him, I must use the utmost brevity. I shall reply to his points *seriatim*.

1.—No doubt many of Mr. Jones's congregation who have not investigated Spiritualism for themselves, and who know little or nothing of it but from his sermon, may thereby have been led to regard Spiritualism as "the work of demons;" but outside independent thinkers, more struck by the proofs given by him of its truth than by the evidence furnished of its alleged demœniacal character, have inquired further, and in consequence have come to a very different conclusion on this point, I speak advisedly.

2.—What was the Spiritualism referred to as prohibited? and why was it prohibited? It was Heathen Spiritualism; prohibited because leading to and bound up with polytheism and idolatry; with all their inhumanities and abominations; and was specially prohibited to the Jews in order to the more effectually cut them off from the worship of "strange gods," into which they so frequently relapsed. This is evident from the very texts to which Mr. Jones refers. If he suspects my interpretation of them, let me quote the words of an able and learned divine of his own communion, writing for the same object, though not in the same dogmatic spirit,—the Rev. Charles Beecher, who,

in a *Review of the Spiritual Manifestations*, read before the Congregational Association of New York and, Brooklyn—in his chapter, “On the teachings of the Bible,” thus sums up his argument on this head:—“Both the law and the history therefore concede the reality of the practice doomed with death, and the reason of the penalty is manifest. Polytheism was the disease to be cauterised. The worship of the dead was the root of Polytheism. Converse with the dead was the root of worship. Odylc arts (*i.e.* the understanding and supply of proper conditions) were the root of converse. Therefore the law struck at the root, by prohibiting the whole on pain of death.” “The Baalim” of the Old Testament he tell us “were lords, heroes, deified dead men. Hence it is said ‘They joined themselves unto Baal Peor; they ate the sacrifices of the dead;’—the two lines of the parallelism repeating the same idea in a different form,” and he adds, it was to these “deified dead men,” to whom, as testified by Moses and the Psalmist, “they sacrificed their sons and their daughters.” Now if Mr. Jones can prove that Modern Spiritualism is identical with this, leading to the same results to polytheism, idolatry and human sacrifices; to the worship of Moloch and Dagon, Baal and Astarte; or in causing men to render to any spirits the worship that should be given to God alone,—he is right in warning us against it: otherwise under the same name he is confounding two things totally different; just as an Atheist, under the common term “Religion” might confound Thugism with Christianity.

3.—Mr. Jones tells us that 1 John iv., 1-3., does not refer to departed souls, but to God’s Divine Spirit on the one hand, and to Satan on the other. This is a curious illustration of the futility of appealing to texts. I had thought nothing could well be plainer than that “every” must mean *several*, and could not apply to God who is a unity, or to Satan, who, if regarded as a person, must also be a unity. The phrase “of God,” as applied to the “spirits,” seems clearly to distinguish them *from* God. Mr. Jones would amend the reading thus—“Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is God’s Divine Spirit; and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is Satan.” This may be an improved version of the text, but it does not seem to be what the Apostle intended us to understand by it. The passage is really levelled at those—whether spirits or men—who in the Apostle’s days denied the proper humanity of Christ: a Gnostic heresy long extinct. While then the injunction, “Try the spirits whether they be of God,” is a general principle of permanent and universal application, the particular illustration of that principle given in the two verses that follow refers to a mere

obsolete and almost forgotten controversy, and has no application to the Spiritualism of to-day.

4.—Every spiritual communication that came to them through “authorised” means, and every natural gift, even mechanical skill, was by the pious Hebrews ascribed directly to “the Great Spirit Himself.” Hence when we read that “they inquired of the Lord,” we find on examination it simply means that they inquired of “the Seer,” “the Prophet,” “the Man of God,” as those whom we now call “spiritual mediums” were then termed. These might be consulted on very worldly affairs, and as professional mediums receive their fee; as in the case of Saul who consulted Samuel about his father’s lost asses, taking him the fourth part of a shekel of silver (about sevenpence). Mr. Jones may say that “the Great Spirit Himself” answered these inquiries: of that I leave the reader to judge. But now, what shall we say of angels holding converse with prophets and holy men as recorded in Scripture? Was this “authorised,” or not? The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews evidently thought it was, for he says of the angels, “Are they not *all* ministering spirits *sent* forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?” This, then, is their *appointed* and *universal* mission. But I may perhaps be told that these are not “departed human souls.” Well, the same writer in enumerating the Old Testament saints and martyrs who all “died in faith,” speaks of them as a “great cloud of witnesses,” “an innumerable company of angels” and “spirits of just men made perfect.” The Bible does not leave us in doubt whether angels are departed human spirits or not. To give only one or two instances out of many, the angel Gabriel, is distinctly called “the *man* Gabriel.” The angel from whom the seer of Patmos received his revelations told him, “I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets.” And with all reverence I refer to another example, Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration, and in presence of his disciples, conversed with “*two men*, which were Moses and Elias;” surely these were “departed human souls,” and one of them the promulgator of that law of prohibition to which Mr. Jones refers. Both the founder of the old dispensation and the founder of the new by their example thus “authorising” communication with “departed human souls.” More than this, Jesus himself after his death appeared to his disciples and held converse with them. It was this repeated spiritual manifestation of Jesus, “seen of Cephas, then of the twelve; after that, of above five hundred brethren at once; after that, of James; then of all the apostles;” which was alike the foundation and the chief evidence of the Christian faith. “If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain.” The Apostle Paul exhorts the early Christians to “desire

spiritual gifts," concerning which he says, "I would not have you ignorant." He bids them to "covet earnestly the best gifts," and among these spiritual gifts he enumerates "the gift of healing," "the discerning of spirits," "working of miracles," "and divers kinds of tongues;" all of which are exemplified in Modern Spiritualism. The Apostle ascribes these "gifts" of mediumship not to "Satan" or to "demons," but to "the same God which worketh all in all." I fear that in this respect the Pastor of Chadwick Mount Chapel is an "apostate" from "the faith once delivered to the saints."

5.—*Spirits commanding to abstain from meats and forbidding to marry*—There is not a tittle of evidence for this; but were the evidence conclusive, what then? Fasting has always been looked upon in the Christian Church as favourable to spiritual development; and many have held the same of celibacy. Moses commanded to abstain from certain meats. Paul thought the celibate life better than marriage. Daniel was a vegetarian; Jesus a celibate. But what are the facts in regard to Modern Spiritualism? My acquaintance with Spiritualists is of long standing, and is pretty extensive, and I do not know an instance of a Spiritualist becoming a vegetarian in obedience to the command of spirits, though I have known instances in which by their counsel persons have ceased to be so. My friend, Mr. William Tebb, who last summer travelled through the Eastern, Western, and Middle States of America, everywhere making special inquiries as to Spiritualism and Spiritualists, assures me that he found fewer vegetarians among Spiritualists there than here; and another friend, Mr. J. H. Powell, who has just returned from America, where for the last four years he has lectured and laboured extensively among the Spiritualists, confirms this statement. If then the resolution to abstain from animal food said to have been passed at a Convention of Spiritualists is faithfully reported by the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, it would seem to have been inoperative; and further, there is no evidence to show that *demons* had anything to do with it. As to celibacy, the only body of Spiritualists I knew of who practise it are the Shakers, (who are not vegetarians). As a community their institution antedates Modern Spiritualism by nearly three quarters of a century; and they base their faith and practices on the example of Jesus and the teachings of the New Testament. Truly these practices are "as yet in an incipient stage." Very! My readers can judge whether I was not justified in stating that on this as on other points, there is in the sermon I received an obvious string of facts to fit the texts, and an equally obvious string of texts to fit the facts.

6.—John the Revelator “saw three unclean spirits, like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet;” and I am reminded that these frogs are a symbol of the “moral *uncleanness* of the demons.” Understood literally or figuratively, metaphorically, parabolically, symbolically, or diabolically, I repeat the question—What has this eighteen-century-old vision to do with Modern Spiritualism? Take the examples cited by Mr. Jones in his sermon. Mr. S. C. Hall, and seven friends saw his “venerable and truly Christian sister,” who had “passed from earth about eight months ago,” “the likeness was exact—” “she was looking so beautiful, so happy.” Not at all you see in any sense like a frog coming out of the mouth of a dragon. This visit was in redemption of her promise to her brother a short time before her departure, that she would do so if it was for his good, and if God permitted it; a promise made at his request that after death, if permitted, she would visit him for his comfort, and to help him on his way to Christ. We also read in the sermon that “*séances* in Paris are, under the direction of the spirits, opened with prayer. *Séances* in London, under similar instruction, are opened with the reading of the 23rd Psalm, and closed with the Doxology. Nay more, the spirits seem to be of a most reverential type, for at a *séance* held near London, the following message was received from the spirits:—‘We do all we can to convince you that we live, and that God is love.’” Another communication, more lengthy, but similar in spirit, is also quoted in the sermon. Now if “the reference to frogs is intended to point out the moral uncleanness of the demons,” it is here clearly and grossly misapplied; and the frogs, unless required to croak in the pulpit, may safely be dismissed to the marshes. These three spirits like frogs we are told by the Revelator “go forth to the kings of the earth, and of the whole world to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty—” and Mr. Jones quotes the story of a lying spirit that went forth three thousand years ago to Ahab, King of Israel, and persuaded him to go to battle that he might fall at Ramoth Gilead, in order to prove that this passage in the book of Revelations applies to Modern Spiritualism. Marvellous logic, fearfully and wonderfully made!

7.—Mr. Jones explains that he specified “mere abstract belief” in immortality as “of little worth;” and he refers me in proof of this to “our jails and haunts of crime, filled with those who believe that there is a future;” *naively* adding “but it exerts but little influence upon them.” Just so: but what if it exerted its proper and legitimate influence; and why has it failed to do so? Is it not because under the teaching of the churches

it has become what Mr. Jones calls "a mere abstract belief," a traditional or dead faith; ministers of religion either denying the living evidences of immortality, or warning their congregations against them as "the work of demons." In place of doubtful speculations, and evidence from ancient records and dead languages, Spiritualism presents proofs of the living presence and action of those whom the world calls "dead." It removes denial and doubt by actual demonstration; for wavering conviction it gives the certitude of assured knowledge. "It has gathered up into its chariot crowds of the materialists and sceptics of the world, and such like are still rallying around the unfurled banner, on which is inscribed the motto *Immortality*." And in connection with this faith Spiritualism presents the most powerful motives to virtuous life. It shows that we must not trust in the righteousness of any other, but that we must ourselves be righteous; that moral qualities are personal, and not transferable; that character determines destiny; that well being follows well doing; that degradation and misery are inseparable from conscious, wilful illdoing; not as arbitrary penal infliction, but as natural, necessary, inevitable consequence. It shows this not as speculation, or "mere abstract truth," but as exemplified by those who are in the actual experience of it. Is this, then, a fitting subject of warning and denunciation by a Christian minister? But I wot that it is in ignorance he has done this, and that with better knowledge, and restored to his right mind he may yet accept the invitation, "Come over and help us!" The reference to our jails and haunts of crime is unfortunate for a minister of the orthodox faith, for these places are filled with those trained in the popular theology, including our congregationalist minister's favourite dogmas of "natural depravity," and "endless doom."

8.—I have no special correspondence with, nor am I in possession of the secrets of that region of the spiritual world so familiar to theologians, described by them as "Satan's kingdom;" and of which, indeed, they appear to have exclusive information. Mr. Jones, for instance, is as well posted in its internal affairs as he is in the recent politics of America. He can tell us in what respects hell is a "divided kingdom," and wherein "evil spirits are *all agreed*;" and he speaks with the confidence and authority of personal knowledge of "the sense in which hell is ever united in all its tricks and impostures." Now what hope is there of a man thus "wise in his own conceit." How can mortal man or angel convince him of his error? Every avenue of conviction in this respect is closed against them. It is vain to appeal to Christ's test "by their fruits ye shall know them." These fruits are all delusions—Dead Sea apples. In

vain do spirits teach morality; that is only for "the ensnaring of men." In vain do they seek "to lead back the world in this materialistic epoch to belief in the doctrine of immortality," and succeed in converting "many a bold materialist," "crowds of the materialists and sceptics of the world." In vain do "they do all they can to convince us that God is Love"—that is only Satan transforming himself into an angel of light. In vain is it that "*séances* are under the direction of the spirits opened with prayer, and closed with the Doxology." It is all of no use. He is "of the same opinion still." These are only the "tricks and impostures" in which "hell is ever united." Spite of his disclaimer of Spiritualism, Mr. Jones must possess the "spiritual gift" of "discerning of spirits," in a degree that constitutes him on this plan the greatest medium of the age. But we, poor mortals, who are not thus supernaturally gifted, who possess only reason and common sense, how can we hope to pierce these wonderful disguises in which all hell is united? If Satan can thus transform himself into an angel of light, may he not transform himself into a congregationalist minister? May not Chadwick Mount Chapel after all be only a branch of Pandemonium—a veritable synagogue of Satan? There are some doctrines taught there which certainly have a very diabolical look—"natural depravity," and "endless doom," for instance.

9.—The narrative inserted in my "Reply" showed that the Christian law of kindness is as operative in the other world as in this. It is far from being a solitary instance of this. In the *Seeress of Prevorst* (written before the advent of Modern Spiritualism), several such examples will be found. But "Christ rebuked the demons and unceremoniously ejected them from human beings," as I think, because such violent usurpation was disorderly and mischievous; as Mr. Jones affirms "because they (the demons) were hopelessly lost, and hopelessly bad." From what source Mr. Jones obtains this piece of information I cannot say. I cannot find that Jesus anywhere gives the reason here assigned to him, but I do find it recorded by one of his Apostles (1 Peter chap. iii., 19, 20) that "he went and preached unto the spirits in prison, which sometime were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah;" and I apprehend that Jesus would not so have preached to these disobedient spirits in prison if he knew that "they were hopelessly lost, and hopelessly bad."

10.—What are "these points" in which Mr. Jones says, "the Christian Church in all its branches, and in all ages agrees substantially," and which "Spiritualism casts aside or tramples under foot?" Does he mean the doctrines preached in

Chadwick Mount Chapel? And are we to understand that "these points" agree with those of Unitarians, Universalists, Swedenborgians, Irvingites, Mormons, Shakers, Quakers, Anglicans, Greek Church, and Romanists?—to specify only *some* of the branches of the Christian Church in the present age. When I can learn what "these points" of substantial agreement are, I shall be better able to say whether Spiritualism casts them aside and tramples them under foot or not. For the present I can only remind Mr. Jones that there is no system of theological doctrine which, as a body, Spiritualists either accept or cast aside; that whilst there are some amongst them who make no profession of Christianity, and others who are outside of any Church, preferring to remain "Christians unattached,"—others again are to be found in every branch of the Christian Church, Romanist, Anglican, and Nonconformists, and therefore that his sweeping generalisation must be a little rash—a hasty inference from defective premisses. If I may venture to hint so alarming a heresy, I would suggest to him that men, whether in this world or in the next, are not necessarily "demons," because they do not substantially agree with him on "these points," or on any points of theological doctrine.

11.—Mr. Jones concludes by again warning us that "this modern necromancy is altogether the *work of demons*." I also conclude with a word of warning—of warning against that prevalent idolatry of our time and land which Coleridge happily termed *Biblolatry*, and which has done more to discredit Christianity than all the attacks of so-called infidels. It has created a false antagonism between religion and science; it impedes the advance of knowledge and of truth, and impairs that just reverence for the Bible which if left to itself it would never fail to command with serious and thoughtful men. I feel as if something like an apology was due to my readers for the trivialities I have been called upon to discuss. But these are inevitable when great questions are narrowed down to petty issues, to expounding texts, and verbal criticism. This mode of controversy is happily growing obsolete. Texts are now seldom marshalled to the front, as heretofore, to do battle with science. We do not now determine the true structure and laws of the universe by reference to the Hebrew cosmogony, or the antiquity of man by appeals to Genesis. Nor can we settle conclusions as to the moral status of Spiritualism by quoting ancient Hebrew legislation, apostolic epistles, and obscure apocalyptic visions; which in truth no more refer to Modern Spiritualism than do the history of Herodotus, or the *Iliad* of Homer. Imagine Macaulay's New Zealander, say two thousand years hence, quoting to his countrymen the Laws of Alfred, the Letters of

Junius, and the Poems of Tennyson, to decide their controversies. No, Spiritualism; like astronomy or geology, must be judged of by its own proper subject matter. Let us study it in the light of its facts and consequences, and by eternal principles; leaving theologians, if they must, to wrangle over the interpretation and application of phrases in ancient records. Christ's rule of judgment—"By their fruits ye shall know them," is for me still the highest and truest. Let us thus "try the spirits;" try them by all the lights of reason, conscience, and experience. In that final court of appeal, let Spiritualism be tried and tested to the utmost; I for one am content to abide the issue.

Notices of Books.

GERALD MASSEY ON SPIRITUALISM.*

THE present season so far has been one of considerable literary activity in regard to Spiritualism. The *Report of the Dialectical Society's Committee*, and the article by Dr. Carpenter in the *Quarterly Review*, have been followed by five important volumes:—*Outlines of Biology. Body, Soul, Mind, Spirit*; a volume of 556 pages by Dr. DOHERTY, being the third volume of his *Organic Philosophy*; the second volume of HOME's *Incidents of My Life*; *Hints on the Evidence of Spiritualism*, by M. P.; OWEN's *Debatable Land between this World and the Next*; and *Concerning Spiritualism* by GERALD MASSEY. Each of these books requires a separate notice. Our present notice is of the latter work only.

In this elegant little volume there is much "concerning Spiritualism," which should interest both the Spiritualist and non-Spiritualist reader. The author's remarks on normal and abnormal mediumship are, we think, in the main true; and the legitimate use and province of each are justly discriminated. His exposition of Swedenborg's spiritual philosophy of life is finely rendered, and is well contrasted with views recently put forth by some eminent scientists. Mr. Massey points out what he conceives to be some of the bearings of Spiritualism on Scripture narratives and theological doctrines; and his criticisms on popular orthodoxies, churches, and the so-called religious world are severe and sharp; some will perhaps think a little too much so.

* *Concerning Spiritualism.* By GERALD MASSEY. London: BURNS.

Here and there we have hints and gleams of peculiar experiences of the writer, extending as he tells us, over fifteen years, and which he intimates may at some time be published. We hope it may be soon: we are not always correct in judging whether or not the world is ripe to receive experiences of this nature; nor in truth should it much concern us. If we sow the seed of truth, we may trust the free winds of God's invisible providence to carry at least some small portion of it to fruitful soil where it will germinate and grow, and in due time bring forth its ripened harvest. But let us hear what Mr. Massey has at present to tell us as to the value of these experiences to himself. He says:—

It has been to me, in common with many others, such a lifting of the mental horizon and a letting in of the heavens—such a transformation of faiths into facts—that I can only compare life without it to sailing on board ship with hatches battened down, and being kept a prisoner, cribbed, cabined, and confined living by the light of a candle—dark to the glory overhead, and blind to a thousand possibilities of being, and then suddenly on some splendid starry night allowed to go on deck for the first time, to see the stupendous mechanism of the starry heavens all aglow with the glory of God, to feel that vast vision glittering in the eyes, bewilderingly beautiful, and drink in new life with every breath of this wondrous liberty, which makes you dilate almost large enough in soul to fill the immensity that you see around you.

There are many fine gems in this volume we feel tempted to extract, but as they are seen to best advantage in the author's own setting, we recommend the careful perusal of the entire work.

Correspondence.

MR. WALLACE'S DEFINITION OF A MIRACLE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR.—Mr. Wallace's definition of a miracle is certainly a great improvement upon Hume's, but I doubt whether it is all-sufficient. What does Mr. W. mean by the words "implying the existence of?" There are many acts or events which imply the existence of superhuman intelligences, which are not considered miracles; viz. death and dreams.

Is not Mr. Wallace's view rather an explanation than a definition of a miracle, and when a miracle is explained does it not cease to be miraculous? To the philosophic spiritualist are there such things as miracles at all? I am inclined to think that the word miracle is not philosophic, that it is simply invented and used to express a popular idea. May we not then give a definition of a miracle by combining the best parts of Hume's doctrine with Mr. Wallace's criticism on it? Thus:—A MIRACLE is a transgression of a known and established law of nature, by a particular volition of the Deity or by the interposition of some superhuman intelligent agent.

A criticism on the meaning of a word is not necessarily a definition. I shall be glad to receive further enlightenment on this point.

Blackheath, 13th March, 1872.

NEWTON CROSLAND.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

MAY, 1872.

THE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES IN ITALY OF THE LATE NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, AND HIS REFLECTIONS THEREUPON.*

"August and September, 1858.—We drove into town, (Florence) yesterday afternoon, to call on Mr. Kirkup, an Englishman, who has resided a great many years in Florence. He is noted as an antiquarian, and has the reputation of being a necromancer, not undeservedly, as he is deeply interested in spirit rappings, and holds converse through a medium with dead poets and emperors. He lives in an old house formerly a residence of the Knights Templars, hanging over the Arno, just as you come upon the Ponte Vecchio; and going up a dark staircase and knocking at a door on one side of the landing-place, we were received by Mr. Kirkup. . . . He ushered us through two or three large rooms, dark, dusty, hung with antique-looking pictures, and lined with book-cases, containing, I doubt not, a very curious library. Indeed, he directed my attention to one case, and said he had collected those works in former days, merely for the sake of laughing at them. They were books of magic and the occult sciences. What he seemed really to value, were some manuscript copies of Dante, of which he showed us two; both these books were written early in the fourteenth century. Mr. Kirkup has also a plaster cast of Dante's face, which he believes to be the original one taken from his face after death; and he has likewise his own accurate tracing from Giotto's fresco of Dante in the chapel of the Bargello. The fresco was discovered through Mr. Kirkup's means. Dante has had frequent communications with Mr.

Kirkup through a medium, the poet being described by the medium as wearing the same dress seen in the youthful portrait, but as having more resemblance to the cast taken from his dead face than to the picture from his youthful one. Besides books and works of art, Mr. Kirkup has no end of antique knick-knackeries, none of which we had any time to look at. But the greatest curiosity of all, and no antiquity, was a pale large-eyed little girl about four years old, who followed the conjuror's (?) footsteps wherever he went. She was the brightest and merriest little thing in the world, and frisked through those shadowy old chambers, among the dead people's trumpery, as gaily as a butterfly flits among flowers and sunshine. The child's mother was a beautiful girl named Regina, whose portrait Mr. Kirkup showed us on the wall. I never saw a more beautiful and striking face claiming to be a real one. She was a Florentine of low birth and a spirit medium. He showed us a journal kept during her life-time, and read from it his notes of an interview with the Czar Alexander, when that potentate communicated to Mr. Kirkup that he had been poisoned. The necromancer (?) set a great value upon Regina, and when she died he received her poor baby into his heart. The child inherits her mother's gift of communication with the spirit-world, so that the conjuror (?) can still talk with Regina through the baby which she left, and not only with her, but with Dante, and any other great spirits who may choose to visit him. It is a very strange story, and this child might be put at once into a romance, with all her history and environment; the ancient Knights-Templar palace, with the Arno flowing under the iron-barred windows, and the Ponte Vecchio, covered with its jewellers' shops, close at hand; the dark lofty chambers with faded frescoes on the ceilings, black pictures hanging on the walls, old books on the shelves, and hundreds of musty antiquities, emitting an odour of past centuries; the white-bearded old man thinking all the time of ghosts, and looking into the child's eyes to seek them; and the child herself springing so freshly out of the soil, so pretty, so intelligent, so playful, with never a playfellow save the conjuror and a kitten. The child looks pale, and no wonder, seldom or never stirring out of that old palace, or away from the river atmosphere.

Still, at Florence, Mr. Hawthorne writes:—"Mr. Powers (the sculptor) related some things that he had witnessed through the agency of Mr. Home (Hume) who had held a session or two at his house. He described the apparition of two mysterious hands from beneath a table round which the party were seated. These hands purported to belong to an aunt of the Countess Cotterel, who was present, and wore a pair of thin, delicate,

aged, ladylike hands and arms, appearing at the edge of the table, and terminating at the elbow in a sort of white mist. One of the hands took up a fan and began to use it. The Countess then said, 'Fan yourself as you used to do, dear aunt'—and forthwith the hands waved the fan back and forth in a peculiar manner, which the Countess recognised as the manner of her dead aunt. The spirit was then requested to fan each member of the party; and, accordingly, each separate individual round the table was fanned in turn, and felt the breeze sensibly upon his face. Finally, the hands sank beneath the table, I believe Mr. Powers said, but I am not quite sure that they did not melt into the air. During this apparition Mr. Home sat at the table, but not in such a position or within such distance that he could have put out, or managed the spectral hands; and of this Mr. Powers satisfied himself, by taking precisely the same position after the party had retired. Mr. Powers did not feel the hands at this time, but he afterwards felt the touch of infant hands, which were at the time invisible. He told of many of the wonders, which seem to have as much right to be set down as facts as anything else that depends on human testimony. For example, Mr. R——, one of the party, gave a sudden start and exclamation. He had felt on his knee a certain token, which could have been given him only by a friend long ago in his grave. Mr. Powers inquired what was the last thing that had been given as a present to a deceased child; and suddenly both he and his wife felt a prick as of some sharp instrument on their knees. The present had been a penknife. I have forgotten other incidents quite as striking as these; but with the exception of the spirit-hands, they seemed to be akin to those that have been produced by mesmerism, returning the inquirer's thoughts and veiled recollection to himself, as answers to his queries. The hands are certainly an inexplicable phenomenon. Of course they are not portions of a dead body, nor any other kind of substance; they are impressions on the two senses, sight and touch, but how produced I cannot tell. Even admitting their appearance—and certainly *I do admit it as freely and fully as if I had seen it myself—there is no need of supposing them to come from the world of departed spirits.* Powers seems to put entire faith in the verity of spiritual communications, while acknowledging the difficulty of identifying spirits as being what they pretend to be. He is a Swedenborgian, and so far prepared to put faith in these phenomena. . . . *But what most astonishes me is the indifference with which I listen to these marvels. They throw old ghost stories quite into the shade; they bring the whole world of spirits down amongst us, visibly and audibly; they are absolutely proved to be sober facts by evidence*

that would satisfy us of any other alleged realities; and yet I cannot force my mind to interest itself in them. They are facts to my understanding, which it might have been anticipated would have been the last to acknowledge them; but they seem not to be facts to my intuitions and deep perceptions. My inner soul does not in the least admit them. There is a mistake somewhere. So idle and empty do I feel these stories to be, that I hesitated long whether or no to give up a few pages of this not very important journal to the record of them.

"We have had written communications through Miss —— with several spirits; my wife's father, mother, two brothers and a sister who died long ago in infancy; a certain Mary Hall, who announces herself as the guardian spirit of Miss ——, and queerest of all, a Mary Runnel, who seems to be a wandering spirit, having relations with nobody, but thrusts her finger into everybody's affairs. My wife's mother is the principal communicant; she expresses strong affection, and rejoices at the opportunity of conversing with her daughter. *She often says very pretty things, for instance, in a dissertation upon hearing music; but there is a lack of substance in her talk, a want of gripe, a delusive show, a sentimental surface, with no bottom beneath it.* The same sort of thing has struck me in all the poetry and prose that I have read from spiritual sources. I should judge that these effusions emanated from earthly minds, but had undergone some process that had deprived them of solidity and warmth. In the communications between my wife and her mother, I cannot help thinking that (Miss —— being unconsciously in a mesmeric state) all the responses are conveyed to her fingers from my wife's mind.

"We had tried the spirits by various test questions, on every one of which they have failed egregiously. Here, however, the aforesaid Mary Runnel comes into play. *The other spirits have told us that the veracity of this spirit is not to be depended upon, and so whenever it is possible, poor Mary Runnel is thrust forward to bear the odium of every mistake or falsehood.* They have avowed themselves responsible for all statements signed by themselves, and have thereby brought themselves into more than one inextricable dilemma; but it is very funny, where a response or a matter of fact has not been thus certified, how invariably Mary Runnel is made to assume the discredit of, on its turning out to be false. It is the most ingenious arrangement that could possibly have been contrived; and somehow or other the pranks of this lying spirit give a reality to the conversations which the most respectable ghosts quite fail in imparting.

"The matter seems to me a sort of dreaming awake. It

resembles a dream, in that the whole material is from the first in the dreamer's mind, though concealed at various depths below the surface. The dead appear alive, as they always do in dreams; unexpected combinations occur—as continually, in dreams; the mind speaks through the various persons of the drama, and sometimes astonishes itself with its own wit, wisdom, and eloquence, as often in dreams; but in both cases the intellectual manifestations are really of a very flimsy texture. Mary Runnel is the only personage who does not come evidently from dreamland, and she, I think, represents that lurking scepticism, that sense of unreality, of which we are so often conscious amid the most vivid phantasmagoria of a dream. I should be glad to believe in the genuineness of these spirits if I could, but the above is the conclusion to which my soberest thoughts tend. There remains, of course, a great deal for which I cannot account, and I cannot sufficiently wonder at the pig-headedness, both of metaphysicians and physiologists, in not accepting the phenomena so far as to make them the subject of investigation.

"In writing the communications, Miss — holds the pencil rather loosely between her fingers; it moves rapidly, and with equal facility, whether she fixes her eyes on the paper or not. The handwriting has far more freedom than her own. At the conclusion of a sentence, the pencil lays itself down. She sometimes has a perception of each word before it is written; at other times she is quite unconscious what is to come next. Her integrity is simply indisputable, and she herself totally disbelieves in the spiritual authenticity of what is communicated through her medium.

"*September 11th.*—We have heard a good deal of spirit matters of late, especially of wonderful incidents that attended Mr. Home's visit to Florence, two or three years ago. Mrs. Powers told a very marvellous thing how that when Mr. Home was holding a *séance* in her house, and several persons were present, a great scratching was heard in a neighbouring closet. She addressed the spirit, and requested it not to disturb the company then, as they were busy with their own affairs, promising to converse with it on a future occasion. On a subsequent night accordingly, the scratching was renewed, with the utmost violence; and in reply to Mrs. Powers's questions, the spirit assured her that it was not *one* but legion, being the ghosts of twenty-seven monks who were miserable and without hope! The house now occupied by Powers was formerly a convent; and I suppose that these were the spirits of all the wicked monks that had ever inhabited it: at least, I hope that there were not such a number of damnable sinners extant at any one time. It was not ascertained that they desired to have anything done for their eternal

welfare, or that their situation was capable of amendment any hour; but they being exhorted to refrain from further disturbance, they took their departure, after making the sign of the cross on the breast of each person present. This was very singular in such reprobates, who, by their own confession, had forfeited all their claims to be benefited by that holy symbol. It curiously suggests that the forms of religion may still be kept up in purgatory or hell itself. The sign was made in a way that conveyed the sense of something devilish and spiteful. The perpendicular line of the cross being drawn gently enough, but the transverse one sharply and violently, so as to leave a painful impression. Perhaps the monks meant this to express their contempt and hatred for heretics; and how queer that this antipathy should survive their own damnation! But I cannot help hoping that the case of these poor devils may not be so desperate as they think. They cannot be wholly lost, because their desire for communication with mortals shows that they need sympathy—therefore are not altogether hardened, and with loving treatment may be restored.

“A great many other wonders took place within the knowledge and experience of Mrs. P., she saw not one pair of hands, but many. The head of one of her dead children, a little boy, was laid in her lap, not in ghastly fashion, as a head out of the coffin and grave, but just as the living child might have laid it on his mother's knees. It was invisible; by the bye, and she recognised it by the features, and the character of the hair, through the sense of touch. Little hands grasped hers. In short these soberly-attested incredibilities are so numerous that I forget nine-tenths of them, and judge the others too cheap to be written down. Christ spoke the truth surely, in saying that men would not believe, “though one rose from the dead.” *In my own case, the fact makes absolutely no impression. I regret such confirmation.* Within a mile of our villa stands the Villa Columbaria, a large house built round a square court. Like Mr. Powers' residence it was formerly a convent. It is inhabited by Major Gregorie, an old soldier of Waterloo, and various other fights, and his family consists of Mrs. —, the widow of one of the Major's friends, and her two daughters. We have become acquainted with the family, and Mrs. — the married daughter has lent us a written statement of her experience with a ghost, who has haunted the Villa Columbaria for many years back. He had made Mrs. — aware of his presence in her room by a sensation of cold as if a wintry breeze was blowing over her; also by a rustling of the bed curtains, and at such times, she had a certain consciousness, as she says, that she was not alone.

"Through Mr. Home's agency, the ghost was enabled to explain himself, and declared that he was a monk, named Giannana, who died a very long time ago in Mrs. — present bedchamber. He was a murderer, and had been in a restless and miserable state ever since his death, wandering up and down the house, but especially haunting his own death-chamber and a staircase that communicated with the chapel of the villa. All the interviews with this lost spirit were attended with a sensation of severe cold, which was felt by every one present. He made his communications by means of table-rapping, and by the movement of chairs and other articles, which often assumed an angry character. The poor old fellow does not seem to know exactly what he wanted with Mrs. —, but promised to refrain from disturbing her any more, on condition that she would pray that he might find some repose. He had previously declined having any masses said for his soul. Rest, rest, rest, appears to be the continual craving of unhappy spirits: they do not venture to ask for positive bliss; perhaps, in their utter weariness, would rather forego the trouble of active enjoyment, but pray only for rest. The cold atmosphere around this monk suggests new ideas as to the climate of Hades. If all the above mentioned twenty-seven monks had a similar one, the combined temperature must have been that of a Polar winter. Mrs. — saw at one time the fingers of her monk—long, yellow, and skinny. These fingers grasped the hands of individuals with a cold, clammy, and horrible touch. After the departure of this ghost, other *séances* were held in her bedchamber, at which good and holy spirits manifested themselves, and behaved in a very comfortable and encouraging way. It was their benevolent purpose, apparently, to purify her apartment from all traces of the evil spirit, and to reconcile her to what had been so long the haunt of this miserable monk, by filling it with happy and sacred associations, in which, as Mrs. — intimates, they entirely succeeded.

"These stories remind me of an incident that took place at the old manse, in the first summer of our marriage."

MAKE THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS.—Every day is a little life rounded with a sleep: it is an epitome of eternity, and in its little rim it is possible to include all that we can ever hope to be or to do. In every day, if we would live rightly, there should be some work, some knowledge, some enjoyment. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," said Jesus; and to however greater a degree it may some day be realized, it will never embrace any other elements than exist within any twenty-four hours of this present time. You have five clear senses, and breathing lungs, and a loving heart; it is for you the way-side flower blooms, and the sun sets in glory, and the stars go home with you at night; friendship and love are yours, and the latest-born of all God's beautiful creatures plays around your fireside!

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

THIS latest and most interesting phase of spirit manifestation in London is making rapid progress. The first of these photographs taken by Mr. Hudson was on 4th March last, and up to the present date (April 23), as many as 41 have been taken, no two of these being exactly alike. The effort is not always equally successful; but generally where a suitable medium is present, and conditions are favourable, a second figure appears with more or less distinctiveness on the plate. On one of those taken with Mr. Herne, his spirit brother appears almost as distinct and life-like as himself. These portraits have now been obtained in the presence of five different mediums: Mrs. Guppy, 1, Morland Villas, Highbury Hill Park; Mrs. Powell, 179, Copenhagen Street, Caledonian Road; Mr. Slater, optician, Euston Road, Mr. Herne, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C., and Mrs. Bielfield, 208, Euston Road; and there is, no doubt, that many other mediums, with perseverance, would be equally successful. Looking at the series taken by Mr. Hudson, as a whole, there is evidently a progress in development which is most encouraging.

One of the best is a portrait of Mrs. Guppy and child kneeling, and a female spirit draped, with the face uncovered, the features distinctly visible, with hands extended over mother and child as if in benediction. Concerning this photograph Mr. Hudson, the photographer, writes:—

“ 177, Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road,
“ March 25, 1872.

“ I am willing to make affidavit before any authority that at the time of taking the within photograph (signed by me), there was no human being in my studio besides Mr. Guppy, Mrs. Guppy, and their child, and that Mr. Guppy was behind the dark screen the whole of the time of the photograph being taken, and that I looked at Mrs. Guppy and child most particularly when I uncovered the camera, and there was no person visible except Mrs. Guppy and child.

(Signed)

“ FRED. A. HUDSON.”

The British Journal of Photography of March 28, says of this picture:—

“ It is a group composed of Mrs. Guppy and her child, and behind them is seen a female figure in light clothing, gracefully posed, very sharp, and well defined, being in this respect quite different from any pictures of this class we have hitherto seen. Some ‘expert’ professional photographic friends who have seen the picture are of opinion that the light female figure could not

have been placed on the negative by any known system of double printing, and hence think that at the time of the negative being taken the figure must have been standing behind the sitters."

But this supposition, as the editor remarks, is negatived by the statement of Mr. Hudson above quoted, and by the assurance of Mr. Guppy that no such figure was visible to the eye. The editor also tells us that—

"In company of a friend—a professional photographer in the city—we called upon Mr. Hudson. We here take occasion to thank him for the readiness with which he submitted for our examination everything in connection with this subject that he had including the prints, the negatives, the studio, and the camera. He informed us that he would not lend himself to any kind of deception, and that he really had no idea how the figures came upon the negatives, which he had treated in every respect as was his wont. In reply to a question, he said that, although with strangers he usually turns his back to his sitter during exposure, in this case he did not do so, and that if anything had been projected from behind he must have seen it. We have written to Mr. Guppy, inquiring if there would be any objection to our being present with a friend when he next attempted to obtain photographs of this description, and also whether he would allow us on that occasion to operate on plates that we should bring with us."

Mr. Guppy's reply is published in the *British Journal of Photography* of April 5th, as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—In reply to the question put by you, as soon as your health and your time and the weather permit, I will arrange for you as follows:—You shall take your own camera and glass plates, and you shall sit for a spirit-photograph. I cannot answer for your getting one, but if you will give time and patience, and attend to my suggestions, it is very probable you will get one—if not at once, after a trial or two. You shall develop it yourself with your own chemicals (this I take on me to answer Mr. Hudson will allow, at my request, in your special case).

Yours very truly,

SAML. GUPPY."

One of the most successful of these spirit pictures was obtained by our friend Mr. John Jones, of Enmore Park, South Norwood. In this Mr. Jones has a female figure which he recognises as the spirit of his daughter sitting on the floor at his feet. Mr. Jones writes concerning this portrait,—

"I obtained the favour of Mrs. Guppy's company to Mr. Hudson's photographer, Holloway-road, on the 5th April, 1872, at half-past three o'clock. My son Rupert (age 15), went with

us, and I had given him instructions to remain in the studio during the sitting, and stand near the camera, facing and watching me and the screen, so that if any embodied or disembodied substance presented itself, he might report.

"The screen behind the sitter was a seven feet by seven frame, on which was stretched tightly a kind of felt cloth, neutral tint. Behind the screen and the outer boarding was a space about three feet wide. The room for the sitter was, say twenty feet long by nine wide.

"Mrs. Guppy voluntarily went *behind* the screen, from which she could not get out without pushing back the screen, and holding it to prevent it from falling. By that means she was out of sight.

"I sat down on a chair in *front* of the screen, put myself in my usual position, as when at home, which position ran nearly *parallel* with the screen. I then turned my head round to the west, so as to look into the camera at the end of the room, saw it, and Rupert.

"A lively conversation was carried on by us all, till the moment the photographer said he was ready. At the end of thirty seconds my son and Mr. Hudson went into the developing room. Mrs. Guppy pushed *aside* the screen, joined me, excitedly, saying, "I saw something white flash across me;" and then she hurried into the developing room.

"The photographer was excited, his hands trembling, and he cried, 'Oh, what is this? You, Rupert, must have passed in front of the camera, and spoilt it. No, it is a female figure kneeling in front of your father.' The three heads, Hudson's, Mrs. Guppy's, and Rupert's, came out on the plate; and there clear and distinct was the draped figure of a young girl, apparently kneeling in front of me; the forehead, eyebrows, and part of the face in profile, clearly shown. My son said, 'It is Marion' (his deceased sister). We were surprised and delighted. It was the best spirit-picture that had been ever taken. Rupert states that he saw no one, embodied or disembodied near me during the sitting. My position was such that I must have seen if anybody had been near me.'

Mr. Thomas Blyton, Secretary to the Dalston Association of Enquirers into Spiritualism, has sent in a report on the subject to the Committee of the Association in which he says:—

"On Saturday, 6th April, 1872, I went to Mr. Hudson's, and was so fortunate as to have the presence of Miss Florrie Cook and Messrs. Herne and Williams as media, the latter of whom sat first by themselves, but without any successful result. Miss Cook then went into the studio, where she was entranced in a reclining position, Messrs. Herne and Williams

placing themselves behind the screen (which forms a kind of cabinet), and on developing the plate a draped figure of a woman was found standing over Miss Cook. Having entered the studio, I proposed to sit for a spirit-picture, and obtained the consent of Messrs. Herne and Williams to act as media; they were again placed in the little cabinet, and the screen closed up against it. On giving a glance at them, previous to taking my seat, we found them both entranced. I then seated myself close to and in front of the screen, when the spirits John and Katie King at once greeted me in their usual hearty manner, while Katie intimated her intention to try and appear with her baby. I urged them both to do their utmost to produce a good spirit-picture. The plate was then exposed in the camera, when the media roused up and passed some remarks between each other, while John and Katie urged them in loud tones to keep still for fear of spoiling their efforts. Messrs. Herne and Williams were *distinctly* heard speaking by me *at the same time* as the spirits. It must be remembered that what has taken me several minutes to record here, only took about from thirty to forty seconds to transact between the plate being exposed and the cap of the camera being replaced. I then went with Mr. Hudson into his dark room to see him develope my plate, when there was found on my right-hand side a robed figure with something in its arms, also a figure on my left, while through its robes could be clearly seen a *second* likeness of a portion of my face and bust. During this experiment Miss Cook was not present in the studio. An experiment was then tried by Messrs. Herne and Williams placing the *tips* of their fingers upon the *surface* of a small table, which actually rose bodily into the air as high as the media could reach in full view of Miss Cook, Mr. Hudson, and myself. The camera was then exposed for upwards of thirty seconds, when the table fell to the ground, and was broken, while the media appeared to be considerably exhausted. Miss Cook stated that during the time the camera was exposed she saw a white figure apparently sustaining the table, and upon developing the plate we found a white-robed figure between the media, apparently sustaining the table; and a chair, which had been thoughtlessly placed back on one side of the screen, was found occupied by a spirit form, which was invisible to me at the time the experiment was being made. During this experiment both Miss Cook and myself were at one side and close to the camera; while the media were at the screen end of the studio, and in full view of us. I then sat twice in succession for a private photograph, when in the second sitting, while Miss Cook and Messrs. Herne and Williams were in front at one side, in full view of me, a flower was seen by them fluttering over my

head. On developing the plate a hand with a flower in it was observed over my head."

Mr. M. Jones, Lombard House, Bexley Heath, Kent, under date of April 6th, 1872, writes :—

"On the 4th inst., about 4 p.m., I called on Mr. Hudson, photographer, 177, Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road, about a photo of myself, which had been in hand some weeks, and there met a total stranger to me, Mr. Herne, the celebrated medium, whose object (successful) had been to obtain a spirit-photograph. Feeling much interest in the marvels of Spiritualism, I was introduced to Mr. Herne, who kindly consented to give me the advantage of his mediumistic powers, as I was about to sit for a portrait. I accordingly sat in front of a baize screen, and Mr. Herne stood behind the screen. The result was most astonishing, as the plate showed myself and a female figure to my right, standing out in bold relief, and dressed in a hat covered by a white veil, and a lace shawl drawn tightly in folds about the shoulders and body, the right arm bringing forward part of the dark drapery of the background. The face was turned towards me, reflecting a bright light on mine. On receiving a first proof of the plate, you may imagine the astonishment and delight that recognised and welcomed the figure and features of my late wife, who passed away about fourteen months since. The truth of this conviction is not based by yearning affection alone, but is confirmed by the judgment of family and friends."

In several of the spirit figures the drapery seems transparent, overlapping the sitter, sometimes immediately in front of him so that he is seen through it,—in others, however, this drapery is more opaque. In a portrait of Mr. Slater, taken April 6th, there is a spirit standing in front of him, holding out drapery so that only a small part of Mr. Slater's face and arm is visible. At another sitting Mr. Slater obtained no portrait, his figure did not appear on the plate, it was a blank, all back ground.

Mr. J. H. Powell says of the spirit-photograph obtained through his wife's mediumship :—"I think it is a curiosity, and in some respects unlike anything I have seen of spirit-photography either here or in America.* Mrs. Powell was entranced when

* In the *Spiritual Magazine* for August, 1869, Mr. Powell gives an account of spirit-photographs taken with his portrait by Mrs. Butler, of Buffalo. One of these had on it the portrait of his father, who died in London, some four thousand miles away six or eight months previously. On shewing the picture to his wife and son, both at once, and without prompting, recognised the second figure as that of his father. Dr. Ferguson also recognised it. Mr. Powell mentions that in the portrait of himself, there appears in his arms the head of a little spaniel dog, which brought to his recollection a curious incident in connection with such a dog which had appeared to him when a boy, nearly thirty years before.

the picture was taken. On the negative appears a tall figure enveloped in what looks like transparent muslin; her hands resting on her lap, shewing plainly through the transparent vesture. Instead of a face proportioned to the size of the figure, two small faces, one above the other, occupy its place. The garment which has a wavy appearance is literally studded with small figures, discernible to the naked eye; a magnifying glass of course shows them to better effect."

We have not space to describe or even enumerate all the spirit-pictures Mr. Hudson has taken since our last, but the following letters will be read with interest:—

20, Delamere Crescent, W., April 12th, 1872.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—Spirit photography is already making such rapid strides, that I dare say you will by this time have received much information on the subject, but as there are some peculiarities in the pictures obtained in my presence I think I had better give you some account of them, and confine myself to the description of those to which I can personally testify, for I attend regularly every week in the hope of aiding the development of the power, and Mrs. Guppy generally receives special directions as to the method of proceeding.

On the 28th of March, I went with Mrs. Guppy to Mr. Hudson's. She seated herself in the dark cabinet, where I mesmerised her until she passed completely into trance, and I took my place to be photographed.

It was the Thursday in Passion Week,—the day before Good Friday, and I trusted that there might be some manifestation referring to the season. As Mr. Hudson covered the lens after taking the negative, three branches of the willow palm fell into my lap, (the previous Sunday is known in our church as Palm Sunday), and when I went into the developing room, I found that they had been held at the back of my head so as to form a kind of crown. As I was returning to my chair, without looking round upon it, I heard Mrs. Guppy, in the very low tone in which she speaks when entranced, say, "Do not sit upon them," and then I saw that there were three more palm branches on the seat, so I put them on the table, but apart from the first three, and Mrs. Guppy continued, "The *three* are *one*; they are gathered from *one* tree." I remarked, "there are *two* threes." "Yes, the first three, those with which you have been photographed are *yours*, but the second three are for a lady you visit, they are not for *me*." "Are they for Mrs. Tebb?" "Yes."

While Mr. Hudson was preparing the next plate, I felt my tortoiseshell dagger withdrawn from my head, and after a little

interval, it was placed *upright*, being fixed between my head and the comb, and when the negative was taken, I again heard Mrs. Guppy's subdued voice, saying, "The cross is made of the wood of THE TRUE CROSS, and the whiteness is caused by the light proceeding from itself; it is not a light thrown upon it, but comes from the Cross itself." In a little while she said, "Now you are to wake me," which I did, but the trance was very deep. We then went together to look at the negative. My dagger stands as it were erect on my head, but the topmost ball of the three is hidden by a most exquisite little white Cross, thus explaining the message given me. I took out the dagger to replace it in its usual position, but there was no cross apparent to our mortal eyes. Nothing could be more complete as to the symbolism,—to-day the palm, to-morrow the cross. In both these photographs I was spiritually influenced as to the position of my head and my hands.

On the 4th of April our arrangements were again changed. Instead of the black drapery, the screen belonging to Mr. Hudson's ordinary proceedings was to be used, having been thoroughly fumigated and purified. Mrs. Guppy was not to go into the cabinet, but to sit quietly in the studio, about midway between Mr. Hudson and me, and I mesmerised her slightly, but not sufficiently to induce trance. When the negative was taken, we went in *at once* to watch the developing process, when to our great surprise there was no *me*. I seemed to be entirely obliterated, and in my place (but with the left side forward instead of the right), was a veiled figure, clad in white, with some flowers in her lap. The drapery appears beautifully transparent, flowing very gracefully, and the flowers unlike any with which I am acquainted.

On the second plate I was again absent, while to the right, rather in advance of where I had been seated, was a tall figure in white, but the glass was thin, and a piece was unfortunately broken from the bottom of it; the negative, too, would not clear properly, and Mr. Hudson left it unfinished in the hope of putting it to rights afterwards, but all his efforts were unavailing.

For the third plate I had to stand, and in that I *do* appear, but very faintly, while the prominent object is a short female figure rather in advance of myself, with a dark dress and a transparent veil thrown over the head, touching the ground both behind and before, but leaving a portion of the dress uncovered from rather below the waist, quite unlike any arrangement I ever saw. The negative had been scarcely sufficiently exposed, but the character of the light may probably have changed just at the time, and we were all too much engrossed with our work to be quite careful as to photographic needs.

In these three pictures there is one great marvel as far as our weak natural senses are concerned, for what we consider as the substantial material individual was, in the two first instances totally ignored on the photographic plate, while only the apparently invisible and intangible was manifested; and in the third picture only a slight glimpse of the mortal is shewn, while she who had thrown off the garment of flesh stands forth as the true being.

I went again April 11th, and to my great delight, the first picture was a repetition of the one that had been spoiled on the previous occasion, but I am permitted to appear in it, and the spirit figure is rather smaller than it was before. My cousin, Mrs. Pearson, met me there (by appointment) in the hope of obtaining a likeness of her deceased sister, and I am happy to say was successful, for the figure is decidedly hers, but until it is printed, we cannot tell whether the features will be distinguishable.

After her sitting was over, Mr. Simkiss, of Wolverhampton, with his wife and child, sat in a group, and with them is the kneeling figure of a spirit who was recognised by Mrs. Simkiss.

For the two latter negatives, Mrs. Guppy sat in the same place in the studio that she had occupied while mine was being taken, and I was in the dark cabinet behind the screen.

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

April 20.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—Yesterday I accompanied Mr. Herne to Mr. Hudson, who is now much engaged in the work of spirit-photography. Mr. Herne wishing to find some representation on a plate interesting to himself, asked me to sit at a table with him as at a *séance*, he as a medium, I as a sceptical watcher. We sat thus for the photographic picture, I keeping my eyes upon Mr. H.'s person, when the figures on the plate were developed. While my portrait appears as I expected, Mr. Herne's does not appear at all, but in his room a seated figure enveloped in a robe, two heads emerging from it side by side.

J. DIXON.

8, Great Ormond Street, W.C.

Mr. W. H. Mumler, the spirit-photographer of 170, W. Springfield Street, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., has sent to the Spiritual Institute, 15, Southampton Row, a packet of spirit-photographs taken by him, with descriptions and memoranda of them, from which we take the following extracts:—

"In compliance with your request, I send you a few

specimens of spirit-photographs; and as the facts connected with the taking of many of them are very interesting, I will relate them to you in detail.

"No. 1 shows a picture of Moses A. Dow and his adopted daughter, Mabel Warren.

"Mr. Dow is proprietor and editor of the *Waverley Magazine*, a first class weekly paper, and a gentleman of wealth and position. He came to my studio in my absence, and made an appointment with my wife to have a sitting for a spirit-photograph, giving the name of William Johnson.

"At the time appointed he was present, and after taking three or four negatives, I secured the above picture.

"Perhaps it would be interesting for you to read what 'Mr. Johnson' says about his picture to me, in a letter dated Boston, January 20th, 1871. As it has never been in print I will give you a *verbatim* copy:—

"'Mr. Mumler,—After I put a letter in the post-office on Saturday last, I called and found a packet from you, in which was enclosed the proof of my negative.

"'It is *perfectly satisfactory* as regards a likeness of my friend.

"'I enclose a picture of my friend, which she sat for a week before she was taken sick.* She never saw anything but the negative. She was sick just nine days.

"'She told at twelve o'clock last Thursday, through a medium, that she would stand by my side, with her arm on my shoulder, and a flower in her hand.† If you will look over my left shoulder, you will see faintly the impress of her hand, with a flower; but it needs a magnifying-glass to see it perfectly. I think, by showing the two pictures, you can convince any sceptic of your skill.

"'I will drop the name of *Johnson*, and give you my true name. With much esteem,

"'MOSES A. DOW,

"'Editor of the *Waverley Magazine*.

"'P.S.—You will see the eyes are perfectly correct. One was dressed for a picture, the other is in her innocent and natural dress.—D.'

* * * * *

"No. 5 is a picture of Mrs. Sawyer, a lady residing near Boston, and shows her spirit-husband placing their spirit-babe in her arms. This was according to a promise made by her husband before he passed to spirit-life, which was some three

* This is accompanied by the photograph of a picture of Mabel Warren taken when in earth-life, and kindly furnished me by Mr. Dow after his picture was taken, so that the two might be compared.

† Half-past twelve the same day was the time I took the picture.—W.H.M.

months previous. I placed the lady in the usual position of persons sitting for a photograph, but while adjusting the focus, she requested the privilege of changing it, which I readily granted. She then *placed herself* in the position seen in the picture, and requested mentally that her husband would fulfil his promise, which he has done to her entire satisfaction, as she and all her family fully recognise the picture.

"No. 6 is a picture of Master Herrod, of N. Bridgewater, Mass., and shows three spirits standing behind him—a European, an Indian, and a negro.

"When the above picture was taken, the young man with his father called and desired a sitting—not stating who or what he desired or expected to have come on the plate. After developing the negative, I brought it into the room. On looking at it, Mr. Herrod exclaimed, 'Mr. Mumler, that is the most wonderful picture you have ever taken.' I asked him to explain. 'Well,' he continued, 'my son has been controlled a few months, and before coming here a spirit took possession of him, and said if he would come to your studio, three spirits would show themselves, representing Europe, Africa, and America; and there they are,' he said, excitedly, 'a European, a Negro, and an Indian.' Subsequently the young man called on me for another sitting, and received on the negative an elderly lady and gentleman, which he declared was his grandfather and mother, as had been promised. It then occurred to me to take his picture while entranced, to see if I could get the controlling power, and to that end I asked if there were any spirit present, to please entrance the medium. In a few moments he threw his head back, apparently in a deep trance. I then adjusted the focus and exposed the plate, and took the picture as represented in No. 7. The spirit seen here is undoubtedly "*his double*," as it is recognised unmistakably by his family as a true likeness of himself.

* * * * *

"No. 11 is a picture of Mr. L. A. Bigelow, of Boston, a gentleman of wealth and high social standing. This gentleman is a thorough Spiritualist, and has had private *séances* at his residence twice a week for the last two years, the medium being Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd, a lady in every sense of the word, modest and retiring, and one of the finest mediums we have among us. Mr. Bigelow has been interested somewhat in electricity, and has received some advice from a spirit, through Mrs. Floyd, purporting to be Franklin. At a *séance* a few weeks since, he asked this spirit if he could not give him (Bigelow) some evidence whereby he might know it was him. The spirit replied, that if he (Bigelow) would go to the medium that takes the photo-

graphs, he (Franklin) would show himself, bringing with him the key by which he drew electricity from the clouds, as a mark of identity. Mr. Bigelow started immediately, leaving the medium at his house, and called on me for a sitting; the enclosed picture was the result of the first trial.

"No. 12 and last is Mrs. Lincoln, and the spirits of our late lamented President and his son. This lady visited Boston *enog.*, for the express purpose of having this picture taken, and on her arrival, came immediately to my studio. She was closely veiled, so much so that it was impossible to tell if she was black or white. She gave the name of Mrs. Tyndall; the picture was taken without the slightest suspicion on my part as to who she was. On printing the picture, however, I readily recognised the spirit as that of our late President, and suspected that she was his widow. I showed the picture, before she called, to one or two persons, who recognised as readily as I did President Lincoln. One gentleman recognised her as soon as he saw the picture, having seen her often in Washington.

"I was not present when Mrs. L. called for the pictures; my wife delivered them. A lady visitor asked Mrs. L. if she recognised the portraits. She replied that she did, and tendered her one, when the lady exclaimed, 'Why, this looks like President Lincoln.' 'Yes,' replied Mrs. L., 'it is him, I am his widow.'

In his letter Mr. Mumler says:—"As many persons write to me desiring the likeness of some *particular* spirit, it would perhaps be well for me to say that it is not in my power to give the likeness of *any* spirit, as their coming, or abstaining from coming, is not subject to my volition, and is entirely beyond my control. I simply act as a medium for preparing and developing the negative, and I have not the slightest knowledge if I have a spirit-form on the plate until I see it developed. This has been my experience since I have been taking these pictures—now some twelve years—with two or three exceptions, in which cases the spirits have been able to so *materialise* themselves that I have seen their image reflected in the camera."

In reply to the question. "What evidence have we that spirit photography is true?" Mr. Mumler answers:—"Twelve years of accumulative evidence. It has been investigated by the best photographers in America, and I have their testimony in my favour *given under oath*; I have been tried in a court of justice and been honourably acquitted; and lastly, I have the evidences of thousands of people who have had pictures taken, and recognised the likeness of their spirit-friends, many of whom never had a picture taken during life."

The *New Church Independent* for January contains the following:—

"We have heard much of this new feat in spiritual science, and heard it much ridiculed and abused. But it appears to be a real achievement of the powers above. We have never been fully convinced till recently, though we could not find it in us to deny so stoutly what we knew not sufficiently of. Recently we have had the opportunity of an interview with the gentleman who makes this branch of spiritual art a specialty, in Boston. We have seen several specimens. We cannot doubt the wonderful reality. And how beautiful—how strange—what an overleap from the science of common photography, thus to have the very pictures of our spirit-friends given to us from their own beautiful and invisible world! Surely, we are on the advance.

We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand, eventful time,—
In an age on ages telling;
To be living is sublime.

"It appears that in about one half the instances where sittings are given for this purpose, the faint but distinct likeness of some relative or friend will appear upon the plate and upon the card—generally just over the head of the sitter, sometimes near the cheek, and sometimes with the hand upon the head. For instance, if I sit for a spirit-likeness, and am successful, my own likeness will be photographed as usual, and over my shoulder or head some recognised person will appear in fainter and more spiritual style—some person, perhaps, whom I was not thinking of. A lady of this city who had recently lost her husband, and who was perfectly unbelieving in the matter, went to the artist from curiosity. She was surprised not only by a perfect picture of herself, but by the complete form and features of her departed husband, just over her own head, in an interested and familiar attitude. The likeness was recognised by all who knew him. He was an undertaker, residing in Lowell Street. Another lady, who is well known in a dry goods store here, went and received a complete picture of her departed child, a little girl of three or four years of age, in affectionate attitude against her own cheek. Another received the perfect form and lineaments of a well-known physician, even to the spectacles he was accustomed to wear (for greater recognition, undoubtedly), and with his right hand placed tenderly upon the top of her head. A merchant living in Chester Park received his own likeness and *three* of his departed children over him like so many angels. The picture was exhibited among his friends, and though disbelievers, they could not but acknowledge the complete likeness of the children.

"But what is more wonderful still, a soldier of the South called upon the artist one day, and wanted to know if he could have a picture in a hurry. The artist told him he would try—but *spirit*-pictures did not come in more than one half the instances, and he had no control over them. The soldier sat down with a very few minutes to spare. To his great astonishment, when the photograph was presented to him, there was not only a fine picture of himself, but one just over him of a lady to whom he was formerly engaged to be married, but who died before the marriage. Of this the artist knew nothing. The soldier was not looking for it. On inspection of the picture, it was observed that in the hands of the lady was a plain, singular-looking bonnet. It was a Quaker bonnet. This, undoubtedly, was also for recognition, for the lady had been of the Quaker persuasion. More than this—on a further inspection; a small oval figure was observed in the picture, of the size of a locket, and in the centre of it was distinctly seen in print letters, the word HAIR. The truth was, the soldier had in his vest pocket a locket of that kind, with some of the lady's hair in it, and the word HAIR printed on it just as it appeared in the picture. Of all this the artist knew nothing till the soldier explained it to him.

"Is not this wonderful? And yet this gentleman artist has been persecuted and abused, and even been submitted to a vexatious and annoying law suit, for obtaining money under false pretences. 'Oh fools, and slow of heart to believe!' And even many Swedenborgians, because Swedenborg spoke in his day of the danger of spirit communication, and the old sensual *Jews* were prohibited it, will deny and ridicule all this in the most positive and dogmatic manner. And if God himself did not interpose, they would deny it, I suppose, or call it a trick of the devil, for a thousand years to come. Well—it is amusing to see how much some people know, and what a tremendous fuss and hubbub it makes to let fly a little plain truth in this confused world."

Evidence of spirit-photographs being taken comes to us also from Italy. One of our earliest correspondents, Baron Kirkup, in a letter dated Florence, Lungarno, Torrigiani, Dec. 30, 1871, writes:—

"Visited by spirits in my own house, my daughter being a medium, I asked one of the spirits to appear with a portrait of my daughter, or of some other medium, and when they consented *we fixed the time*. The man I have always employed for portraits was objected to, and they chose another—a new one, a Pole—who had been practising at Turin. I went punctually

with the medium. The operator was a young man I had not seen before, and I gave him this warning—"If you see any marks in the back-ground of the negative, don't rub them out without my seeing it."

"What," said he, "do you expect there will be spirits?" Yes. "We shall see," he replied: "it has happened to me in Turin," by which I supposed he was a medium, and therefore the spirits had chosen him. He is a Piedmontese, not the master of the establishment.

"I believe my success is owing to making an appointment with a spirit; the plan has this advantage, *identity* of the spirit, if known to you in this life. My test is, that I never mentioned the *age, sex, height, or features*, four points too difficult to be all correctly guessed.

"I enclose a portrait of my daughter with the spirit of a boy eight years old, who died at Capua seven years ago. The likeness is perfect.

"Lately I have been visited by four spirits every evening, all of whom I knew in this world. I have been in daily intercourse with spirits for sixteen years, and have had greater demonstration than these.

"SEYMOUR KIRKUP."

TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE AND PHENOMENA.

A Paper read at the Spiritual Institute, Southampton Row, March 27th, 1872.

HAVING attended on Wednesday Evening the 13th of March, the reading of a very interesting paper at the Spiritual Institute, by Mr. Harris, of the Anthropological Institute,* and feeling that your earnest appeal to the ladies to give their experience ought not to remain without response, I willingly give my experience of "Spiritual Intercourse and Phenomena." I shall do so as briefly as I can, but as it extends over a period of twenty years, I fear I shall incur your criticism, at the rather disjointed style I am consequently forced to adopt. It is a source of pain to me, that on account of family ties, and the estrangements my convictions might cause amongst those I hold very

* This paper had been previously read at Manchester, and is published in the *Spiritual Magazine*, December, 1868.

dear, I cannot come personally and give my name. You will I trust understand and feel for me in this difficulty.

I date my first conviction of the truth of spiritual phenomena from the year 1852, about the time of Mrs. Haydon's arrival in this country from America. I was invited to meet her at a large private hotel in Wimpole Street, by Mr. H. S. Thompson, the well-known mesmerist. Having another engagement for that evening, I was necessarily very late, and found the *seance* at an end. On the expression of my disappointment, Mrs. Haydon, at that time a perfect stranger to me, came forward leaving the rest of the party in animated and rather noisy conversation. She kindly said, "Sit at this small table, take the alphabet, and I will ask the spirits to give you a message." I did as she desired me, and in a few minutes the table seemed alive with rappings, the vibrations of which I distinctly felt on the sole of my foot resting against the leg of the table. This was a help to me, as the noise of the conversation almost drowned the "rappings." I was left quite to myself, and upon my asking whether any spirit wished to communicate with me, an affirmative was given, and the first letter indicated was E—the second A—the third D. Mrs. Haydon then returned in the kindest manner to see how I was getting on, and finding only E A D, said, "Oh, I fear that means nothing, you will not get anything to-night," I answered, "Pray leave me, I am getting on very well." The whole word, Eade, was the name of a very old friend, and a former admirer of mine in my youth, who had sent for me on his death-bed some months previously, promising to watch over me. The date of his death and every other question I put was answered, ending by "I watch over you." I assure you that this death-bed scene had entirely passed from my mind, as I had undergone much trouble and severe affliction connected with those dearer to me in the interval. I dwell on these circumstances as they are distinct proofs, that the assertion made by Dr. Carpenter in his lecture at St. George's Hall, that Mrs. Haydon arranged her answers by watching the variation of the inquirer's countenance, was false. Mrs. Haydon did not even approach me after the three letters of the name had been given.

I have years ago obtained remarkable tests through my valued friend Dr. Ashburner, Mrs. Barnes, and others, but more recently travelling in Italy about the time Mr. Daniel Home was expelled from Rome by an order from the Vatican, I visited that city, but was careful of speaking on the subject, fearing I might possibly bring upon myself a similar mandate, in consequence of my comparatively very humble mediumship. Conversing however one evening with an English gentleman, Mr.

P—, an old resident in Rome, he discovered my convictions, and asked me as a great favour to have a private *séance* at his house, for the purpose of convincing his son (a young man of about 20) of the truth of spirit-life hereafter, as he feared he had become quite an infidel. I consented, and upon arriving at the house of this gentleman and his wife (almost utter strangers to me), I placed the indicator on the table. Soon afterwards the young man himself entered, and after some jeering remark placing a pellet upon the table, (the pellet was tightly folded) he said, "If you can tell me the contents of that paper, I will believe there is something in this Spiritualism." The door being locked to avoid intrusion, we were in secret and quiet. The indicator on my placing my hand upon it, went up to the paper, appeared to examine it minutely—came back again—went round it two or three times, and finally commenced indicating the letters on the alphabet, which formed the name "Charlotte Bullock." A vague feeling came over me, that it must be a mistake, but the young man with trembling hands unfolded his paper, and on it was inscribed the name "Charlotte Bullock." He left the room, and we entered into conversation about the Pope, Antonelli, and other noted personages, when presently the young man returned with a pellet more tightly twisted than the last, saying, "I know how it was—you must have read my mother's thoughts. She knew I had been attached to a person bearing that name, and thought it likely I should give it. Here is another written out of the room, and of whom no one in this house knows anything but myself." The indicator went through exactly the same movements as before, eventually spelling out "Chandos Pole." The pellet was opened and contained the words "Chandos Pole."

Shortly after this, a young Englishman came in and joined a private *séance* at my house in the Via Condotti, in opposition to the wishes of his guardian. The indicator spelt out in Italian "*Persequitato*" (pursued), and presently a violent ringing came at the door-bell, we opened it fearing some accident, and the guardian rushing in, there found his ward. The ending, however, after some explanation was amicable.

Another evening, at Rome, an Italian gentleman, Signor di Sanctis, a painter, poet, and musician, came in to excuse himself for not having called before, alleging that he had sustained a sad bereavement in the death of his father. The indicator was lying—carelessly enough on my part—on the table. He took it up to examine it, never having seen such a little instrument before—it was fortunate for me he was not the Pope—and asked me the use of it. I turned off the question, and desired him to place his hand on it with mine. He did so, and, with the

alphabet before us, it spelt out "*Tommaso*." He started back, and, using an expressive exclamation, said, "How could you know my father's Christian name, as he has never been in Rome?" I answered that I had never even heard of his father until he told me of his death; and upon placing our hands upon the indicator again, it spelt out the word "*Benedicete*." I also received long messages from Gibson, the sculptor, who died that year at Rome.

At Paris, in 1867, I sat with a well-known lady, who is devoting her life and energies to the service of Spiritualism, and a well-known most powerful medium, then Miss N—. We three were covered by showers of fresh flowers, wet with dew, and evidently pulled from their stems—not cut—as the fibres were visible at the stalks. The lady, at whose house the *séance* was held, said, "Oh, dear, with such beautiful flowers, we ought to have some water to put them in." Immediately a stream of water came from the ceiling, and, on lighting a candle, we found the table wetted all over and covered with flowers. At that *séance* we had various flowers, roses, double white-stocks, mignonette, &c. At the next, pink carnations only. I, at each time, filled my handkerchief with them, and have some of them still in my possession *dried—very dry*, as you may imagine; but I keep them to prove that the sight of them was *real*, and not done to "unconscious cerebration."

Last Summer, I returned from Bath, where I had been living for a year and a half, and attended one of the *séances* at Messrs. Herne and Williams, at Lamb's Conduit Street, for the first time. Every person present was unknown to me, and I believe I was equally unknown to them. It is just possible Mr. Herne might have heard my name, as I had met him at a *séance* about three years before. After John King had saluted some of the company in his usual fashion, he came to me styling me "Old dear." I said to him, "John, you say that because you do not know my name, can't you guess it?" He answered, "I have known you too long and too well not to know your name," and he deliberately pronounced it! I said, "Did you know me, then, in Paris?" "Of course I did." "Then you must know (I here mentioned a young person's name, by which she is *not* known by others), and he answered without hesitation what S— S— of Bath. I was astounded! John then said, "There is a spirit near you trying to speak to you, his name is 'Amos.'" I begged he would go and ask him what he had to say. John returned in a few seconds, and gave me some words, which were to me such an extraordinary "test," that, had I ever doubted, I could not *then* fail to believe. Since then, I have attended several times, and "Katie" has

taken things from my hand as I have been taking them from my pocket, and it was utterly impossible for anyone to see what I had there. Once she took a sugar plum and put it between the lips of my youngest son, who had gone there a sceptic. She has patted and caressed my face and head, and kissed my hand with apparently the warm lips of a child. She has brought a velvet cloak I had left in another room and thrown it over me, because I felt cold, and the doors were locked. The large plaid shawl of a friend I had seen in an upstairs room three minutes before (the doors being locked), and it came apparently flapping like a large sail through the ceiling, and was thrown over her. The fringe struck our faces as it passed to her, at the other end of the room.

Latterly, wishing to investigate these phenomena in our own private circle, we have inaugurated private *séances*, and have obtained the most indubitable "tests." Rappings, and even the luminous hand. We have a medium of our own for the spirit-voice, and have obtained three or four separate voices, and the most beautiful and touching messages given through these voices from our loved ones "across the river." A friend, sitting with this medium, his family and ourselves, got a message, though with great difficulty, from his mother's spirit, who had been seen by a *clairvoyante*, sitting at his bedside during a long and painful illness, from which he was only just recovering. The names of my own dear ones "gone before" have been repeatedly given to me by the spirit-voice, with the most characteristic messages, using the same terms of expression and endearment they used in this life; and all this in the presence and in the hearing of four or five of our private circle who have commenced investigating for themselves—the *only satisfactory way of obtaining convincing results*. I have repeatedly had a cold hand laid upon mine. Hands have pressed on my head so as to bow it down; my dress has been repeatedly and sometimes violently pulled by spirit-hands; a spirit-hand has been laid on my head at night and awakened me, and the spirit-voice has told me afterwards why it came. Objects have been removed from my drawing-room table and placed underneath it, although they were in their places when the room-door was locked overnight; and a *reason* for having done this was given by the spirits afterwards through a writing medium, who knew nothing whatever herself of the circumstances.

A lady friend, then present, accompanied me to the house of a private medium some distance from London, and although she was entirely unknown—and all circumstances connected with her—to the "medium," the name of her departed daughter was given to her, which overwhelmed the mother with tears of joy.

A spirit-voice (not that of her child) addressed her as follows:—
 “Cheer up, there are better days in store for you on earth. I feel compelled to come to you, dear sister, seeing your grief. God will not lay any heavier burden than you are able to bear. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow. Throw yourself on your knees and say, Lord, I give myself up to Thee, for not a sparrow falleth to the ground without Thy will. If a mother’s tears or sighs can reach a child in so high a sphere, will not the heartfelt prayer go up at once to God? Glory to God for permitting these manifestations,” it continued. “Few minds can thoroughly grasp this power of communion with the so-called dead, but what a blessing it is to those who can.” Two evenings afterwards at my friend’s house the daughter’s spirit came again, saying through the voice, “Grieve not for me, I have escaped the evils of this world, and am happy with Jesus.” The voice then continued, “What a beautiful spirit, don’t grieve for her any more. When you learn to put implicit faith in God, and can say ‘Here I am, Lord, Nothing in my hand I bring’—you will feel a greater happiness pervading your whole frame, you have great cause for thankfulness to the Father who allows the spirits to come, and when he permits his angels to come, the Great Spirit is always watching over you—his children—here! Cultivate a cheerful disposition, we depend entirely on you, and what we draw from those who are sitting here, for our apparatus. We must get the breath to speak, otherwise you could not hear us. We depend on you when we are in communion with you. You should say, ‘Oh, Lord, prepare my mind that I may be ready to receive!’

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers.

‘In my Father’s house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you.’ If there had only been *two* places our Lord would not have said, ‘I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, ye may be also.’ You cannot have much to-night, as this is a strange place, the conditions are otherwise good. (This spirit had promised to describe the fourth sphere to us.) The surroundings are strange, we must talk fast for the emanations are passing away, hence we speak quickly.” After a few more sentences the voice ceased. Another spirit-voice (quite different in tone) gave me a message from a loved one I had lost, repeating her name and married surname several times over and over again, until it got the right pronunciation. I have had spirit-messages given to me at periods extending over many years, in all parts of the Continent, and under totally different conditions.

After our last *séance* on the 16th of this month (March, 1872),

on lighting the candles we discovered that five religious and spiritual books had been taken from different parts of the room and placed noiselessly on the table. Loud rappings afterwards indicated by messages that they were intended for just the five sitters present, to be taken home by them and read. They were:—The “I Wills of the Psalms,” “Recognition of Friends in Heaven,” “What she did with her Life,” “Across the River,” which was indicated to be given to me, and a little old Prayer Book which had belonged to the daughter who had been in communion with us was to be given to the mother.

I had been repeatedly told by spirits that a lady named could help me in a very painful family matter. As she was the last person I thought could or would do so, I paid little attention to these assurances. Whilst at Bath last year, in the month of April, I received a letter from this lady, saying she had sought me everywhere, and wrote at a venture. She did arrange the matter afterwards for me, in a manner I could not have foreseen.

A lady friend of mine at Bath, whose niece or *protégée* had left England some time previously to join her husband who was with his regiment at Singapore, for two or three years, was very anxious at not having had any tidings of her for a long period. She consulted my little medium, to whom I have already alluded, and through her got the following message:—“Do not be uneasy; she and her husband are at the Cape, on their way home.” The lady pushed away the table at which they were sitting, almost in anger, saying, “Oh! that is all nonsense.” The next morning’s post brought a letter from the Cape, saying that the husband and wife were at the Cape unexpectedly on their way home to England, he having got an appointment. I received letters from two of the circle present, written unknown to each other, with exactly similar accounts of this *séance*, and its sequel.

The spirit-voices have explained to us how the higher spirits are permitted to help the lower—how all is progression.

They state that these manifestations which are considered in this world as a new “ism,” are older than our world; that what mortals consider material has no existence—is evanescent; what they consider “spiritual”—is the only true and everlasting: that they draw their power of communicating with us from the medium, and some of those surrounding her; that the atmosphere of some is pure and transparent, of others dense and repulsive; that they depend entirely on the emanations from us for the voice-power. They describe their passing away from this life, at the dissolution of their bodies, as of awakening from sleep and finding all darkness; presently a bright,

shining spirit comes, and takes them away to a place bright and glorious. They describe a curtain which is sometimes withdrawn as of woven sunlight. There is no sorrow there, no tears, no jealousy, no idleness, no drones, they say. They are sometimes allowed glimpses of such glory that it is impossible to describe; that their spirit-bodies can only be likened to the finest gossamer. They regret their past wasted time here on earth, and their lost opportunities, and all impress upon us how thankful we ought to be to God for permitting this communion.

A very talented young friend of ours who, with a promising career before him, met with an early death in India, is constantly with us in spirit now, and gaining great power in communicating. His raps are those of an embodied hand at times, and my son and myself are constantly touched by this palpable hand. My power with the indicator has been withdrawn, but I am a developing medium, and have made rapid progress in the development of the young person to whom John King alluded, giving at once the striking characteristics of her mediumship, namely, "S—— S—— of Bath." In consequence of her other vocation she is obliged to assume another than her own name as a "medium," from the strong prejudice there exists still in some unreasoning minds against Spiritualism. I have omitted (fearing that I am taking too much space), but in some instances purposely, to mention numerous other spirit messages, spirit monitions, and proofs of spirit intelligence, and have selected those only to which it will not be easy to take exceptions on the grounds of "unconscious muscular action," "unconscious cerebration," or "collusion." If such had been the case in the instances I have given, it appears to me that it would be even more surprising than the simple explanation of spirit intervention.

I feel that there may be some here who are thinking, although they may not like to express it: Oh, it is all very well for a lady to sit down and give us these wonderful accounts, and then withhold her name. In answer to these, I can only say that I shall be willing and happy to meet them here, in a less crowded room, and answer any questions concerning what I have stated that they may choose to put.

I have in my possession a book full of spiritual messages, containing the highest spiritual teaching. The conditions for getting these seem to me to be affinity, sympathy, and love.

STONES THROWN BY UNSEEN AGENTS.

THE *Revue Spirite* of March last quotes an article from the *Gazette du Languedoc*, of which we translate an abstract:—

"The nineteenth century," says the *Gazette du Languedoc*, "makes a boast of being the age of intelligence. Science assumes to explain everything by reason, and to find solutions for the various phenomena which from time to time manifest themselves upon our planet. We therefore humbly but confidently look to science to explain certain facts which have recently thrown the population of the retired Canton of Cadours into commotion. We shall be happy to find our request listened to, and hope thus to be enabled to testify our thankfulness to science, and at the same time satisfy public curiosity.

"Here are the facts:—On the 7th of October last, at a small farmhouse in the Commune of Cabanac, Canton of Cadours, the farmer's wife was seated by her fireside watching the preparation of her husband's supper, when she saw a stone fall down the chimney into her open saucepan. A second stone, then another fell. The farmer coming in finds his wife in trepidation, and while she relates the cause, himself sees stones falling apparently from the ceiling which is perfectly sound. The farmer takes up his gun and takes a turn round the house, sees no one, and returns to be greeted with more stones, which continue to fall at intervals.

"These stones are flints and fragments of tiles, like those of the ruins of a church destroyed by lightning a few years ago, about three hundred paces off. The night was passed by the poor farmer and his wife examining their conscience for any evil deed they may have done to bring this visitation upon them.

"The next morning brings the same persecution with it, and the wife persuades the husband to go to the priest. He with others repair to the farm in the evening. When they were within a hundred paces of the house, they found themselves assailed by stones coming from all directions, downwards, and laterally. They glance by them, but none strike them. Reaching the house they examine every part without and within, but find nothing to explain the phenomenon. The priest recites prayers and immediately the stones cease falling. The priest and his companions retired, leaving the place in peace, but the farmer and his wife accompanied them, in fear of a recurrence, and resolved to pass the night in the adjoining village. On their way the farmer was struck by a stone, and the priest and

his party felt stones glancing close by them as they had done on coming.

"The same phenomenon occurred day after day. Crowds from the adjoining villages gathered round the house, and all were obliged to acknowledge that stones were thrown sometimes from within the house, sometimes from without, there being no one visible to throw them.

"The priest and his colleagues now resolved solemnly to bless the farm, and this they did on the 11th of October in the presence of a numerous assemblage, the stones falling more rarely during the ceremony—one flint falling at the foot of the cross before which the priest knelt, and a fragment of tile striking one of the others. The next day all was quiet. So it continued until the 23rd, twelve days; then noises were heard in the lofts, and the stones began to fall as before. Now the farmer resolved that he and his family ought to apply for refuge in his landlord's house, not far off. This was allowed by him, but the stones followed them there. In the evening before leaving their home, they sat down to their little supper, but this was spoiled by a stone falling against their soup-dish and breaking it, and at the same time another stone struck and ruined the kitchen clock.

"They arranged with the landlord to be allowed to give up the house. During their removal the stones did not cease falling. They now changed their abode, but the phenomenon pursues them. If the farmer is in the fields, he finds himself struck by a stick; he looks around—he sees a stick on the ground, but no striker. In his new abode, the stones still fall. He and his wife in bed at night are struck, the wife even exhibiting a wounded face.

"Such is the outline of the facts which we have received from various witnesses.

"Let Science now have its say in the matter. Through its revelations æroliths no longer frighten us, nor does the sulphurous rain which falls in spring astonish us. Let it enlighten us upon the phenomenon which we here report. The laws of gravitation are known, but here we have a fact in contradiction to these laws. We ask Science to make investigation, and furnish us with a solution. We shall await her explanation before giving our own judgment on the phenomenon.

(Signed) "ADOLPHE DE LIMAIRAC."

The editors of the *Revue Spirite* say that this account has been reproduced in various journals in France, but before quoting it in their own pages resolved to have the particulars verified by inquiry on the spot, for which purpose they addressed them-

selves to the *Cercle de la Morale Spirite* of Toulouse, M. POMMIEZ, who put himself into communication with the farmer's landlord, whose account corresponds entirely with that given in the *Gazette du Languedoc*.

PROFESSOR ROBERT HARE'S LATEST OPINION OF SPIRITUALISM.

THAT chapter in the history of science that speaks of its relations with Spiritualism is not creditable to modern thought. The new philosophy received at the hands of scientists, a reception similar to that which was given to the discoveries of astronomers by the church of the middle ages. In America a few distinguished men rose above the bigotry and cowardice that prevailed among their scientific brethren, and one of them was the late Professor Robert Hare, of Pennsylvania.

This good man was indebted to nature for a powerful and striking *physique*. An artist seeking to portray a Roman of the Republic, would have found his ideal in the face and form of our venerated friend. His students at the University of Pennsylvania were wont to call him Jupiter, in allusion to the grandeur of his look; but well they knew that behind the austere gravity of his demeanor was an interest in their success, almost paternal in its character.

The Professor had won a great name as a chemist and electrician, when, in the autumn of his days, he was confronted by Spiritualism. It required him to begin anew his studies in the most fundamental principles of science, and to accept the doctrine of individual immortality, which hitherto he dissented from. Our friend was possessed of great strength of will, and the spirit of controversy had always been strong within him. But he was a gentleman, holding his allegiance to truth above and before everything; and so when he had duly tested the phenomena on which Spiritualism is based, there was no unworthy shuffling with the facts, no professional arrogance in place of argument; but only a candid, humble acknowledgment of the glorious truth, which it had pleased God to show him in the latter days of his existence.

The following letter, addressed to me by the Professor, is of importance, as it shows, in spite of newspaper allegations to the contrary, that years after the publication of his work on

Spiritualism, and within a brief space of his death (which happened on 18th May, 1858), his views on that great question remained unaltered.

J. C. KEMP.

" Philadelphia, 5th February, 1858.

" Dear Sir,—Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestations of which I have given an account in my work, I have, within the last nine months, had more striking evidences of that agency than those given in the work in question. I have lately had a leaden reservoir, weighing 110 pounds, removed from the north room to the south room of my laboratory, inaudibly and invisibly, while I was in the room with no other mortal than a lad of 18 years old, who was all the time otherwise engaged under my eyes, the reservoir being too heavy for him to lift. A stand, about as heavy, was transferred in like manner. I have had gas lighted and extinguished, when there was no fire nearer than in the kitchen. I have had empty glass phials broken and exploded under circumstances in which the agency of mortals was impossible. I have had many other manifestations of a similar kind.

" ROBT. HARE.

" To James Campbell Kent, Esq.,
" Petersburg, Va."

SPIRITUALISM AT THE ANTIPODES.

THE *Melbourne Herald* of the 2nd January, contains the following excellent leading article:—

" The progress and claims of Spiritualism are now the subject of widely-extended discussion throughout the world, and the growth of the new evangel is said to have exceeded in rapidity that of Mahomedanism and Christianity. Its mission has been a peaceful one. It has not been indebted to the sword like its predecessors for its success, but has appealed to the credulity and inner consciousness of men for its acceptance. As might be expected, it has met with unqualified opposition from two sources. The established religion has taken alarm at its pretensions and unquestionable heterodoxy. The scientific opponents meet it with ridicule and contempt. The latter, as a rule, deny its claims to serious consideration. The former dread it as a danger threatening the integrity of the ecclesias-

tical hierarchy, and the sacredness of the principles on which it is founded. It is true that the new school of religion has received many disciples from amongst the ablest men in both sections referred to, but they have suffered in reputation by their conscientious acceptance of the new ideas presented to them. The churches have held out against the assaults of Spiritualism with greater tenacity than the philosophers. Although the new phenomena are simply an expansion of one of the main elements of Christianity—the immortality of the soul—affording practical illustrations of its truth, they are denounced by religionists as demoniacal in their nature, and vicious in their consequences. Nothing can exceed the rancour with which they are denounced, and the intense hatred they have engendered. On the side of those who view the question from a scientific stand-point there has been sufficient courage and honesty here and there to enter upon a course of investigation in accordance with the methods of the Spiritualist, and the result has been that the phenomena have been accepted, but not their presumed source. So far science is in advance of the church in a desire to afford the new teachers an opportunity of vindicating their pretensions.

“Without committing ourselves to the views of either combatants it is competent for us to take cognizance of the tactics employed by them. There has now been sufficient time occupied by them in their attack and defence for onlookers to form a tolerably correct estimate of the nature of their proceedings, and the probable consequences which will follow the warfare entered upon with so much sincerity on the one hand, and so much prejudice on the other.

“The first and most conspicuous fact which arrests attention is, that on the part of the religious opponents of Spiritualism there is no willingness to treat the new disciples with consideration. Denunciation, as in the days of Hildebrand, is the only weapon used, and scurrility takes the place of charity. Whenever we peruse the letters, or lectures, of clergymen professing to deal with the pretensions of Spiritualism, we are filled with disgust at the want of decency which characterises them. There appears to be no desire to treat the question logically or fairly.

“On the other side the literature of the Spiritualists, which is now very extensive, is in striking contrast, having as its leading characteristic a toleration and humanitarianism that is singularly conspicuous. Their writings breathe a benevolence and goodwill towards humanity, which contrasts most favourably with the writings of their opponents. Abuse and vituperative language do not mar the pages of their periodicals. Taking the writings of those in Victoria who have essayed

to confront Spiritualism, it is remarkable that we can find in them almost every offensive appellation in our language. Such words as 'impious,' 'diabolical,' 'devilish,' interlard these lucubrations with considerable frequency. A catalogue of these undignified, and worse than useless expressions, would fill a quarto page; and would demonstrate, beyond question, that the writers are either so ignorant, or so vicious, as to be disqualified for taking part in a controversy of the kind.

"If the new religion is to be put down, and disposed of once and for ever, it will not be by the course now pursued. The ability of its defenders demands that something more than opprobrious epithets and ribaldry should be brought to confront them. Our advice to the clergy is to abandon the hitherto useless practice of slander, and adopt one of honourable and rational disquisition. We have yet to see how Spiritualism would bear up against such treatment. It is possible that so consistent a course might be fatal to it; but it is absolutely true that Spiritualism must live and flourish unscathed under the senseless tirades of the Revs. the Dean of Melbourne and Mr. Nish."

The Illustrated Australian News remarks:—

"Spiritualism notwithstanding the ridicule which assails it, and the many absurd things which are said and done in its name, continues to enlarge its circle of believers, and service is now regularly performed in a large building in Lonsdale Street, which is filled every Sunday morning. There is but little in the creed itself to provoke the antagonism of the church. It is calculated, despite its seeming impossibilities, to make a certain section of society who believe in nothing but Materialism step beyond the narrow bounds of a cold philosophy, and come nearer therefore to the church. Yet, strangely enough, the clergy of all denominations are its fiercest assailants, and if only pamphlets and sermons would accomplish it, Spiritualism, as a new faith, would have long ago died and been buried. As it is, the opposition of the church appears to give it increased vitality, and there is no question but that it is largely extending its circle of believers in this country."

The Australian Medical Gazette has the following:—

"We believe it is nothing unusual to see the equipages of a number of medical men drawn up of a morning before the place of business of a well-known and popular medical 'medium,' while the owners are inside consulting the great 'Spiritist' respecting the treatment and fate of their unfortunate patients. Seriously, we ask, What is the profession coming to in this colony? Where is this demoralising humbug to end? Melbourne presents the strange spectacle of hospital physicians, filling the

responsible positions of examiners and lecturers in the local University, who are doing their utmost to degrade medical science to the level of 'Spiritism.' The thing appears so preposterous, that it will scarcely be believed by the profession in England. Had a few obscure medical men given in their adhesion to the contemptible delusion of medical 'mediumship,' it would be sufficiently discreditable. What language is strong enough adequately to stigmatise such conduct on the part of learned physicians holding high office in the Melbourne University and in the metropolitan hospitals?"

SPIRITUALISM IN THE AMERICAN PRESS.

SPIRITUALISM permeates the entire press of America, and incidents of spiritual manifestation, and articles relating thereto, frequently appear in the political and literary journals. The following may be taken as examples:—

"GHOSTOGRAPH" IN VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.

The *Territorial Enterprise* of December 16th, 1871, makes mention of a spectral picture which recently appeared in that city. It was discovered on the afternoon of the 15th December in a window on the D street front of the lower story of the brick building in which the National Guard had their armoury. "The building stands on the corner of D and Union streets, and the window in which the ghostograph is to be seen, is the first after turning from Union into D street. It is in the centre pane of the lower part of the window." A representative of the paper visited the scene, and gives the following account:—

"The picture is that of a personage of venerable aspect, dressed in black, and of a solemn if not sad expression of countenance. It is not a dim picture, nor does it require the least stretch of imagination to make it out. It shows but the head and neck—no outline of shoulders being visible. . . . A crowd lingered about the window until it became quite dark, and applied all the tests that occurred to them, fully satisfying themselves that the thing was neither a photograph nor a picture pasted upon the pane. . . . There is no humbug about this window-pane ghost—it is there, and all may satisfy themselves in regard to it, and as to its being a manufactured, a genuine, or an accidental ghost. . . . We are informed that the picture has been recognized by an old resident as a

striking likeness of a friend of his who was frozen to death on American Flat in the spring of 1860. He is positive as to the picture being that of his friend, and declares the likeness to be most perfect."

MR. CHARLES H. FOSTER.

The *Missouri Republican*, published in St. Louis, in its issue of March 3rd, contains a letter from its New York correspondent, in regard to the well-known New York public medium, Mr. Charles H. Foster. After a few prefatory remarks in regard to Spiritualism and mediums, the writer says :—

I am just as much a sceptic as ever, although I have had heaps of reasons to feel staggered.

During this week, I dropped in to see Mr. Foster in Twelfth Street, as he is an exceedingly genial gentleman, and his rooms are a very delightful place to pass an hour in, aside from the mysterious transactions you witness during a call, that are more entertaining than any performance I ever remember.

Let me truthfully and simply state what occurred in one hour at this gentleman's table. Five several parties waited in the ante-room. The first to be admitted was a gentleman of high breeding and evident mental ability. Instead of accepting the paper offered by Mr. Foster, on which to write the name of some person deceased, he said: "I wish to call upon the spirit of my cousin who died eighteen months ago." This seemed to answer every purpose, for the muffled taps came with considerable sharpness. "Now," said Foster, "ask any questions you wish." The gentleman took out his note-book and offered the spiritual visitant several relating to business, and apparently they were answered to his entire satisfaction, Mr. Foster beginning a reply with the words, "Laura says," &c. A flush crept over the gentleman's face, and he asked if she would write her name, which Mr. Foster immediately did, furnishing three initials between the Christian and surname. "Correct," said the visitor. In fact, I heard the inevitable "correct" so often that from my corner in the sofa I solemnly murmured "Keno." "But," said Foster, "you called for your cousin—this Laura is a nearer relation than that. The violet hue I can see about you emanates in as deep a shade from this Laura. She must have been ——" "I called for my cousin, but my deceased sister is the one who bore the name of Laura," replied the gentleman, who proceeded to take a sealed envelope from his pocket, and thus addressed Mr. Foster :—

"A friend of mine down town, to-day—a sceptic—learning my destination, proposed this test: he has written two names of persons deceased; has, as you see, sealed them with his own seal (there was half a pound of sealing-wax on the envelope), and made me a heavy bet you cannot tell correctly the names written within." Foster smiled, and, placing the letter upon his forehead, began softly repeating the alphabet, pausing as he reached S. Going over this twice, he wrote on a slip of paper, "Edmond St. John." The visitor looked at me and shook his head, as if this was something beyond him entirely. In a moment, Mr. F. added "Cyrus Coddington" as the second name, and urged the gentleman to open the envelope, and satisfy the party of the correctness; but that he would not do. He assured Foster, however, that he was satisfied the names were right, as the gentleman who wrote the names was himself a St. John, and his father-in-law's family name was Coddington. This ended interview No. 1.

Two ladies were admitted—both in black. One whose face bore traces of troubles thick and heavy, wrote the names of two adult spirits, but promptly there arrived a little girl.

Foster *loquitur*—"F. A. B.—who's F. A. B.? Oh, Fanny—oh, yes, little Fanny. Why, this child ought not to have died; she was murdered."

Down went the poor mother's head, and such big tears as rained down her furrowed cheeks I had not seen for some time. This was all very unpleasant. Fanny's doctor gave her an overdose of morphine, and Fanny had been pushing clouds for some ten months. To give a pleasant turn to things, I was invited up to the table. Foster predicted a nice time in pecuniary matters to this lady, and the successful termination of her journey (she had a ticket for Nashville in her pocket. During a long conversation with the victim of morphine, I opened a book I held, and, under the table, wrote "*Hannah Gale*," tore it out and rolled it up, thinking when the next batch of ghosts were called to slip in my summons. Holding it in my hand, I listened interestedly to messages from John this and Rachael that—spirits who promptly gave their names, and were recognized as brothers or aunts of the two other ladies.

Presently said Foster, "Who does this spirit come to—a beautiful face, dark, flowing hair, robed in a floating tissue of white, wearing a cluster of roses upon her bosom? She died a sudden death: she was killed. Do you know who this is?" (This to one of the strange ladies.) Neither recognized the spirit. "Why," says Foster, "you must. This is some one who was *burned to death*." I felt a little shiver run down my vertebral supporter. Quick as a flash, Foster seized a pencil and wrote "*Hannah Gale*," and I unclosed my hand and threw upon the table the same name—the name of the eldest of those four unhappy sisters who were burned to death in Philadelphia, the opening night of Wheatley's theatre, some ten years ago, and whose awful fate is fresh in the minds of almost every one who reads this paragraph. To say the least of this performance, it is simply astonishing, is it not?

A STRANGE CURE.

"A strange case of sudden cure by strange means occurred last week, in Seventh Street, the particulars of which have been given us by Dr. Wilson, of the novelty cure. Mrs. G. H. Kreider had been suffering several weeks from a large tumour on the left breast, and the pain attendant upon it was of the most intense character. One day, last week, the lady sent for Dr. Wilson, and announced her determination to have the tumour lanced. The doctor examined it, and found it ready for cutting, and, at the lady's request, administered chloroform to her. She became oblivious to everything outwardly, but became possessed of a remarkable power. In a short time, to the amazement of the doctor, she commenced to talk in a broken, indistinct language, and announced herself to be an Indian chief, who had departed for the happy hunting-grounds many years ago. The chief was a "big medicine man" in his day, and discoursed volubly on his treatment of diseases. To humour the peculiar condition of the lady, the doctor asked the chief questions regarding his patient, which were all answered in the peculiar tongue of the half-civilized red man. This condition continued for nearly an hour; and, no matter in what position the patient was sitting, she seemed to have the power of seeing him every time he approached with the knife to cut the tumour, and resisted all attempts to perform the operation. The deceased "medicine man" announced that he never used a knife in such cases—that he didn't believe in it: he had a better

remedy. Then commenced the strangest part of this peculiar condition. The breast had been so sore and tender for days, that it was impossible to touch or allow the baby to nurse it, without causing the lady intense pain; but she commenced beating the breast and tumour with both hands, in the most rapid manner, and continued it for several minutes. After she discontinued this singular application, she recovered her consciousness, and looked about her without the slightest trace of emotion or agitation. Oblivious of what had transpired, she asked if the operation had been performed, and was much surprised when informed of what had taken place. The affected part was examined, and, lo! the tumour had disappeared, swelling and pain were gone, and nothing but a redness of the skin indicated where it had been. The next day the tumour broke, and the lady is now entirely well. The doctor, who is no Spiritualist, is puzzled, and can't account for the strange condition into which his patient was thrown, and the strange cure that was effected. As there was no deception in it, we are inclined to ask, What is it?"

The husband of the lady thus cured, writes to the *Banner of Light* :—

"The above account of the cure of my wife by spirit-power, I clipped from the *Louisville Daily Commercial*, which is true, with the exception of some slight mistakes, which I have corrected. Her mother—Mrs. N. L. Fay, a clairvoyant physician, well known in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois—taught her, from her infancy, the beautiful truths of Spiritualism. She early manifested mediumistic gifts, and one of her first controlling influences was "Oak of the Forest," the "medicine man mentioned by the doctor. He has ever been present in time of danger, to relieve his medium of suffering.

"Louisville, Ky.

"G. H. KREIDER."

The Spiritualists of America have just been celebrating the twenty-fourth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, in the principal towns and cities of the United States; but we have not space to quote the accounts given of the proceedings in the newspapers. We hope that on the next anniversary, when Modern Spiritualism will have run its course for a quarter of a century, the occasion will be worthily celebrated in this country, as well as on the other side of the Atlantic.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

MR. ALFRED WALLACE ON THE RELATION OF SPIRITUALISM
TO SCIENCE.

MR. ALFRED WALLACE, in the last number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, concludes a review of Mr. Owen's *Debateable Land* as follows:—

“ It is now becoming almost a common thing to acknowledge that there is a certain amount of truth in the facts; with a proviso, always, of the writer's repudiation of the spiritual theory. For my own part, the only thing that makes the facts credible on evidence *is* the spiritual theory. Mr. A., or Prof. B., or Dr. C., may state that *they know* certain of the facts are true, but that all these facts can be explained without calling in the aid of spirits. Perhaps they can. But why should I, or any other reader, accept A., B., or C.'s facts, and reject Mr. Owen's, when the former are not one whit more intrinsically probable, or supported by one iota better testimony, than the latter? Yet these latter actually *force* upon us the spiritual theory, just as the facts of geology *force* upon us the belief in long series of ancient living forms, different from those now upon the earth. I must accept all the equally well-attested facts, of equal intrinsic probability, or reject all. I cannot believe in Cretaceous fossils as realities, and reject Silurian as freaks of nature; neither can I accept the facts B. may have witnessed, and reject those of the rest of the alphabet. Yet if all the main classes of facts are admitted, the spiritual theory appears as clearly a deduction from them as the theory of extinct animals follows from the facts presented by their fossil remains. The position of the *Quarterly Review* is, that there are no facts worth speaking of, and, therefore, no true spiritual theory can be founded on them. This is safe ground, as long as all the evidence for the facts is carefully denied, misrepresented, or ignored. But when there are ten thousand witnesses to these facts, of whom say nine thousand are as good and competent as A. or B., it is not safe ground for A. or B. to admit just so much of the facts as they have witnessed themselves, and reject the rest. The problem we have now to solve is—how much of the facts are true. Till this is done by some better test than individual experience, it is premature to discuss what theories may or may not explain them. In the meantime, let no one prejudge the question till they have studied Mr. Owen's facts, and carefully weighed his arguments.”

DR. CARPENTER CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

The *Daily Telegraph*, of April 22nd, contains two columns of correspondence upon Dr. Carpenter's asserted reputation of Mr. Crookes's experimental proof the existence of a hitherto unrecognised force. Called upon to apologize for the wrong he had done Mr. Crookes by his misrepresentations, Dr. Carpenter threw the responsibility from himself upon those whom he stated were his informants. Mr. Crookes accordingly wrote to Professor Stokes and Sir Charles Wheatstone, and publishes the correspondence, leaving it to the judgment of the scientific world. From a letter of Mr. Crookes's, in reply to a criticism of Sir Charles Wheatstone on one of his experiments, we quote the following passage:—

The only sentence in your letter bearing in any way on my actual experiment is the last one, in which you say, "I cannot see what part you intended the water to play when you subsequently placed the vessel over the dead point, and it appears to me contrary to all analogy that a force acting according to physical laws should produce the motion of a lever by acting on its fulcrum."

In this I entirely agree. I, too, cannot see the part the water played; nor can I trace the analogy between the psychic force and a force acting according to known physical laws. Yet the fact recorded in my papers is true for all that.

SERMONS ON SIGNIFICANT BOOKS.

We have long been of opinion that the usual narrow range of pulpit topics might be enlarged much to the interest and edification of the "dear hearers," by whom listening to the dull monotony of sermons is so often only submitted to as a wearisome duty. A good example in this respect has recently been set by the Rev. F. R. Young, Minister of the Free Christian Church, Swindon. He has lately begun a series of monthly sermons on "Significant Books," the third, a few Sundays ago, was on Mr. Owen's *Debateable Land between this World and the Next*, of which an extended report appears in the *North Wilts Herald*. After pointing out the high qualifications of the author for such a work, and describing the contents of the volume, Mr. Young read some of the narratives in it, which we are told were listened to by the congregation with intense and almost painful attention. Mr. Young then read the chapter entitled "The Conclusion of the whole Matter," and concluded by stating that although a known believer in, and public professor of Christian Spiritualism, he had not intruded the subject upon the notice of either friends or foes; but had contented himself with allowing it to be clearly understood that he occupied the position of a believer, and was willing to take all the consequences. He now wished them to understand, once again, that in this public way he renewed his profession of belief, a belief he was bound to

cherish and avow if he would not be a coward and a sneak. A man was profited nothing if he gained the whole world, and lost his own soul; in other words, nothing could compensate any man for failure in obedience to conscience, and following the dictates of what he knew to be true and believed to be right. If Spiritualism were true, it was a revolutionary truth; hundreds of old things must then pass away, and many an aspect in man's Spiritual world must become altogether new.

NEW MANIFESTATIONS.

On Saturday night, April 13th, at a semi-public dark *séance* at Messrs. Herne and Williams, 61, Lamb's Conduit-street, streaks of bright light from two to three inches long, and of a phosphorescent character were seen rising from tops of the heads of the mediums. Then the light gradually spread over their heads till all their hair was visible, and dark hands were seen in the luminous smoke, apparently drawing the brighter streaks of light out of the centres of their heads. Then near Mr. Williams the name of a spirit was written in the air in large letters of light, and Mr. Clifford Smith, who was present, knew both the spirit and the handwriting. While some more letters were being written with great velocity, there was a flash and a sharp snap like an electrical discharge, and the whole room was lit up for an instant. Then for a time all was in darkness, after which, behind Mr. Herne, one of the veiled figures seen in the spirit-photographs became visible from head to waist, the drapery being all phosphorescent, but the appearance lasted only a few seconds. The spirit Katie said that before long she would make herself and her face visible to the whole circle.

AN INCIDENT FROM DREAM LAND.

The *Revue Spirite* relates the following incident:—"On a recent visit to an old lady friend at Antwerp," says the writer, "she told me that she had several times had money stolen from her secretary drawer, and could in no way find a clue to the mystery, while the loss placed her under no little embarrassment. Lately a thousand francs disappeared, and a child of her own household began to be suspected. Feeling ill over the matter, she uttered a most fervent prayer and fell asleep. During the dream or vision (whichever you choose to call it) which then came to her, she saw her master workman plunging his hand into the box containing her jewelry and bank-bills marked so that they could be identified. Waking on the instant, she called a commissary of police, who, at once proceeding to this man's house, found the articles and money marked as before stated."

SWEDENBORG AND OPEN INTERCOURSE WITH SPIRITS.

That we are not for ever to be shut up in darkness—shut out from the visible and spiritual world, is very evident. The only thing that makes it so now, is our sinful and evil state. Open intercourse involves an opening on both sides—to the heavens and to the hells. That is what makes it so dangerous. But it is the true and normal state of humanity to enjoy that openness at all times when occasion requires. Swedenborg's case was not an exception in this respect, except in the matter of its prominence and vastness, in regard to his great mission as the Herald and Scribe of the first New Church. In this respect he stood alone. But in addition to this grand distinction, he stands as a prophecy for the whole human race. The last is in the first. All men on earth are to be delivered from the fatal bondage of sin and its privations, and this earth is again to be restored to its pristine spiritual state, only with greater and stronger powers in consequence of its thorough and terrible discipline. A new earth and a new heaven to come! God be praised! But we are not to take advantage from this truth, and try to hasten such a condition before its time. God will accomplish it in his own good time. He has begun it already. "Modern Spiritualism" is only its precursor. There is much in it that is evil and dangerous, but still a vast amount of simple, good, useful instruction for those who need it. There are also quite a number in the present New Church who have partial openings, of which they are more or less conscious. Indeed, a New Church in its fullness and reality, includes this beautiful and satisfactory state as a necessary consequence. It is a new and perfected and spiritual state of humanity. "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man."—"It shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." How beautiful will be that day! We know it, many of us, by absolute, partial, present experience. How have Swedenborgians misrepresented this whole subject! Even the angels, said Swedenborg, were impatient for the time to come, when they could once more come into conscious communication with man. And yet we have a little work on "Pythonism," put forth by the Ministers of the Massachusetts Association, for the express purpose of showing the nature of Modern Spiritualism, in which this great truth is not only studiously concealed, but Swedenborg is half quoted and misrepresented *in order* to conceal it. The writer gives this extract from Swedenborg, A. C. 69): "Man was so created by the

Lord, that during his life in the body he might be able to speak with spirits and angels, as was also actually the case in the most ancient times; for he is one with them, because he is a spirit clothed with a body: but because in process of time men so immersed themselves in corporeal and worldly things that they cared for almost nothing else, therefore the way was shut," &c.

And so, by this quotation, from all that appears to the contrary, the reader is instructed that the way is *always and for ever* to be shut. How disingenuous this is! How unworthy of a body of ministers! For the very next words of Swedenborg are—"Nevertheless it is again opened as soon as bodily things are removed, and then man is introduced amongst spirits, and dwells with them." Which agrees with his own state and with his other teachings, and is a plain declaration that only man's materialized and sensual condition keeps him, or ever can keep him from the conscious, visible, and beautiful communion with angels.

Such will be the final state of men upon this earth. Such is partially experienced now with many, both in and out of the church. The Lord be praised for his abundant power and goodness.—*New Church Independent.*

LAST MOMENTS OF MONTELEMBERT.

Bishop Butler would have drawn a new argument for his great thesis, that the soul's life is strongest when the body is weakest, from a most remarkable and touching letter which Montalembert, just before he died, penned to Baron Hübner. The Baron, when known in the political world as being the diplomat in whose ears the Emperor of the French spoke the hostile warning which resulted in Magenta and Solferino, has lately sought fame in the literary arena. He has written a life of Pope Sixtus the Fifth, and a revised copy of the work was sent to Montalembert, who perused it during his last hours. We confess our ignorance whether his Excellency's book merits all the praises which an enthusiast and fellow-historian like the late Count lavishes upon it; but it obviously secures historic note by eliciting this remarkable proof of the vivacity still inspiring a fine intellect almost at the supreme moment. The Count wrote the long epistle an hour or two before he died—and it is as calm, coherent, and incisive as though it had been the production of the serenest health. The soul about to depart deals with topics of abstract criticism as though it had no "sense of "saving time;" cheerful and collected, it seems to pour its last earthly minutes out upon the ground of literature, after the manner of a Greek libation to the gods. For, though Montalembert's departure was sudden,

he well knew that he was near the close ; and he radiantly says to the Baron, that the sincerity in this book had given him all the more pleasure as being a foretaste of the perfect veracities which he was going to enjoy in the other world. This gentle and profoundly religious man was the same, forsooth, in whose case the clerical authorities countermanded a funeral mass, and of whose state after death grave doubts were expressed ! The dying man has no such bitterness in his creed. He writes :—“ You have concealed neither the shadows nor the stains inseparable from the human element always so visible in the Church, and by this alone you have brought out all the more the Divine element, which, in the end, ever prevails, and consoles us by inundating us with its soft and convincing light.” Looking at the many expressions in the letter which show that the sense of coming death was strong upon the gifted spirit, and then finding such a passage as this—“ I anticipate with pleasure the satisfaction I shall have in reading your subsequent volumes”—it appears as if some “over-soul” in the writer assured him that life has no break in its development—that dissolution does not touch the nature or interrupt the delights of the true and inner life. The ink was scarcely dry when the last pang seized the writer of this admirable letter. The *au revoir* with which it concludes must be solemn, indeed, to Montalembert’s correspondent. It was an appointment made for the other world.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Obituary.

MR. J. W. JACKSON.

OUR readers will learn with regret of the decease of Mr. J. W. Jackson, which took place April 2nd. He was one of the earliest and most active workers for the advancement of Mesmerism, and of those sciences which aim to enlarge our knowledge of human nature. As a lecturer and writer on these subjects he laboured indefatigably for more than a quarter of a century. He established classes to promote the knowledge and practice of Mesmerism as a remedial agent in Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow ; the late Archbishop Whately, and Professor Gregory frequently presided at his public lectures and addresses. In removing to London a little more than a year ago, one of the chief objects he had in view was to establish in the metropolis a society to diffuse the knowledge and practice of Mesmerism throughout the land, and to rescue it from those charlatans into whose hands it unfortunately has so largely fallen.

Mr. Jackson was a man of genial and kindly nature, and catholic spirit; his intellect was broad and massive, with a capacious well-stored mind and retentive memory, from which, with wonderful ease and felicity of expression, he drew what seemed an inexhaustible supply of whatever, either new or old, would best enforce and illustrate the argument in hand. He was a voluminous and careful writer, with a style clear and chaste, and with that accuracy, depth of insight, and artistic beauty which arose from his being at once a man of science, a philosopher, and a poet. His chief works are *The Ecstasies of Genius*; *Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian*; and *Mesmerism in Connection with Popular Superstitions*. At the time his labours were suddenly arrested by his fatal illness, he was engaged on what would probably have been the crowning work of his life, a treatise *On Man considered Physically, Morally, Intellectually, and Spiritually*. This work was to have been completed in four parts, of which two only have appeared. Besides these works, and two volumes of poems, Mr. Jackson wrote largely for the periodical press. He was one of the principal contributors to *The Future*, an ethnological journal, edited by Luke Burke, and which appeared more than twenty years ago. He was a Fellow of the Anthropological Society, and some of the finest papers in the *Anthropological Review* were from his pen. He stood, indeed, in the front rank as a philosophical writer on subjects of Ethnology and Anthropology. His numerous papers in *Human Nature* have probably made him known to many Spiritualists not familiar with his earlier writings.

Some four years ago Mr. Jackson delivered an Address to the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, which led Mr. Howitt to remark that he "was on the staircase leading to the chambers of Spiritualism, but had not reached the rooms for which the staircase was built." He had, indeed, recognised and admitted the phenomena of Spiritualism, but believed that Mesmerism furnished an adequate explanation of them without resorting to any theory of spiritual agency. But though his convictions on this subject were of slow growth, he ever advanced steadily towards the truth, and to which he finally and fully attained, for he reached the chambers of Spiritualism at last. Mediumship developed in his own family, in one in whom he knew he could confide, and the communications he received by this means satisfied him beyond a doubt that they proceeded from a spiritual source. Whilst in London he was most assiduous in attending spiritual *séances*, and in carefully noting the phenomena, and the conditions under which they were presented. A series of articles in the *Medium*, describing a number of *séances* at the house of Mrs. Gregory (widow of Professor Gregory) was from his pen, and

it was his intention to have written for the *Spiritual Magazine* a narrative of how he was led from Mesmerism to Spiritualism. In the last conversation the present writer had with him, he spoke especially of the spirit-hands he had seen and grasped, and of the direction whence these proceeded as being to his mind most convincing manifestations of the presence of individual spirits.

His last public Address was on Modern Spiritualism, and was delivered only a few weeks ago before the Chelsea Literary and Scientific Association.

Mr. Jackson was sixty-one years of age. It is painful to know that his death was hastened by over mental exertion, and by pecuniary anxieties, which his sensitive nature caused him to keep from the knowledge of his friends till unhappily it was too late. Had his earth life been continued, few men could have done better service to the cause of Spiritualism. Let us trust, however, that our friend is still working with us and for us, perhaps more effectually from the other side—from that brighter world where he now holds companionship with the great souls, to whom he was even here united by communion of generous sympathies and unselfish aims, and whose high thoughts were his daily inspiration.

Notices of Books.

DR. DOHERTY'S OUTLINES OF BIOLOGY.*

It is unfortunate that Dr. Doherty surrounds his meaning with such a sharp spike-fence of hard words that only the most intrepid and determined readers can be expected to surmount it. Those, however, who do so will not, we think, regret their toil. *Organic Philosophy* is a work of much thought and labour, and careful preparation, and goes far deeper than the common shallow philosophy of the time. It will consist of five volumes, each volume complete in itself, though all belong to one general plan, namely, an exposition of the laws of order and association manifested in the complex nature of man. The first volume is an outline of **GIOSMOLOGY**. The second, a general view of **ONTOLOGY**. The third volume (the last issued), is an outline of **SYSTEMATIC**

* *Organic Philosophy*. Vol. III.—*Outlines of Biology: Body, Soul, Mind, Spirit*. By HUGH DOHERTY, M.D. TRUBNER & Co.

BIOLOGY. The fourth will treat of **SYSTEMATIC SOCIOLOGY**, and the concluding volume will be a treatise on **DIALOGNETICS**, or Biological Methods in parallel with Mathematics, as a science of Method.

This will, perhaps, sufficiently indicate the large scope and comprehensive character of the work in which Dr. Doherty is engaged. The present volume, after a general introduction, treats of Biology in four books. Book I.—The Body: Outlines of Physical Biology. Book II.—The Soul: Intellectual Biology. Book III.—The Mind: Synopsis of Mental Faculties. Book IV.—The Will. Each of these Books is subdivided into several Parts and Chapters, and the author shows an intimate acquaintance with the several existing systems of philosophy now in vogue, and of which some searching criticisms are incidentally presented. When Dr. Doherty's work is completed, we hope that some abstract of it may be presented in a more compendious and popular form, that may ensure for his philosophical views a larger share of attention than we apprehend they are likely to receive in their present shape.

A LITTLE BOOK OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.*

In her announcement of this work the author says:—

“The first part of *Heaven Opened*, having been well received and widely read, the Author now offers Part II., feeling confident that all who received help from the messages given ‘from Our Little Ones in Glory, will not fail to be interested in the deeper teachings of the more advanced or developed spirits, in reference to their Spirit-Home.”

The writer gives some interesting reminiscences of her father, the late Mr. Robert Theobald, showing the consolation he derived from his experience in spiritual communion during the painful illness which terminated his earthly existence. Since his departure to the better land, he seems to have kept up an uninterrupted communication with his family on earth, and the messages to them are full of tenderness and affection, and descriptive of his early experiences in spirit-life.

The writer expresses her “sincere belief, and hope that these words from the spirit-land will bring consolation to the

* *Heaven Opened*. Part II. *Being Further Descriptions of, and Advanced Teachings from, the Spirit-Land, giving through the Mediumship of F. J. T.; with an Appendix, containing the Scriptural Proofs of Spiritualism, and their Correspondence with the present Phenomena.* London: J. BURNS, 15, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C. E. W. ALLEN, 11, Ave Maria Lane, E.C.

sorrowing as they have done to us," and "that all who read these teachings may be able to see how the knowledge of Spiritualism ennobles life in all its varied phases; how it brings home to our hearts, as nothing else can, the fact that our lives are most clearly bound up and intertwined with the spirit-life around us, both good and ill."

Correspondence.

ALL NATURE MIRACULOUS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR.—Mrs. Newton Crossland equally objects to the definition of a miracle given by Hume, and to the amendment by Mr. Wallace, but her own definition seems to include both.

Hume's Definition.—"A miracle is a violation of the laws of nature."

Mr. Wallace's Definition.—"Any act or event implying the existence and agency of superhuman intelligence."

Mrs. Crossland's Definition.—"A transgression of a known and established law of nature by a particular volition of the Deity, or by the interposition of some superhuman intelligent agent."

Johnson's Dictionary.—"Something above human power."

Now in all these definitions the difficulty remains of deciding with our limited knowledge and experience and assumptions of finality, as to what is and must be supernatural and superhuman, in the sense of *progressive development which cannot and never has been anticipated.*

Mr. Wallace includes in his definition the presence and action of disembodied spirits, though in another place he does not consider those spirits to be supernatural and hardly—as being in our midst—supermundane.

Then I beg to suggest that as we have no evidence of any supernatural violation of the laws of nature, so far as we can possibly know—and Modern Spiritualism has certainly exhibited no such interferences—that we had better cease to speak of miracles, because if by a miracle we mean the action of an unknown, transcendental and mystical cause, then all causation is such, and as such must ever be accounted miraculous, as utterly beyond the penetration of the human mind, which mind itself in regard to its cause is the crowning miracle, and to know more than which would be doubly miraculous. Once attain to a clear conception of the fundamental truth, and of the shallow nature of all our knowledge, and we shall cease to be continually startled or alarmed on the first appearance of novel phenomena which we cannot immediately account for, or rather find a place for in the register of previous experience; but rather let us reflect with such minds as Newton and Bain and Humboldt on the vast unknown regions of knowledge still lying unexplored before us, remembering that no one thing can be more wonderful than another, the causes being equally well known.

To take the simplest instance, to show how difficult it is with our limited knowledge and experience to decide whether a novel phenomenon is or is not contrary to the laws of nature,—there was supposed to be a principle of levity opposed to the law of gravity to enable a ship to float, or any light body such as a bubble or a balloon to rise from the earth contrary to the supposed order and law in respect to gravitation. But a little additional knowledge in regard to the collateral laws of fluid action, &c., brought the whole diversified action under the one primary law of gravitation. How careful then we ought to be in denouncing this or that alleged phenomenon as contrary to the laws of nature, when may be it is only different from the yet observed order.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

JUNE, 1872.

A SIGNIFICANT PARALLEL BETWIXT OLD TIMES AND NEW ONES.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

As Ben Franklin said in his "Poor Robin's Almanac," I say to the Carpenters and Co., only substituting the word "sketch" for "book":—

I send you here a little sketch,
For you to look upon,
That you may see your father's face,
Now he is dead and gone.

It is very useful to look back on the face of things as well as fathers that have marked past times. Times repeat themselves, and the Owl Family, whose eyes are offended by the light, flourishes in all times. You will see the application of the following extract without any necessity of procuring more magnifying spectacles. No doubt Dr. Carpenter and his compeers think themselves quite as wise as the Spanish Council which laughed at the assertion of Columbus of a new continent; as wise as the Royal Society when it laughed at Dr. Franklin's identification of lighting by electricity, and not less so than the French Academy of Science when it laughed away from France Fulton's steam-ship. But if they are *quite* as wise and *no wiser*, we know very well what will come of it.

Yours faithfully,

Rome, May 11th.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

HOW THE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANS WERE REGARDED BY THE ROMANS.

In the ancient dialogue of Philopater, a Roman Pagan thus describes an assembly of Christians:—

Crizia.—"I was passing through a narrow street of the city when I saw a rout of people, who seemed to be in angry dispute.

I stopped and looked about amongst them to discover some one I knew, and observed Crato, the politician, with whom I had had a friendship from my earliest years."

Treifone.—"I don't know who you mean. Perhaps it was he who presided at the collection of the tribute. Well, what took place?"

Crizia.—"Pressing through the crowd I placed myself at his side, and as I spoke to him, I saw a little old man named Caricenus, who began to talk in a feeble voice, and speaking through the nose, after having coughed or expectorated:—"He that told thee of it will pay the rest of the tribute, and discharge all my debts, both public and private, and will receive every one without inquiring into their professions." Caricenus added other follies, equally applauded by the bystanders, rendered attentive by the novelty of the circumstances. Another brother, Clevocarenus, without shoes or hat, and with a mantle all in rags, muttered between his teeth. A man in shabby clothes, from the mountains, had had his head shaved, and showed it to me. Then one of the standers-by, of a ferocious look, pulled me by my mantle, believing that I was one of the congregation, and entreated me, to my ill-luck, to accompany him to the meeting of these wizards. We had already passed 'the thresholds of brass and the gates of iron,' as the poet says, when having climbed to the top of a house by a crooked, dilapidated stair, we arrived, not in a hall of Menelaus, shining with gold and ivory, but in a dingy garret. There I discovered pallid forms, attenuated and bent to the earth, who no sooner did they perceive me, than they approached me gaily, asking whether I brought them some bad news. They seemed, indeed, to long for tremendous events, and as furies to rejoice in misfortunes. Speaking close to my ear, they sought to learn who I was, whence and from whom I came? Then, like persons who lived in the air, they asked me news of the city and the world. When I replied that all the people were jolly, and would continue to be so; elevating their eyebrows, they assured me it would not be so, that great calamities were approaching, and that the storm would soon burst. They began to speak openly of what fermented in their brains. That things would soon change; that Rome would be agitated by factions; that our armies would be defeated, &c., upon which, not being able to contain myself further, I rushed forth, crying, 'Oh, ye miserables! the evils that you prophecy, may they fall on your own heads, since you love your country so little.'"

This was the light in which the Christians of the first three centuries appeared in the eyes of the most learned and literary of the Romans. Even such men as Marcus Aurelius Antoninus and

Epictetus saw them in no more favourable aspect. Their stereotyped pagan philosophy utterly blinded them to the sublime doctrines and morals of Christianity. Tacitus, Pliny, Seneca, and the rest of the learned, looked on them as a sect of the most infamous description, odious and disgraceful beyond limit. Thus did the general run of the scribes of that day slander the Christians in their account of them. You might imagine, in reading the above dialogue, that you were reading a special correspondent of the *Times* or the *Daily Telegraph* of to-day, on some visit to a Spiritualist *séance*. The Christians of the first ages naturally saw that the system of the Roman Empire, and of pagan society in general, based on the oppression of the subject could not endure. New and more glorious ideas had come in upon them from the Apostles of Christ. That which Spartacus and his 10,000 fellow slaves had failed to do, Christianity was about to do. Human freedom, human equality, universal justice had dawned upon them in the words "God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth;" "God is no respecter of persons," and in the divine words of Christ, "The princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them, but it shall not be so amongst you." There were also in their ears the prophecies of wars and rumours of wars, and overturning of empires. Hence they foresaw the dislocation of the Roman Empire; the defeat of the armies; the invasion of the barbarians. These were natural consequences of the system which the pagan Romans, of course, wished to perpetuate, but which the Son of Man, the herald of the new era, had irrevocably doomed. To the eyes of the knowing ones of that day the Christians, filled with this new light, appeared only contemptible and maniacal fanatics, precisely as the Spiritualists appear to the journals and the newspapers; to the Faradays, Tyndals, Huxleys, and Carpenters of to-day. Yet all these things came true, and the despised fanatics grew into the universal and dominant religion of the world. Yet this did not accomplish itself for 300 years. Let the scientific and political cavillers reflect that the fanatics whom they are so eagerly attacking have not yet seen a career of half a century, yet they have made more progress all round the world, in America, Europe, South Africa, India, and Australia, than Christianity did in double that time. Let them reflect that as these pagan Roman cavillers now look to us, they will one day—and not a distant one—look to the modern world. They will cut very much the figure which Celsus (who thought of extinguishing the Christians by ridicule) now does to us. This Carpenter of the third century said of the Christians: "In

private houses are seen men, rude and stupid boatmen, standing silent before old people, the fathers of families. But what as to the women and children? Listen to these matters, and you will hear them teaching them that it is not necessary to obey parents or schoolmasters, who are ravers, incapable of comprehending and relishing the truth. They teach the children to break the yoke of those, and go to the wrestling-ground, or to a laundry, or a cobbler's, to learn what is perfect."

How wonderfully like the veracious statements about Spiritualists which Carpenter stuffs *Quarterlies* with, or vents on platforms and then scuffles away lest he should hear some truth. At that time these sort of people, lecturers and writers for dirty pay, or equally dirty advantages, because they knew what sort of stuff the public liked, had it all their own way, for the Roman empire included the whole known world, was synonymous with the human race; one vast and irresponsible despotism of paganism—yet it fell, and suddenly, before this new and despised faith, as the popular faith in a non-spiritual creed and non-spiritual professors will assuredly fall before the steady incessant inexorable and widening march of despised Spiritualism.

Long ago in a letter to the *Morning Post* I told the editors of newspapers that, of course, they could not afford to avow a faith in Spiritualism, because, they were knowing fellows and saw, as yet, that their bread was buttered on the other side; but that if some evening they should find that the public had gone over to Spiritualism, they would all come out Spiritualists of the first water next morning, and would not hesitate to avow impudently that they had always been advocates of Spiritualism, open and zealous.

Just such a thing happened in the time we have been speaking of. The Roman writers, lecturers and teachers in general, so long as the *nati consumere fruges*, those who are born merely to eat up the corn, sneered at Christianity, sneered and snorted too most vigorously. So long as Mæcenas, the prime minister of Augustus said, "Punish severely all who introduce any new doctrines;" and Julian the apostate, proclaimed, "Cut down all novelty!"—the scribe and the philosopher cried "Bravo! So long as the emperors murdered the Christians wherever they could find them, and hunted them up and destroyed them like vermin, all the Carpenters and lecturers of those days cried "Well done! Serves them right!" But, suddenly, one, Constantine, being emperor, took it into his head to turn Christian; and very speedily all these fellows, with the pagan priests and the mob at their heels, ran helter-skelter into the temples, crying "Christianity for ever! That is the religion for us! Down with paganism! Up with the religion

of royalty!" Such was the headlong rush by those till then, cavillers and scoffers and denouncers of Christians as hallucinated fools and stupids, that they brought in all the rubbish of paganism with them, all the creeds and dogmas and absurd ceremonies with which they had before bamboozled the people, and so ruined Christianity itself. To this day it has never recovered the blow and risen again to its genuine purity and noble simplicity. Let Spiritualists beware of the sudden rush of the demonized herd of the philosophy, science and newspaper literature of the day. Some day, when Grundyism thinks its interest lies that way, it will come over all at once with a devil take the hindmost, and will bring a curse with it. It is much better for Spiritualism to have the lying misrepresentations and affected contempt of such men than their fawning and their friendship.

At present they are only impaling themselves publicly to the contempt of posterity, but once within the pale, their influence will be lethal. They are already trying the dodge of the Catholic Church—that of taking away the right of private judgment. The doctrine of Carpenter, that none but scientific men can judge of natural phenomena, amounts simply to this: it is popery trying to graft itself on physics. The man who has the audacity to assert that the mass of mankind are incapable of judging of natural phenomena by their senses, but must have a scientific man at their elbow to tell them when it thunders, or when the moon rises, is only a lay Jesuit, fit for the meridian of the Vatican, but not to talk to wide-awake Englishmen. Nobody but a scientific man, according to this Loyola of the London University, can see an eclipse of the sun or moon, or know a hawk from a handsaw, without a scientific Mumbo-jumbo to tell him what it is. In fact, no man but a scientific one can trust to his senses, which, according to Carpenter, are not senses, but five jugglers continually hoaxing and mystifying everybody who has not fortified himself by a good dose of science. None but a man of jars, chemicals, crucibles, and microscopes knows whether he shall burn his fingers if he puts them into the fire, or whether water will drown him if he goes out of his depth and can't swim. This everyday world of ours, according to him, which we manage to know the features and habits of pretty well in the course of twenty or more years, is not a world of plain and palpable and easily recognizable facts, but a maze of enchantment where magicians, in the shape of butchers, bakers, and carters, nay, even of horses, cows, and sheep, are playing us all manner of confounding tricks, and where every man is a hallucinated moon-calf except he be scientific. Science is the river Styx of to-day in which wisdom dips her children and renders them invulnerable to delusion.

And yet such a scientific Achilles as Carpenter has a vulnerable spot where his anxious mother, Wisdom, held him over the wonder-working flood, by which no ordinary delusion has entered, but the monstrous and gigantic one of taking Spiritualism for a mocking jest, and some millions of his fellow-men who take one and one to make two for moping and hopeless idiots.

That a scientific man can *explain* natural phenomena better than an unscientific one, is, or ought to be, a fact; but is far from being always true. Nothing changes so much as scientific and philosophic theories. The accepted theory of one period is exploded the next—is substituted by another, which, for a time, is positively asserted to be the *only* truth on the subject, yet a new scientific oracle arrives, propounds an equally infallible and unassailable theory, which, anon, another equally profound and popular oracle again explodes and clears away for a fresh indisputable dogma. The histories of both science and philosophy are each but a congeries of these learned revolutions and delusions—each of which, in its time, it was scientific heresy to doubt of, much more to contradict. No men know this better than the philosopher and the *savans* who are, or ought to be, familiar with the history of their departments of knowledge; and yet they have the assurance to tell plain men who rely on senses which they have found utterly trustworthy, perhaps half a century, that they are the dupes of daily delusion, and to know anything aright they must pin their faith on the infallible popes of science.

Jesus Christ knew that the unlearned portion of His disciples were as good and sound judges of the *facts* of His miracles as the learned Paul or the physician Luke. But to believe Carpenter, it is a wonder how the human race managed to carry on and to know what was going on in nature around them so many ages before he and his scientific faction came to inform them that they were walking in a vain show, and utterly unable to judge and know whether it were light or dark, hot or cold, whether they were awake or asleep, or were only hallucinating themselves with the notions of eating and drinking, and confounding the rank smell of a fox with the agreeable odour of a hot piece of roast beef. As is well said by one of the acutest reasoners of the United States, our scientific oracles would have us to believe that "the heavens do not declare the glory of God, but only the glory of Sir Isaac Newton and La Place."

It is time that Spiritualists should treat these arrogant and absurd pretensions of the scientific with the contempt they deserve; and we owe much to Mr. Coleman for the undaunted and manly manner in which he has met Dr. Carpenter publicly, face to face, to denounce and expose his fallacies and false statements. Of the two figures thus presenting themselves to

the public attention, who can fail to see in an instant the striking contrast—the honest nobility of the one, the contemptible meanness of the other?

The man who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day,

but, assuredly, it will be to fight only in the same Parthian style, discharging poisoned arrows and galloping off—an image of most pitiable cowardice. For a man, like Dr. Carpenter, who has had so many opportunities of knowing practically the truth on the subject of Spiritualism, and who has made so wretched a use of them, it is a poor recompense to turn a penny by abusing in the Quarterlies what he has refused to understand. It is simply preferring the triumph of an hour to the triumph of eternity; the applause of learned and unlearned fools to the satisfaction of promoting rational inquiry, and reaping the solid fruits of honest experience.

How exactly does the language of the eloquent Tertullian, in his apology for the Christians of his day, seem addressed to the opponents of Spiritualism of to-day. "We say, then, ignorance is the first cause that makes unjust the hatred that you have conceived against the name of Christians. We are unholy in your opinion, because you are not informed of the holiness of our doctrine, and refuse to hear it. Take heed that what seems to you an excuse, be not that which renders your judgment faulty. For is there anything more unjust than to hate what you know not, even if it were otherwise a thing to be hated? Bad as anything may be, it deserves not your hatred, till it is known to deserve it. While you know not what it is, how can you justly hate it? To make the hatred of anything just, it is not enough that it be evil, but that the party who hates it knows it to be evil. As, therefore, you hate us without knowing wherefore, you hate us without a cause, and consequently, most unjustly. You are not only chargeable with manifest injustice, but make yourselves suspected of secret motives for refusing to examine what you could not possibly condemn if you heard it."

To use the words of the American philosophical writer, just quoted, Spiritualists have their substantial convictions, not founded on varying theories and speculations of science yet to be tested by other speculations and experiments in the ever onward course of scientific, but on long-tried and healthy senses, on tests scores of times repeated. In a word, on sound observation and experience, and to these added—"The great, luminous and far-reaching hope which arises out of faith in God, and which nothing else can give. Science cannot give it, because science only observes and classifies present phenomena. Philosophy, separated from spiritual insight, cannot give it, for

philosophy can only see things as they are, not as they are to be."

In truth, the observers of facts have an immense advantage over the scientific searchers after ultimate truths. If we are to believe the past—or the profundity of nature, which the ablest intellect has never yet fathomed—science can never assert the absolute. It can never assert that it has ascertained the final and unmistakable. The knowledge of the real constituents of things on earth, and of the vital functions and operations of nature, will, there is little question, await the end of all things here. For, if nature be almost infinite in the ever-deepening series of its phenomenal causes, as it would appear to be, who shall say that he has reached the ultimate retreat of law and force? That in plain words he knows fully, fundamentally and error-free, any one natural truth.

New discoveries in science will, undoubtedly, again and again, through the ages revolutionize existing theories; will unveil laws and properties of matter as yet undreamt of; and recast not only the now prevailing terms but the very principles and dogmas of the scientific schools. Surely the professors of such a shifting system should be the last to declare themselves the only oracles of pure and positive truth, or to cast suspicion on those senses by which they themselves can only hope to make their way through the forms of matter, the direct object of the senses. But the healthy and acute observers of facts, waiting patiently for the arrival of the proper time to theorize, can in a very brief period determine, by the aid of their well-practised senses and sound understandings, what they may venture to assert as facts. Within their own proper sphere they are evidently on far solidier and safer ground than the scientists. And what is Spiritualism as yet, but a system of gradually accumulating, gradually extending facts, made known by agencies not exclusively of earth, but of worlds and beings in evident and legitimate connection with it—worlds and beings on which the majority of the scientific and philosophical as yet dare not look, knowing that all fashionable guilds and corporations of knowledge would shriek at them. Some day, however, they will find that the more bold and prescient of their class will have taken the start of them, to step out as they are beginning to do, and seize the opportunities which Spiritualism is presenting more clearly day by day, to grasp secrets of nature hitherto withheld from humanity, and win laurels of an immortal verdure. "The world belongs to the brave."

GLEANINGS OF SPIRITUAL FACTS.

From Colonel Yule's new edition of "The Book of Marco Polo."

The Book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian, has been lately translated and enriched, and elucidated by a body of very learned notes by Colonel H. Yule, C.B., and Member of the Geographical Society of Italy, &c. These erudite notes, the result of extraordinary research on the part of the highly accomplished translator establish thoroughly, not only the entire good faith of the early traveller—"the Herodotus of the Middle Ages" as he has been not inaptly designated—but prove through his experiences of later travellers how accurate and minute were the powers of observation possessed by the dauntless and adventurous Venetian. This ancient book which fired the imagination of Columbus and spurred him on to yet more wonderful adventures and discoveries, has in all centuries since its appearance in the middle ages stirred forcibly the imagination of its readers, and been an unceasing text-book of the poets, from Chaucer to Coleridge. Presented now in its handsome modern garb, and united through the sympathetic labours of its translator with the modern world the narrative of Polo can scarcely fail to increase in popularity, and will assuredly make its fascination felt on many minds.

To the Spiritualist it must ever be a matter of interest to recognise how discoverers of new land, whether natural or mental, though ignored or condemned as impostors, or fabulists, by the sceptics of their own and even later generations, nevertheless, are infallibly justified in the fulness of time by the irresistible on-flowing of truth. "Wisdom is justified in all her children," and so is truth. Amidst the numerous grand festivals and gorgeous ceremonials described by Marco as having been witnessed by himself and his father and uncle at the magnificent court of the Grand Kaan Cublai, he speaks as follows of

MARVELS OF BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

"There is another marvel performed by these Baesi (Buddhist's Priests) of whom I have been speaking as knowing so many enchantments. For when the Great Khan is at his capital and in his palace seated at his table, which stands on a platform some eight cubits above the ground, his cups are set before him on a great buffet in the middle of the hall-pavement, at a distance of some paces from the table, and filled with wine, or other good spiced liquor, such as they use. Now when the Lord desires to drink, these enchanters *by the power of their enchantments cause the cups to move from their place without being touched by anybody,*

and to present themselves to the Emperor. This every one present may witness, and there are often more than 10,000 thus present. 'Tis a truth and no lie, and so will tell you the sages of our own country who understand necromancy; for they can also perform it."

The note of Colonel Yule, illustrative of this curious passage—by no means incredible to those who have witnessed the movement of objects affected by means of invisible agency in modern spiritual manifestations—contains marvels yet more singular. He says "Sanang Setzen enumerates a variety of the wonderful acts which could be performed through the *Dharami*, (mystic Indian charms) such were, sticking a pig into solid rock; restoring the dead to life; turning a dead body into gold; penetrating everywhere as air does; flying; catching wild beasts with the hand; reading thoughts; making water flow backwards; eating tiles; sitting in the air with the legs doubled under," &c. Some of these are precisely the powers ascribed to Meder, Empedocles, and Simon Magus. Friar Ricold says on this subject; "There are certain men whom the Tartars honour, whose all in the world, *viz.*, the *Baxitæ* (*i.e.* *Bakhashis*) who are a kind of idol-priests. These are men from India, persons of deep wisdom, well-conducted, and of the gravest morals. They are usually acquainted with magic arts, and depend on the counsel and aid of demons; they exhibit many illusions, and predict some future events. For instance, one of eminence among them was said to fly; the truth, however, was (as it proved) that he did not fly, *but did walk close to the surface of the earth without touching it; and would seem to sit down without having any substance to support him.*" This last performance was witnessed in the fourteenth century by Ibn Batuta the Arab at Delhi, in the presence of Sultan Mahomed Tughlak; and it was professedly exhibited by a Brahmin at Madras in the present century. It is also described by the worthy Francis Valentyn, as a performance known and practised in his own day in India. "It is related," he says "that a man will first go and sit on three sticks put together so as to form a tripod; after which first one stick, then a second, then the third shall be removed from under him, and the man shall not fall, but shall still remain sitting in the air. Yet I have spoken with two friends who had seen this at one and the same time, and one of them I may add, mistrusting his own eyes, had taken the trouble to feel about with a long stick if there were nothing on which the body rested; yet, as the gentleman told me, he could neither feel nor see any such thing. Still I would only say that I could not believe it, as a thing too manifestly contrary to reason."

Akin to these performances, though exhibited by professed

jugglers without claim to religious character, is a class of feats which might be regarded as simply inventions, if told by one author only, but which seem to deserve prominent notice from their being recounted by a series of authors, certainly independent of one another, and writing at long intervals of time and place. Our first witness is Ibn Batuta, and it will be necessary to quote him as well as others in full, in order to show how closely their evidence tallies. The Arab traveller was present at a great entertainment at the Court of the Viceroy of Rhansa. "That same night a juggler, who was one of the Kaan's slaves, made his appearance, and the Amir said to him, 'Come and show us some of your marvels.' Upon this he took a wooden ball, with several holes in it through which long thongs were passed, and laying hold of one of them, slung it into the air. It went so high that we lost sight of it altogether. It was the hottest season of the year, and we were outside in the middle of the palace court. There now remained only a little end of a thong in the conjuror's hand, and he desired one of the boys who assisted him to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, clinging by the thong, and we lost sight of him also! The conjuror then called to him three times, but getting no answer he snatched up his knife as if in a great rage, laid hold of the thong, and disappeared likewise! By-and-by, he threw down one of the boys' hands, then a foot, then the other hand, then the other foot, then the trunk, and last of all the head! Then he came down himself, all puffing and panting, and with his clothes all bloody, kissed the ground before the Amir, and said something to him in Chinese. The Amir gave some order in reply, and our friend then took the lad's limbs, laid them together in their places, and gave a kick,—when, presto! there was the boy who got up and stood before us! All this astonished me beyond measure, and I had an attack of palpitation like that which overcame me once before in the presence of the Sultan of India, when he showed me something of the same kind. They gave me a cordial, however, which cured the attack. The Kazi Afkharuddin was next me, and quoth he, 'Wallah! 'tis my opinion there has been neither going up nor coming down, neither marring nor mending; 'tis all hocus-pocus!'"

Now let us compare with this, which Ibn Batuta the Moor says he saw in China about the year 1348 (the account of which is given by Edward Melton, an Anglo-Dutch traveller), of the performances of a Chinese gang of conjurors which he witnessed at Batavia, about the year 1670; (I have forgotten to note the year.) After describing very vividly the basket-murder trick, which is well known in India, and now also in Europe, and some feats of bamboo-balancing similar to those which were

recently shown by Japanese performers in England, only more wonderful, he proceeds:—" But now I am going to relate a thing which surpasses all belief, and which I should scarcely venture to insert here had it not been witnessed by thousands before my own eyes. One of the same gang took a ball of cord, and grasping one end of the cord slung the other up into the air with such force, that its extremity was beyond reach of our sight. He then immediately climbed up the cord with indescribable swiftness, and got so high that we could no longer see him. I stood full of astonishment, not conceiving what was to come of this; when lo! a leg came tumbling down out of the air. One of the conjuring company instantly snatched it up, and threw it into the basket whereof I have formerly spoken. A moment later a hand came down, and immediately on that another leg; and in short all the members of the body came thus successively tumbling from the air, and were cast together into the basket. The last fragment of all that we saw tumble down was the head, and no sooner had that touched the ground, than he who had snatched up all the limbs and put them into the basket turned them all out again. Then straightway we saw with these eyes all those limbs creep together again, and in short form a whole man, who at once could stand up and go on as just before, without showing the least damage. Never in my life was I so astonished as when I beheld this wonderful performance, and I doubted now no longer that these misguided men did it by help of the devil. For it seems to me totally impossible that such things should be accomplished by natural means."

The same performance is spoken of by Valentyn also containing curious notices of the basket-murder trick, the mango-trick, the sitting in the air.

Again we have in the memoirs of the Emperor Jahangir a detail of the wonderful performances of seven jugglers from Bengal who exhibited before him. Two facts are thus described: "*Ninth*—They produced a man whom they divided limb from limb actually severing the head from the body. They scattered these mutilated members along the ground, and in this state they lay for some time; they then extended a sheet or curtain over the spot. One of the men putting himself under the sheet, in a few minutes came from below, followed by the individual supposed to have been cut into joints, in perfect health and condition, and one might have safely sworn that he had never received wound or injury whatsoever. . . . *Twenty-third*—They produced a chain of 50 cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it towards the sky, *where it remained as if fastened to something in the air*. A dog was then brought forward and being placed at the lower end of the chain, imme-

diately ran up, and reaching the other end *immediately disappeared in the air*. In the same manner a panther, a lion and a tiger were successively sent up the chain; at last they took down the chain and put it into a bag, no one ever discovering in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner above described." Vol. I., Notes. Book I., p. 280.

We will conclude by giving one more extract from the Colonel's notes, as it contains—

A REVELATION OF THE LAND OF ENLIGHTENMENT.

"The charge of irreligion against the Chinese," observes Colonel Yule, "is an old one, yet it is a mistake to suppose that this insensibility has been so universal as it is often represented. To say nothing of the considerable numbers who have adhered faithfully to the Roman-Catholic Church, the large number of Mahomedans in China, of whom many must have been proselytes, indicates an interest in religion; and that Buddhism itself was, in China, once a spiritual power of no small energy will, I think, be plain to any one who reads the very interesting extracts from *Schott's Essay on Buddhism in Upper Asia and China* (Berlin, Acad. of Sciences, 1846). There seems to be so little known of this essay, that I will translate two or three passages:—

"In the years *Ynan-yen* of the Sung (A.D. 1086-1093), a pious matron, with her two servants, lived entirely to the Land of Enlightenment. One of the maids said one day to her companion, "To-night I shall pass over to the realm of *Amita*." The same night a balsamic odour filled the house, and the maid died without any preceding illness. On the following day the surviving maid said to the lady, "Yesterday my deceased companion appeared to me in a dream, and said to me, "Thanks to the persevering exhortations of our mistress, I am become a partaker of Paradise, and my blessedness is past all expression in words." The matron replied, "If she will appear to me also, then I will believe what you say." Next night the deceased really appeared to her, and saluted her with respect. The lady asked, "May I for once visit the Land of Enlightenment?" "Yes," answered the Blessed Soul, "thou hast but to follow thy handmaiden." The lady followed her in her dream, and soon perceived a lake of immeasurable expanse, overspread with innumerable red and white lotus flowers of various sizes, some blooming, some fading. She asked what the flowers might signify? The maiden replied, "*These are all human beings on the earth whose thoughts are turned to the Land of Enlightenment. The very first longing after the Paradise of Amita produces a*

flower in the Celestial Lake, and this becomes daily larger and more glorious, as the self-improvement of the person whom it represents advances; in the contrary case, it loses in glory and fades away." The matron desired to know the name of an enlightened one who reposed on one of the flowers, clad in waving and wonderously glittering raiment. Her whilom maiden answered, "That is Yang Kee." Then asked she the name of another, and was answered, "That is Mahn." The lady then said, "At what place shall I hereafter come into existence?" Then the Blessed Soul led her a space further and showed her a hill that gleamed with gold and azure. "Here," said she, "is your future abode. You will belong to the first order of the blessed." When the matron awoke she sent to enquire for Yankie and Mahn. The first was already departed; the other still alive and well. *And thus the lady learned that the soul of one who advances in holiness and never turns back, may be already a dweller in the Land of Enlightenment, even though the body still sojourns in this transitory world."* (p. 55, 56).

What a singular counterpart the striking conclusion here forms to Dante's tremendous assault on a still living villain—or enemy!—

"Che per sua opra,
In anima in Cocito già si bagna,
Ed in corpo par vivo ancor di sopra."
Infern.—xxxiii.—155.

"So vile,
That in Coeytus is his soul immersed,
Although his body roams on earth the while."
Wright's Translation of the Inferno.

The passages which we have printed in italics will scarcely fail to strike our readers as bearing a remarkable similarity to the information furnished by numerous spiritual communications as to the simultaneous existence of the incarnated soul, both in the earthly life and in the spiritual world. A fact testified to repeatedly by the experiences of Swedenborg. The description also of the red and white lotuses upon the lake in the Paradise of Amita, cannot either fail to remind the Spiritualist-reader of the symbolical spiritual flowers so repeatedly mentioned by seers as appearing in the spiritual spheres, or of those represented in drawings made by "mediums," and invariably asserted by them to be mysteriously connected with the life of the spirit. Similarity of imagery is highly interesting when recognised in spiritual-manifestation belonging to epochs so widely separated in time and place, as are the Spiritualism of China in the eleventh century, and of the Spiritualism of Europe and America in the nineteenth.

A. M. H. W.

HOW DO SPIRITS MAKE THEMSELVES VISIBLE?

MR. THOMAS R. HAZARD publishes in the *Banner of Light*, a full account of his experience during eleven days at Moravia; and which fully confirms the several accounts cited by us in a former number. The spirits make their hands, faces, and in some instances the entire form visible. They converse audibly with their friends, and sing in distinct natural voices, and give many proofs of identity. Mr. Hazard saw and distinctly recognized his spirit mother, wife and daughter. Speaking of the arm and hand shown at one of the *séances*, he says: "I could see the natural and most minute movement not only of the fingers, but of the knuckles and sinews on the back of the thin pale hand, as plainly as it is possible to discern like movements of the hand of any mortal in earth life."

At first, Mr. Hazard's wife was only able to show herself as she appeared during her last illness, and he had almost despaired of seeing her as she looked when in health and vigour. "It may be imagined then," he says "what my emotions were, just as the last moment of my last *séance* was about to expire, to see my wife's face suddenly presented before me, as plain and distinct as I ever saw it in our own house—not as it looked in the last hours of her weary life, nor even yet as it was in less mature years, when the colour had partially faded from her cheeks, but in the full bloom of health, and all the glorious beauty that so pre-eminently distinguished her early womanhood.

"Before this crowning proof, my experiences had banished all doubts from my mind as regards a future state of existence; but now, even belief that had passed into *knowledge* was doubly confirmed; the keystone was placed in the arch, from whence I know it never will or can be wrenched away. I had, at last, obtained all I sought for. I had looked upon the *resurrected* spirit-face of a loved one, the identity of whose features I am not only willing to affirm to, under the pains and penalties of perjury, before any assemblage of mortals or tribunal on earth, but, if need be, swear to it, on peril of my salvation, before the assembled hosts of heaven and the judgment-seat of God."

The question naturally arises—How do the spirits do these things? On this point Mr. Hazard says:—

"On my return from Moravia I passed through Boston, where I learned from Mr. Luther Colby that at a recent private *séance* given by Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain at the rooms of Mrs. J. H. Conant, 76, Waltham Street, Boston, the following answer was received from a spirit-guide of the medium, to the question, 'By what process do the invisibles materialise the

hands, faces, and other forms that from time to time are shown at circles held for physical demonstration of spirit-power?

"The influence controlling at the time replied 'that the refined matter out of which these apparitions were formed—or at least rendered cognizable by mortal senses—was gathered from the individuals composing the circle, each contributing to the supply. The raw material was then collected together in a mass—as the housewife, having kneaded the dough for bread, prepares it to be rolled out into any form desired—and a certain portion (sufficient for the manifestations about to be made) divided from it. This portion, by the subtle force of spirit-chemistry, was deposited in solution in a vapour or atmospheric bath over the heads of the circle, just as the copper is held in solution in the bath of the battery for electrotyping. Immediately the spirit-hand or other object is plunged in the bath, as is the case with the copper upon the plate in the process above referred to, the earthy matter in solution becomes precipitated upon the surface of the spirit-object to be shown, and the form thus coated with said earthy material becomes tangible and visible to physical senses.'

"This explanation was sustained in part by Mrs. Catherine Morrison, the well-known blind trance and clairvoyant medium of Oswego, who happened to come to Moravia whilst I was there. On two occasions Mrs. M. said to me *naïvely* when sitting beside her in two different light *séances*, that 'she saw spirits in the cabinet mixing something that looked like dough,' she using the same unique term to express the same idea that Mrs. Chamberlain did."

This would also, Mr. Hazard thinks, explain how it is that the spirit hand is sometimes visible without the arm being seen. Speaking of an incident at one of the *séances*, Mr. Hazard says:—"Although the hand was thrown toward me in the most natural manner, still I saw no arm. This, to my mind, goes to prove the correctness of the explanation that was given to the phenomena of spirit galvanizing or electrotyping by the controlling guides of both Mr. Eaton and Mrs. Chamberlain. Probably the hand *only* was dipped into the prepared material, and became visible; whilst the spirit arm, though possessing all the power necessary to control and direct the hand, not being materialized on its surface, as the hand was, remained invisible. The whole manifestation, as it occurred, was as unexpected as it was full, complete, and entirely satisfactory."

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

As might be expected on a subject so new and strange, and of which at present we know so little, much difference of opinion exists, even among Spiritualists as to the genuineness of some of the alleged spirit-photographs. There seems no reasonable ground for question that some are so. Mr. Mumler, the spirit-photographer, of Boston, was tried on a charge of imposture in a court of law, and honourably acquitted. We have placed before our readers the circumstances under which the first spirit-photographs were obtained in London, and the statements of those who subsequently visited Mr. Hudson, and obtained what they believed to be spirit-pictures. Of the intelligence and good faith of the writers there can be no doubt. As the question of the genuineness of at least some of these pictures is now raised, we hope the subject will be well sifted, that the investigation will be thorough and complete without prejudice or undue leaning on either side. We have no special knowledge, or opportunities of judgment. We simply as journalists place on record the facts and evidence as they are presented to us, so that our readers may form their own conclusion. In this spirit we lay before our readers the following

LETTER FROM MR. JOHN JONES.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—I desire to correct two errors that appear in your copy of my letter, relative to the picture taken on the 5th of April. The first is, I am made to say, Hudson, Guppy, and Rupert's heads appeared *on* the plate; it should have been "*with*" the plate. The other is my son's. He, as it was developing, called out, "It is Marion." On seeing the *printed* copy, neither I, he, nor any member of the family, recognised the three-part concealed features, mantled in white, sitting in front of me.

Since that sitting, I have followed up the investigation, by twice taking my own plates, watching in the darkened room, but getting no ghost pictures; and also by me and members of my family sitting. The results obtained gave me the *proofs* that the ghosts were make ups—were shams. I have shown them to several Spiritualists, and we have all decided alike.

Not being a photographer,—at first, I relied on the information given, that no sham ghost *could* be produced, but with the knowledge of the sitter. Convinced by my experiments, that was an error, I now have proof, that though nine-tenths of the sitters trust wholly to the photographer, and are

supplied with the shams, that even if the tenth were to go into the darkened room, see the plate coated, and put into the bath, and into the camera, and a spirit appear on the plate beside the sitter, yet it might be only a mantled sham.

What proof can we have? My answer is, only by obtaining clear unshrouded portraits of deceased relatives. Such are obtained by Mr. Mumler, of Boston, United States. Such we ought to have in London; such only ought to be produced; such only ought to be paid for; such only ought to be recognised as *not shams*.

JOHN JONES.

Enmore Park, S.E.

From his long experience no one should know better than our correspondent that in prosecuting an inquiry into any phase of Spiritualism it is not for us to prescribe terms and conditions, or dictate what shall and shall not happen. We cannot expect in spiritual photography (any more than was the case in natural photography) to obtain perfection at the outset. All we can do is to carefully observe, experiment, investigate,—avoiding hasty conclusions and the mistaking possibilities, suspicions, inferences for facts and proofs,—so that we may not publish statements one week only to correct them the next. As an example of careful and scientific investigation, we submit the

TESTIMONY OF MR. THOMAS SLATER.

Mr. Thomas Slater, Optical and Philosophical Instrument Maker, Euston Road, gives the following relation of his experiences in spirit-photography at Mr. Hudson's:—

“I visited this artist, and told him my object in calling. He took a negative of me, and it turned out to be a very good one, namely, a clear, sharp negative—nothing more. I requested him to try another, which he did, taking one indiscriminately from some *previously-used* and dirty plates. After cleaning it in my presence, he poured on the collodion and placed it in the bath. I remained in the dark room all the time the plate was in the bath. I saw it put into the camera-frame and then into the camera, which had been previously focussed to me, and all that Mr. Hudson did was to draw up the slide and uncover the lens. I saw the slide drawn up, and when sitting saw the cap or cover of the camera removed, and, after the usual exposure, replaced on the lens. I then accompanied him into the dark room and saw the developing solution poured on the plate, but not a vestige of anything appeared, neither myself nor back ground, but a semi-opaque film all over the plate, as if it had been somewhat over-exposed. I then asked for another attempt, which was carried out under precisely the same circum-

stances, namely, that I witnessed the whole process from beginning to end. I asked mentally, that if it were possible the spirit of my mother would come and stand by my side, and portray her presence, to do so. On the plate is a fine female figure, draped in white, standing before me with her hand resting on my head. The drapery nearly covers the whole of my body, leaving only the side of the head and one hand visible. I am certain Mr. Hudson played no trick on this occasion.

"Having read in the *Journal of Photography* that the editor thought it very unlikely that he would get any spirit-picture if he took his own instrument and plates, I took the hint and did as he suggested. I made a new combination of lenses, and took a new camera and several glass plates; and I did in Mr. Hudson's room all the looking on, focussing the instrument to the sitter, and obtained, in the same manner as before, a fine spirit-picture.

"This was repeated with another sitter, and with like success. Collusion or trickery was altogether out of the question. After the last attempt I felt further induced to carry out the optical arrangement for the spiritual photography; and knowing, as most scientists do, that the visible end of the spectrum is the actinic, I resolved to exemplify to sceptics that, with such an instrument as I now had made and would use, we could take portraits of sitters although the colour of the glass was such as only in the strongest light you can see the sitter at all. And no one was more astonished than Mr. Hudson, after seeing me focus the instrument to a lady sitting in the chair, to find not only a sharp, well-defined negative with good half-tone but also that standing by the lady was a fine spirit-figure, draped in black and white. Nor was the exposure any longer than with the usual lenses of same aperture and focal length, namely, $2\frac{1}{2}$ lenses with 2-in. stops, the focus from the back lens 5 in.

"We tried another, with, if possible, better success. The sitter was a little child belonging to the lady just alluded to, and the result was a female figure standing by the child.

"I think Mr. Hudson was quite satisfied that other persons' instruments and plates answer the purpose just as well as his own; and if he is not satisfied on that score, I am; for not a move did he make, nor a thing did he do to these *my own plates* unobserved by me, and there is no room for any transparency to be placed in the frame of the camera; nor was there any other device used on these occasions.

"I may now ask the sceptical if they can explain why we are able to take portraits of persons through instruments that exclude so much light that the sitter is scarcely visible; so that, in fact, you can no more discern with human eyes the details of

the features or the dress of the sitters than you can discern the disembodied spirit. When the scientists explain this they perhaps may also explain why and how it is the spirit-dress—which is also material yet intangible—impresses itself so vividly upon the photographic plate.

“I am now carrying out experiments upon this part of the spectrum, and am convinced that much may and will be discovered that is useful in photography by making use of invisible light.

“THOMAS SLATER.

“19, Leamington Road Villas, Westbourne Park, W.,
“May 8th, 1872.”

MR. THOMAS BLYTON ON SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

The *Hackney and Kingsland Gazette* has opened its columns to a correspondence on this subject, giving a fair hearing to both sides. Here is a letter which appeared in it from Mr. Thomas Blyton, Secretary of the Dalston Association of Enquirers into Spiritualism :—

“Sir,—Referring to your notice of the current number of the *Spiritualist* in your issue of 24th inst. permit me to submit the following instance in which the spirit is *recognised*. On the 13th inst., I went with my brother, his wife, and a Miss Bear to Mr. Hudson’s studio in Palmer Terrace, Holloway Road, N., and there met Messrs. Herne and Williams, the celebrated professional media, who kindly consented to assist in an experimental sitting. The media having been duly placed in a recess behind the screen forming a kind of dark cabinet, Miss Bear seated herself directly in front of and close against the screen. The camera was adjusted, the plate inserted, and exposed in the usual manner for about 30 to 35 seconds; and I then followed Mr. Hudson into his dark room to witness the developing process, when we found on the right-hand side of Miss Bear an upright figure, shrouded, and on her left the figure of a young female in a kneeling attitude, robed in a white gown, and a dark-coloured mantle with a white covering over the head and neck, but leaving the half profile of the face sharply defined. Both figures appear in front of the sitter, the robes of the shrouded figure being partly transparent, while those of the kneeling figure are opaque. There were no individuals visible to me in the studio *during the experiment* except the sitter and artist. On seeing the printed copy Miss Bear at once recognised the features of the kneeling figure as those of a dear *deceased friend*, who had sat in *séance* with her previous to the passing away of the spirit

in question, and who had received most unmistakable proofs of the truth of spirit existence and intercourse. Miss Bear's sister also recognised the spirit without the slightest indecision; no communication on the subject having previously passed between the two sisters. The recognition cannot fairly be ascribed to their imagination for the reason that the sitter hoped, in the event of a spirit-picture being obtained, to have that of a *relative*, and was surprised, but pleased, at receiving that of a well-remembered *friend*.

"Those of your readers who would like to see the above, as well as others of a like nature, can see them on application to me at my residence. And with reference to the *imitations*, which I am perfectly aware can be easily produced, I would challenge any operator to produce similar photographs to those of Mr. Hudson's *under the same conditions with similar results*; when, if successful, I would at once admit my error, but not until such evidence is forthcoming.

"To refute the spiritual theory of the phenomena, our opponents should be in a position to prove how they *are* done, and not how they *can be imitated*.

"I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

"THOMAS BLYTON.

"74, Navarino Road, Dalston, E.,
29th April, 1872."

In describing a subsequent sitting, Mr. Blyton says:—

"I carefully noticed Mr. Hudson take a *fresh* plate, polish it, and prepare it in the ordinary manner. I then prepared the camera, and focussed the lens, when the prepared plate in its case was inserted and exposed by *me* for about 35 seconds, and afterwards the plate was removed and developed before my eyes by Mr. Hudson. There appeared on the left-hand side and partly in *front* of Miss Kislingbury a most beautiful figure of a young female, clothed in a long flowing garment drawn tightly at the waist with a girdle, and having a small bag, or pocket, attached on one side. The hands were raised together in an attitude of prayer, while the face appeared to be tolerably clearly defined, although a white wrapper covered the head, neck, and shoulders. I venture to submit to the public this instance of spirit photography, as I witnessed the operations *throughout*, and operated to such an extent as to enable me to testify to the camera not having been shifted or exposed a second time for the spirit appearance."

EXPERIENCE OF DR. PURDON.

The following has been extracted from the *Irish Times* of May 2nd :—

“ *Spirit-Photographs.*

“ *To the Editor of the ‘Irish Times.’*

“ Sir,— I will give the tests applied to establish to my own satisfaction that thought-reading, or transference of symbols from one individual to another is a reality. I formed the idea that a certain person should appear on the plate if I went with a good medium and got a photograph taken.

“ Acting on this idea, I applied four tests. I went first to a clairvoyant, and got the full description of the person of whom I thought, even to an accurate description of the cause of death, and many a peculiarity of manner and character that I remember well. That these were not general shots, which, in all probability would hit once in a hundred attempts, the rest of my conversation with this medium negatived, for it was simply a laying bare of my private thoughts, many of them so unexpected and startling that I could not regard myself as a sane man if I attempted to delude myself into the idea that they were unconnected coincidences; there was a *vera causa* somewhere.

“ I went to the house of a certain medium next day, whom I wished to accompany me to the photographer’s, but was disappointed in my expectation. I went then, at once, to Mr. Hudson’s house, simply to purchase, but there I met Mr. Herne, and my original design was, by a chapter of accidents, carried out. The face was covered by a veil, but the figure answers very well to that of the person spoken of above.

“ I tried a third test. Without saying where I was going I went by the first train from the nearest railway station to a distant part of London, and was immediately told the name of the person in my thoughts by a young lady, a sensitive, whom I had seen but once before, and who knew nothing of me or of my affairs.

“ The next evening, at Messrs. Herne and Williams’ rooms, during a public *séance*, the voice which is usually heard there shouted out ‘You cannot (or did not) conjure up the spirit of ——— standing behind you there,’ as I was talking of the power of the imagination to conjure up phantasms to a friend who accompanied my I had a long interview with a professional gentleman, of undoubted reputation, and he having examined the plates, stated that he knew of no way in which such images could be artificially produced. His opinion (*ex officio*) was quite sufficient to satisfy me

that the conclusion at which I had previously arrived—that there was no fraud, voluntary or otherwise—was the correct one.

“I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“JOHN EDWARD PURDON, M.B.

“Sandown, I.W., April 30th.”

MISS HOUGHTON'S EXPERIENCE.

Miss Houghton favours us with the following continuation of her experience:—

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—I dare say you are being inundated with letters on the subject of spirit photographs, so I only send you a short account of a few of the later ones in which I have taken a part, for I continue my practice of a weekly visit to Mr. Hudson's studio.

I went on the 18th of April, accompanied by Mrs. Guppy, when three negatives were taken, each of which were interesting to me, but it is only the second (No. 14 of mine) that is sure to be so to others. My uplifted hand seems to touch the garments of a most stately and majestic female figure, with lovely features of the Jewish type; the drapery falls in full rich folds, and there is a peculiar grandeur in her whole bearing that is very impressive.

On the following Thursday, a friend accompanied Mrs. Guppy and myself: she obtained three negatives, and she was much pleased with them. One was the fulfilment of a promise given through Mrs. Tebb in semi-trance at a *séance* I had held at home on the preceding Saturday.

On the 2nd of May Mrs. Guppy was unable to go with me, but a young medium friend of hers accompanied me instead, and a pair of very interesting pictures were produced. In the first (No. 16) my sister Zilla, (whose name is well known to all those friends who visited my exhibition of spirit-drawings last year), is seated opposite to me, apparently in earnest conversation; and in the second (No. 17) we are standing face to face, and there is a curious spiritual link flowing from her to encircle me, as a bond of union. The full interpretation was given to me through Mrs. Tebb, but it would be too long to insert here. The photographs were taken on Zilla's birthday, and the most striking characteristic in them both is the complete togetherness of the spirit and the mortal, which is unlike any of the photographs that had been done previously; for even when the spirit seems to touch the earthly friend, that friend appears quite unaware of the loving pressure, as if living an entirely separate existence.

On the 9th of May Mrs. Guppy was again prevented from accompanying me, so I had to go alone, but the result was

highly satisfactory. In No. 18 there is no spirit, and I am alone among mountains. In No. 19, I am standing with my hand lightly resting on the head of a kneeling male figure, veiled, so that the features cannot be distinguished:—in No. 20, a spirit is standing by my side; her face is clearly visible; I believe her to be a dear relative who passed away many years ago, but I cannot be quite sure of my own memory at this distance of time, perhaps some of my family may recognize her. In all my pictures, I pose myself according to the impression given to me at the moment.

May 16th.—I am just returned from Holloway. Mrs. Tebb was to meet me at Mr. Hudson's, to avail herself of my mediumship, but I was first to have a negative taken (No. 21) while she sat by. I accordingly took the position impressed upon me at the time, and stood facing the East, the camera being at the South, so that I was exactly in profile:—my left hand was placed under my chin, while my right hand hung down. The negative was developed, and to our bewildering surprise, in the picture I was turned full-face! with the hands placed together in an attitude of prayer. I think that of all the wonders that have occurred, this was the most startling to Mr. Hudson himself.

Mrs. Tebb then took her seat, while (to make the test conditions as stringent as possible, *not to satisfy myself*, for I have had so many convincing proofs that I should be deficient in common sense if I doubted them, but for Mr. Hudson's sake), I went into the dark room with Mr. Hudson, saw him clean his plate, collodionize it, &c.—never leaving him for one moment until the negative was fully developed, on which was a spirit-form whom Mrs. Tebb believes to be her grandmother, and I think the features will come out clearly in the printing. She sat for a second, and I with her for a third, but there was not much on either plate that we can judge of until they are printed. Mrs. Tebb then left, and Mrs. Cooper, of Sydenham Hill, was the next sitter, the same rigorous conditions being carried out. I had before, by spirit direction, written to her to bring the *Pilgrim's Progress*, for Bunyan is her guardian spirit; so she seated herself at a small table with the volume before her. On the first plate there appeared about a dozen stars, or perhaps spirit-lights; but upon the next there was unmistakably Bunyan himself, the face and head quite uncovered, and the features distinct.

Mrs. Anderson then came to the studio. Mrs. Cooper went into the dark room with Mr. Hudson, and (as I had done) remained with him during the whole process and upon Mrs. Anderson's plate appeared the figure of one whom she calls

Oress, her guardian spirit, who had promised to endeavour thus to show himself. Altogether it has been a most satisfactory day, especially to Mr. Hudson, whose sensitive nature is suffering much from the ungenerous attacks to which he is being subjected, but which he must soon live down.

20, Delamere Crescent, W.

GEORGINA HOUGHTON.

OTHER RECOGNISED PORTRAITS.

Mr. Henry E. Russell, of Kingston-on-Thames, writes that he visited Mr. Hudson, and says, "Every facility was afforded me for examining the studio and apparatus, and the whole process was carefully scrutinized by me." He obtained portraits at this sitting which he recognised as those of a deceased sister and an aunt. Mr. B. W. Pycock, of Brookes's Hotel, 33, Sussex Street, Strand, also testifies that at Mr. Hudson's he went into the dark room and saw the plate developed, and recognised on the plate the face of his departed mother; and on a second plate the portrait of a spirit which he says, "was not my mother, but one equally well known to me; it was more surprising, for she had not entered my thoughts while there." Other cases of identification of portraits taken by Mr. Hudson as those of spirit friends might be cited, but we have only space in the present number to quote the following, which appeared in the *Spiritualist* of May, 15th:—

"Sir,—Dr. Charles Cutmore, of Sussex House, Church Road, Upper Norwood, has given me the following account of how spirit-photographs of his wife's mother and his own son were obtained some short time since. As he has given me liberty to publish the same, I send it to you.

"On Monday, the 15th April, Miss Cutmore, who is a very excellent normal clairvoyant, saw her maternal grandmother in the spiritual world, who requested her to tell her mother to take her to Mr. Hudson's on the following Thursday, for she had arranged to give them photographs of herself and of her grandson (Miss Cutmore's brother, aged about 21 years when he departed this life). No circumstances were to prevent their visit on the day named.

"The day arrived. Mrs. Cutmore and her daughter went to Mr. Hudson's, and there unexpectedly met Mrs. Guppy, who, after a few friendly words had passed between them, with her usual kindness of heart, offered to act as 'medium' for Mrs. Cutmore's friends. Mrs. Cutmore then 'sat,' and on the plate, by the side of her own likeness, appeared the figure of a handsome lady enveloped in a flowing robe, but with the face uncovered, and the features distinct and clear; so distinct that

mother and daughter recognized it as a good likeness of Mrs. Cutmore's mamma (the lady who had given her granddaughter the instructions to visit Mr. Hudson's studio): she has been a resident in the spirit-world now about seven years. Miss Cutmore then 'sat,' and upon her plate the figure of a well-formed young man appeared, whose features however, were not distinguishable.

"The foregoing is the more interesting, in consequence of the whole of the arrangements having been made in the spirit-world by their friends there; for neither Mrs. Cutmore, her daughter, nor Dr. Cutmore knew anything of either Mr. Hudson or Mrs. Guppy, except what they had read of them in the spiritual papers.

"Dr. Cutmore, with the permission of his wife, sent me a copy of each photograph, and I can personally add my testimony as to the clearly-defined features of Mrs. Cutmore's mamma.

"C. W. PEARCE.

"6, Cambridge Road, Kilburn, N.W."

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY ANOTHER LONDON PHOTOGRAPHER.

Of course, as was expected from the first, counterfeit spirit portraits are being manufactured in various quarters, but we have seen some (taken by a photographer who does not wish his name to appear at present) which there seems reason to believe genuine. Dr. Sexton (well known in the Secularist camp) and Mr. Clark, of Glasgow, have with their portraits, taken by this photographer, a second figure. The same figure appears in different positions in the several pictures which have been taken. They recognise it as that of the late Mr. J. W. Jackson. We were present at the Spiritual Institute, Southampton Row, when Mrs. Jackson was showing them. Mr. Morse, who came in, and had not before seen them, at once said, "Why, that is Mr. Jackson!" Mrs. Jackson told us that Mr. Jackson's friends readily identified the portraits. We hope further experiments will be made under strict test conditions, and that the results will be made public.

Since the foregoing was in type a letter has appeared from Mrs. Jackson in the *Medium* of May 24th, from which we extract the following:—

"I went to Mr. Reeves, in York Road, who is not a professional photographer, and therefore has no interest or motive for producing astounding results. When the very simple

arrangements were made, I sat down, and in a few seconds longer than is usual for ordinary photos, I distinctly recognised the face of my husband standing over me. The expression and chiselling of the features, contour of head, the curling length of beard and outline of form were as perfect as when he was on earth. There could be no imposition in this instance, for Mr. Reeves never saw or knew anything of my husband during his life.

"A few days afterwards, I took a lady friend, who sat for her photograph also—a stranger to our kind friend, Mr. Reeves. On the other side of the small table at which the lady was seated, when the plate was taken from the camera, appeared two spirit-forms which were immediately recognised as two of my friend's ancestors, who had left this earth many years ago.

"Like many others, Mr. Reeves is testing these phenomena crucially, and hopes to obtain higher and better results ere long. I have no doubt that those patient searchings after truth will bring their fitting reward in a more perfect development of those spirit-forms than we have yet obtained. The art is yet in its earliest infancy, and we must not be discouraged by the many failures and crude attempts that are now appearing before the public.

E. B. JACKSON."

We learn that Mr. Reeves has been holding a circle for spirit-manifestations at his house for some time past. In August last, the controlling spirits at this circle desired that a photographic apparatus should be procured, with a view of producing spirit-photographs when circumstances would permit. At that time Mr. Reeves knew nothing of photography. The first spirit-photographs were taken February 13th. At first only positives were taken, but after a while the spirits directed that negatives should be taken, and the positives be broken up. Miss Clara Harris, who is a medium, has been quite successful in obtaining satisfactory results. The first attempt produced a cloud of curious faces like masks, in the centre of which was a cross, the likeness of an arm, a wing, and other objects. On another occasion, the likeness of an old lady with a walking-stick and a basket on her lap appeared; she has been recognised as her grandmother. Again, in like manner, she obtained a shadowy likeness of her grandfather, and lately her father, in an attitude very characteristic of him. He suffered very much from gout and walked with a stick. The children were in the habit of teasing him, and the spirit-photograph represents him in the act of leaning on his stick with the right hand, and holding up

his left as if shouting at the children who were annoying him. Other sitters have obtained figures on the plate, a number of which have been identified. Mr. Reeves and the medium with whom he co-operates make no profession as to their ability to take spirit-photographs. They are simply experimenters, and, as in the case of all other spiritual manifestations, they cannot foretell what may be forthcoming. They are yet in a state of progress, and have been promised much better results if they will obey orders and persevere. The spirits say that at present they cannot give more than three photographic sittings per day. We may state that the spirits appear like white images, their features being determined by faint lines and marks. They have not the material texture or appearance of those produced by Mr. Hudson, but more nearly resemble the spirit-forms of Mr. Mumler's photographs, which are, however, of a greyer colour and more defined in outline.

A SPIRIT-POST.

CHEVALIER KIRKUP, at Florence, has lately had some extraordinary experiences of letters being carried by spirits between himself and some friends in Leghorn. We are permitted by him to quote this fact from a letter of his to a lady in Rome.

“6, Lungarno Torrigiani.

“My dear Madam,—I am as much as ever engrossed by Spiritualism. It goes on increasing with great variety. Miss Haworth complained that there was such sameness, nothing but rapping and turning of tables. I find always something new, and now I have had one of the greatest of all the demonstrations I know of, and the most perfect, as my precautions against either imagination or fraud were complete. I think you have seen a young lady here from Leghorn with Bibi, who often comes and stays with her. I knew her sister who died four years ago, and is now her angel, named Annina. The lady is Paolina Carboni, daughter of a former British Vice-Consul at Rome. He is now in India. Paolina has become a powerful medium, and her angel is more ready to oblige than Regina, and had often taken messages to and from Leghorn, where her mother and sister live, and even letters. It appeared to me that they were carried quicker than the post, and I was desirous to know. I, therefore, asked Annina how long she was on the road. She said ten

minutes. *Non c'è male*, but Count Ginnasi was only three minutes, he said, when he took my trumpet, and frightened these very ladies by blowing it in the air, for they had never heard of spirits, and ran out of the room crying, '*c'è il diavolo!*'

"Well, I asked Paolina to write to her sister Teresa, at Leghorn, and gave her a model to copy, which I have preserved. When she had written it out, she went out, and I shut the door. There is but one door to the room—and I remained alone. I put the letter on the piano, the usual place, and watched it, hoping to see it fly away—I have seen them flying—but they don't like it to be seen; I don't know why. After two minutes, finding it did not move, I took a book, and after two minutes more, it was gone, I marked down the time, four minutes after six p.m.

"In this letter I asked Teresa to note the precise minute of its arrival, of which notice is usually given by three loud blows on the furniture. Then to write us an answer at once, and tell us that, and likewise the exact time that she places an answer on her drawers for Annina to bring us; and then to leave the room, that they may be at liberty, as they dislike being watched.

"In the meantime, I remained alone in my room with my watch on the table. It was eight minutes past seven when there came three loud blows, as with a heavy stick on the sofa. It was to announce the answer. I went to seek it on the piano—nothing—and returned to my place, and on my book was a little triangular billet, like the one I sent, without an envelope for lightness, and unsealed.

"It was an answer to my requests, giving the precise time, viz.: '*Ho ricevuto la lettera alle 6 e 15 minuti, e ti metto la risposta sul cassettone alle 6 e 25 minuti.*' That is, 'I received the letter at 15 minutes past 6, and I put the reply on the chest of drawers at 25 minutes past 6.'

"Annina must have been 44 minutes travelling the two journeys of 60 miles each, that is 120 miles, a slow coach for them, but of no consequence. Quite enough to prove that they act at too great a distance for it to be the effect of the newly invented *psychic force*. A man of science has put to the most severe proof some phenomena of Spiritualism; only two of them, however: the increase of weight in the presence of Home, which is not very interesting, and what is more so, the playing of good music by an accordion, by daylight and in a cage untouched by human hand; and in the presence of two anti-spiritualists who have invented the word *psychism*, soul-force, which may be either your souls, or the spirits, who are souls too: that is, either subjective or objective.

"Now this experiment at Leghorn is so remote from the brain of Paolina, that even by their verdict, it is *what the spirits say*, their own act and deed; quite as credible, and more so, than the subjective theory.

"Ever yours,

"SEYMOUR KIRKUP."

In a second letter dated April 17th, Mr. Kirkup says, "Mr. Howitt is welcome to make what use he likes of my post experiment. If he wishes it I will send him copies of the two letters." He there speaks of the great care he has taken to avoid the possibility of deception. Mentions the fact of the room from which he sent the letter and in which he received the answer having only one door, and that he sat within four feet of it, so that no one could open it without his perceiving them: and he adds, "The so-called supernatural is worth nothing if the proofs are incomplete. I am as incredulous as ever, and am of Hume's opinion that a deception is more probable than a miracle."

I may remark on Mr. Kirkup's observation that the distance betwixt Florence and Leghorn, 60 miles, is too great to allow of the agency which carried the letters being mere psychic force, is nothing to the distance at which the celebrated magnetists of France, Billot and Deleuze, assert to have produced similar effects, namely 300 miles. In a later part of Mr. Kirkup's second letter I perceive he has added, "I have since made another post experiment. Paolina has another sister living at Bologna, and I have used all the same precautions with the same success; or greater, for the journey is longer, and the answer is longer, nineteen lines, and the time is an hour exactly shorter by four minutes."

Chevalier Kirkup has also been getting spirit-photographs very successfully. One of the spirits, Annina, who carried the letters is now before me. Her sister, Paolina Carboni, is seated facing you, and near her standing in the recess of a cabinet, is the figure of Annina, wrapped in a white bed-gown. She stands as if addressing her sister with one hand and with projecting forefinger directed towards her. Mr. Kirkup says, "The likeness of the face, the height of the figure, the sex and age are all tests of its reality;" facts, all of which were wholly unknown to the photographer.

The likeness of the two sisters is sufficiently striking, though one is a full face and the other in profile. Mr. Kirkup says, "Annina has also painted herself in this dress and position with the door locked. The colours are the same described by Judge Edmonds and others, red, blue and white, for the first order of spirits. Regina has done the same. You shall see them when

you come. They have both promised to appear in their spiritual costume."

So much for the spiritual post and spirit-paintings. As my paper offers the opportunity I shall add a fact I read the other day, and some remarks on it.

Rome, April 21st, 1872.

W. H.

SCIENCE AND OPINION.

By HUGH DOHERTY, M.D.

A CONVERSATION between Mr. and Mrs. Witt, and Mr. and Mrs. Conscience, after meeting at a spiritual *séance* in the light of day.

Mrs. Conscience.—"Well, Mr. Witt, what did you think of the *séance*?"

Mr. Witt.—"Think! I did not think at all; I knew before I went that it was all humbug!"

Mrs. Cons.—"Did you really? Well, I don't know what to think; so many people say it is all a cheat, but my husband says it is not, and that he believes in spirits being able to lift the table from the floor, as we saw it, and answer questions or give communications by means of raps indicating letters of the alphabet, as we heard them at the *séance*."

Mr. Witt.—"Raps on the table by spirits! Fiddle-de-dee! They were kicks under the table by the medium, who watched the faces of the people while they marked the letters of the alphabet, and then made kicks at the letters which seemed to interest the inquirer as he pointed to them, not only with the point of the pencil in his hand, but in every line of his expectant face as he watched for the answer to his pencil-point by raps."

Mrs. Cons.—"Do you really think so?"

Mr. Witt.—"I know it."

Mrs. Cons.—"What do you think of it, Jane?" [Mrs. Witt is the cousin of Mrs. Conscience.]

Mrs. Witt.—"Well, dear, to speak the truth, I was quite uncomfortable at the *séance*. I could hardly see what was going on. Those mysterious raps frightened me. I did not like to go to the *séance*, but Mr. Witt said I was a superstitious baby; that I must go to be cured of my silly fear of ghosts and spirits, which had no existence at all, except in the excited imagination of ignorant people. He is a member of the Royal Society you know; and he says that all the members of that society, and all

the men of science everywhere, and even all the common people who have any sense, in England, and in those countries where popery can no longer mystify the people, have a thorough contempt for every species of superstition, and have cast away all belief in ghosts; they don't believe in the existence of eternal punishment; they don't believe there is a hell; and I don't think they believe there is a heaven, although they say nothing on that point, that I know of. I cannot satisfy my mind on such abstruse questions; but I thought I would ask our clergyman about it, privately, when Mr. Witt insisted on my going with him to that horrible *séance*; after I told the clergyman what had been said, he warned me very solemnly, not to refuse to accompany my husband, but to pray earnestly not to be deceived by any lying spirits at the *séance*. 'Well but,' said I, 'then you believe that bad spirits can really come to a *séance*, and lift tables in the air, and make raps, and answer questions?' 'Yes,' said he, 'and we are warned in scripture not to consult them; but as your husband is incredulous and wishes you to go with him, you can go, by taking care not to consult the spirits yourself, and by praying inwardly not to be molested or deluded by the demons who make the raps.' So I did, and that is the reason I hardly know what occurred at the *séance*.

Mrs. Cons.—"Indeed! well I never thought of that. My husband says we should observe facts before we form opinions, and that the Scripture enjoins us to try the spirits, and see whether they be of God; and as I know that he is a thoroughly religious man, and most conscientious in all that he says and does, I went with him, never doubting any harm could happen to either of us. I will ask him to speak to the clergyman about it though, and I should like to hear him talk to Mr. Witt on all these questions; for, to tell you the truth, I did not much like the appearance of that American medium, and it also came into my mind that those little raps, were more like gentle taps *under* the table than raps *upon* the table. I whispered my doubts at the time to Mr. Conscience, but at that very instant the table rose into the air about a foot, while all our hands, as well as those of the medium himself, were upon the table, and we had to rise from our seats to keep our hands above the table; so that I was puzzled to know what to think; and after the *séance* Mr. Conscience said that, even supposing the little taps to be made under the table by the toes of the medium, while we were all sitting, the table could hardly be lifted into the air by anybody's toes, while we were all standing.

Mrs. Witt.—"Oh, yes! that is true; but then don't you think it must be something diabolical and contrary to the laws of

nature? Our clergyman says it is diabolical, and Mr. Witt, and all the members of the Royal Society, and all the men of science say it is contrary to the laws of nature. My husband shall never persuade me to go to such a *séance* any more. It is too horrible to think of."

Mrs. Cons.—"Well, I cannot say I like it, myself, but my husband says that we are bound in conscience to investigate the subject thoroughly, before we form a positive opinion, and he is a very prudent man, you know."

Mrs. Witt.—"My husband says it is not worth the trouble of investigation, and that he only went to the *séance* to satisfy our cousin Conscience that he did not wish to condemn it without actually seeing what it was, although he knew beforehand that it could be nothing but deception on the part of the pretended medium, and delusion on the part of the credulous dupes of the imposture. He also thought it might be a good occasion to show me that it was all humbug, and cure me of my belief in ghosts; but the fact is, that table rising in the air frightened me so, that I thought I should have fainted at the time."

Mrs. Cons.—"I thought you became rather pale, but I attributed it to the heat of the close room. Do, Mr. Witt, tell my husband why all the men of science say that all such facts as these are only humbug, because they are contrary to the laws of nature."

Mr. Witt.—"Oh! my dear cousin, it is a hopeless task, he is so very credulous."

Mrs. Cons.—"Now, Conscience, are you really so easily duped as Witt says you are?"

Mr. Cons.—"I think not, my dear; at any rate, I am not the dupe of my own conceit, as Witt is."

Mr. Witt.—"The dupe of my own conceit! Well, that is cool, however, when I have all the men of science in England, and everywhere else, for that matter, to back me in my opinion; not the opinion of my 'conceit' alone, as you unceremoniously term it, but the opinion of all the most learned and intelligent men of the world in Christendom."

Mr. Cons.—"I confess that the word *conceit* is an unparliamentary expression, and I am willing to withdraw it when you retract the words '*unreasoning credulity*,' applied to me and numerous others who are not of your opinion on these questions."

Mr. Witt.—"Well, but my dear fellow, can you say that you are not credulous, when you say you believe in such transparent nonsense?"

Mr. Cons.—"Transparent nonsense! How do you know that it is nonsense, and how is it transparent to you, in any

sense, true or false? What have you done to find out what it is?"

Mr. Witt.—"What have I done? Have I not been an eye-witness of the humbug of one of these *séances*, as you call them? And have I not eyes to see and ears to hear what occurs at such a *séance*? And was it not evident to any man of common sense, that the pretended medium is an impostor who made the raps with his toes under the table, when he observed the expression of the expectant features of his dupes, who pointed with a pencil to the letters of the alphabet before their eyes, sitting opposite the medium; who did not see the letters of course, not such a simpleton: he did not want to see the letters himself: he wanted the dupe to see the letters and point anxiously to them with a pencil, while he, the medium, watched the excited features, and their expectant motions, dwelling on particular letters, that he, the medium, might know when to kick the table gently with his toes, to fix upon the letters so earnestly gazed upon and dwelt upon by the expectant inquirer. And that is the whole secret of the imposture; is it not, as I said before, transparent humbug, and worse than nonsense, which nothing but unobservant and unreasoning credulity could ever mistake for the action of invisible spirits outside the circle of visible minds and bodies at the *séance*."

Mr. Cons.—"Your *opinion* seems to be very positive on all these points; but can you prove them to be true? Did you detect the medium's feet at work? or could you read off the thoughts of an inquiring mind, by such a process of observation?"

Mr. Witt.—"I did not *see his feet* move, but I watched him closely, and I observed a sort of movement of the body, as if an effort was made by the feet under the table, every time we heard the raps. I do not know that I could read the features of an inquiring person with a pencil in hand, pointing to letters of the alphabet, and knowing what answer he wanted in his own mind, all the time; but then I am not a professional conjuror or medium, and could not without a long course of training do what they do, by tricks of substitution and other feats of sleight-of-hand. We all know however, that such things are possible, and that our senses are deceived, in spite of ourselves, even when the conjuror is an honest man, and tells us beforehand that it is all deception; and in that case there is no humbug: but the case is very different with your pretended medium, who, in order to excite more curiosity and bring money to his pocket, gives out that he can call up the spirits of the dead, and put them in communication with the living, and more especially with friends and relatives. This I say is humbug; and not only imposture, but imposture of the vilest sort, dese-

crating our most sacred feelings, for the sake of filthy lucre, on the part of swindlers, who ought to be punished by the law, as a protection to those credulous people who are so easily imposed upon by mystical arts and occult sciences."

Mr. Cons.—"You travel very fast in your opinion, from thought to action; but credulous as you believe me to be, I cannot believe that you have any solid ground for your opinion, which is merely a supposition of the flimsiest description, as I shall prove if you will answer me some questions. Will you allow me to put these questions?"

Mr. Witt.—"Allow you to put questions? Certainly, as many as you like."

Mr. Cons.—"And not interrupt me by your own impatience of what you may deem irrelevant, before I have done?"

Mr. Witt.—"I'll do my best; but pray do avoid useless questions, not to waste time."

Mr. Cons.—"I will not ask any questions which appear to me irrelevant, although you may not always see their bearing at first sight. You deem all mediums impostors?"

Mr. Witt.—"I do."

Mr. Cons.—"And all believers in the reality of spiritual existence in an unseen world, dupes of such imposture?"

Mr. Witt.—"The reality of spiritual existence in an unseen world is not the same thing as a belief in communication with such spirits (if they exist) through the so-called *mediumship* or intervention of mystical conjurors."

Mr. Cons.—"Truly. May we say dupes then, of their own credulity in all such cases?"

Mr. Witt.—"Yes, certainly."

Mr. Cons.—"Then you have no hesitation in calling these mediums impostors, and accusing them of obtaining money by false pretences?"

Mr. Witt.—"That is my belief."

Mr. Cons.—"And you would like the law to be put in force against such persons?"

Mr. Witt.—"Certainly."

Mr. Cons.—"You deem the dupes of such imposture over credulous and easily deceived;—unfit therefore, to conduct a serious investigation of any kind, in any branch of science?"

Mr. Witt.—"Not perhaps in any branch of science, but certainly in any branch of inquiry into the occult mysteries of an unseen world of spirits or ghosts, which mystic lore has so deeply excited their emotions and imagination during childhood, that they cannot rid their minds of the illusions when grown to manhood."

Mr. Cons.—"Have you ever been able to prove that all

traditions and revelations with regard to the existence of invisible spirits, and an unseen world, are illusions of the human mind in all ages and all countries of the world?"

Mr. Witt.—"The proof is this, that no rational man in our day has ever seen a ghost, or received any communication from an unseen world, and those who pretend to have had such experience are very numerous in lunatic asylums as well as in the outside world."

Mr. Cons.—"And those facts are sufficient you think, to warrant you in a systematic contempt for the *intellects* of believers in spiritual communications, and the moral *consciences* of mediums?"

Mr. Witt.—"Contempt, or pity, or disgust, or indifference, whichever you like."

Mr. Cons.—"Do you not think it *unjust* to condemn mediums on the strength of a suspicion, without any positive proof; and *reckless vanity* on your part to deem your own groundless opinion superior to the cautious opinion of the credulous investigator, who observes and compares numerous facts of this order, before he ventures to form a decided opinion; and when he has formed it can bring a great variety of positive evidences of his own senses and his own reason, corroborated by the senses and the reasoning faculties of hundreds and thousands of other persons of sound mind, to substantiate his belief in the *reality* of the phenomena, and in the *honesty* of the mediums? Which is the man of science, and the honest investigator in this case?—the one who begins by acknowledging his own ignorance of such phenomena, but carefully and long continues to investigate before he forms a positive opinion, or the one who '*knows*' *beforehand*, or pretends to know, that 'all such phenomena are impossible and contrary to the laws of nature,' as if he knew already all the laws of nature; all the invisible forces of nature; and had thoroughly investigated the facts of a *supposed* imposture before he ventured to denounce them as 'humbug,' *ex cathedra*, as if from an infallible oracle of science? Is not such a man himself unconsciously a reckless impostor, who wishes to impose his crude opinion in the name of science upon a credulous public, as if the mere suspicions of 'men of science' were infallible laws of truth and justice? And with regard to 'men of science,' commonly so-called, and members of the 'Royal Society' or other learned societies, are they not generally men who devote their time to the natural sciences almost exclusively, such for instance as physics, mechanics, chemistry, geology, astronomy, geography, palæontology, zoology, botany, pharmacy, anatomy, physiology, surgery, pathology, medicine, hygiene, and all the so-called positive sciences,—while they not only neglect the in-

investigation of mesmerism and somnambulism, spiritualism, and hypnotism, religion and revelation, but almost disdain the idea of testing such phenomena and their laws, as unworthy of the serious attention of 'men of science?' And are not those men of science who investigate these facts and believe in their reality as competent as those who deny their possibility?"

Mr. Witt.—"Leave out the word religion, and I admit that the subjects you name are deemed unfit for scientific investigation, and only suitable for the amusement of puerile and credulous minds, acquainted or unacquainted with science, inclined by natural temperament to emotional excitement and superstitious wonderment."

Mr. Cons.—"Puerile, no doubt, in the sense of intense curiosity and unsuspecting confidence, as long as they have not been grossly deceived by those in whom they put their trust; not yet perverted in their consciences by false philosophies of nature and her laws, but not insane with vanity and the conceit of infallibility of judgment with regard to facts and forces, laws and principles, of which they *know* themselves to be entirely ignorant. Puerile and credulous minds they may be in this sense, honestly curious to know as much as they can learn by sedulous observation and inquiry, though not less bent upon detecting fraud wherever it occurs; and also of denouncing falsehood and imposture without hesitation, where it has been detected and can be proved by competent witnesses. The denunciations of incompetent persons, such as 'men of science' who are ignorant of spiritual facts, and who persistently refuse to investigate such facts, are not admitted by these 'juvenile minds' to be trustworthy evidence of fraud and imposture, but are regarded as mere *suspicious* and *opinions* of ignorant minds puffed up with a vain conceit of scientific infallibility, not only on subjects with which they are acquainted, but also on subjects with which they are entirely unacquainted, according to their own confessions, treating them as subjects unworthy of serious investigation. And then again, Mr. Witt, what do you say of religion; orthodox religion and Revelation; Moses and the Prophets, Christ and the Apostles;—if you do not believe in the existence of spirits and an unseen world of immortality?"

Mr. Witt.—"Pray do not mix up religion with this trumpery humbug of Spiritism; for I cannot call it anything else. I did not promise to answer questions on religion, but questions relating to this modern delusion."

Mr. Cons.—"You did not; nor should I have mentioned religion, were it not that 'many men of science,' or who deem themselves men of science and sound reason, deny the truths of Revelation as well as the facts of modern Spiritualism, and on

grounds as superficial and unsound as those which you put forth against the possibility of spiritual manifestations and communications. Our mutual friend, *Scepticus*, is very fond of this derisive pastime, and I must show him one of these days, that his contemptuous display of infallibility is not more legitimate than yours, and that credulous investigators who believe in spiritual phenomena and religious revelations from invisible spirits in an unseen world, are much more rational in their methodical modes of investigation of all spiritual phenomena, and laws of life in this world even than the men of science who limit their investigations to physical and mechanical phenomena exclusively, and think they can, from such experience alone, dictate opinions to the world, not only on subjects which they understand, and can demonstrate, but also on facts and forces which they neither know nor understand."

Mr. Witt.—"Well, Mr. Conscience, you have put many questions to me and dwelt at some length on your own views and notions of men of science; may I now put questions to you in my turn, concerning the alleged habits and morals of your so-called mediums—(the word *media* may be deemed too pedantic for our little talk)."

Mr. Cons.—"I am willing to answer your questions to the best of my ability."

Mr. Witt.—"Is it true that some of these mediums have been detected in tricks of imposture?"

Mr. Cons.—"I believe it may be true, because they have been denounced by Spiritualists themselves, but that is all I know of the alleged imposture."

Mr. Witt.—"Is it not also true that several of these mediums have been accused of immoral conduct, even where they have not been accused of imposture?"

Mr. Cons.—"I believe it is true that they have been so accused in several instances, and not without proof!"

Mr. Witt.—"How then can you have confidence in the mediumship of such immoral persons, even where they have not been detected as impostors by credulous Spiritualists themselves?"

Mr. Cons.—"The phenomena of spiritual manifestations and communications being the first objects of interest in this investigation, and the mediumistic or magnetic temperaments of the mediums, the second as a means of obtaining such manifestations, the vanities and follies of such persons were not deemed of much importance in the question; but when grossly immoral conduct became manifest, many Spiritualists were shocked, and felt inclined to attribute such conduct to the influence of evil spirits, while others who had observed a tendency in the enthusiastic

admirers of peculiarly gifted mediums, to extol and almost worship them, took a somewhat different view of the case, and asked themselves if these physically impressible persons were not more liable than others to be easily seduced by ordinary temptations; and whether such a fact might not be in accordance with the laws of nature, to prevent mediums of spiritual communication between invisible beings and mortals in the flesh from being actually worshipped by weak minds, as chosen ministers of a higher world? I incline to the latter view, while many believers are seriously alarmed by the immoralities of certain mediums; still, what conscience can venture to cast the first stone at the frailties of the spirit and the flesh of sinning *mediums*?"

Mr. Witt.—"Noting will cure you, then, of your faith in the reality of spiritual manifestations, and in their usefulness, supposing them to be genuine, which I cannot believe."

Mr. Cons.—"I cannot distrust the evidence of my own senses and my own reason with regard to facts of observation and manifold experience, but the question of moral and religious import involved in such experience is another matter, which could not be adequately dealt with in the present instance, even if you were inclined to listen to my views of religious revelations and doctrines, which I know you are not, nor am I inclined to dwell on them at present. The reality of such phenomena, and not their moral import, if true, was the subject of our conversation, which has left us where we were at first; you a suspicious sceptic, declining all investigation in the matter—I a confident observer and a humble investigator of the facts, laws, and conditions of spiritual manifestations and communications. I maintain, however, that the *opinions* of 'men of science' based on nothing but *suspicion* of imposture, are not *science*, nor are they entitled to assume the authority of infallible reason in any community, religious or irreligious, credulous or not, inquisitive or not, intelligent or not."

Mr. Witt.—"You seem very fond of your delusion, but what is the use of it after all? *Cui bono*?"

Mr. Cons.—" *Cui bono*? It is good in many ways. Hundreds of thousands of unbelievers, who had no hope of life after death, have been converted by it to the truths of immortality and the existence of an unseen world of spirits. Much light has also been given by the spirits on obscure questions of religious doctrine, showing that justice with mercy, and not vengeance, governs the spiritual world; that retribution is not eternal for the individual sinner, although the *places* and laws of retributive justice are eternal as the heavens and the hells; that after due expiation and repentance for sins committed in this life, the liberated soul progresses to a state of happiness—

although it cannot be delivered from the prison in which there is 'weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth,' in the torments of a guilty conscience—until it has 'paid the utmost farthing' of the debts of sin due to the laws of eternal justice. Many other simple truths concerning life hereafter are taught by the spirits, which help us to a better understanding of the seeming contradictions of Scripture than the unenlightened explanations of sectarian theology. Such is the *cui bono* of modern Spiritualism."

DELIVERANCE OF THE REV. GEO. GILFILLAN.

THE Rev. George Gilfillan, well-known as a sensational preacher and flashy orator, who

Scarce his mouth could ope,
But out of it there flew a trope,

lately preached a sermon in the Presbyterian Church, Bristol, in which, according to the *Bristol Daily Post*, he delivered himself in this wise:—

"There are people now-a-days who, not contented with what they considered the dim, niggardly disclosures of the Scriptures on that subject, have gone to get news from heaven from very unexpected quarters. I refer to the modern necromancers, the spirit-rappers and table-turners who held, if they were to be believed, intercourse with the spirit-world, and produced regular missives said to be written by the dead. But the information given was not very novel, the spirit-display was sometimes suspiciously earthly, and the composition was in general miraculously bad. Some professing Christians were so ignorant of the grand genius of their religion as to patronize that quackery; and even to boast of the confirmation of their faith, which had resulted from the nonsense which issued from the lips, or rather from the fingers of the spirits who, like pugilists, conveyed their meaning by hard and heavy blows." Having quoted a text from Peter, where Christ is referred to as the Day-star, the preacher proceeded to argue that a fuller revelation was at hand.

Our friend Mr. Beattie, of Clifton, who was present at this sermon, writes that "It was preached on the induction of a minister as successor of one of the best men I ever knew, who was long ill before passing away, and seemed to have the greatest pleasure in talking over the question of Spiritualism with me, and promised if it was true to come to me if possible; and he was not two months in the spirit-world when he did so."

If Mr. Gilfillan was at all acquainted with the sentiments on this subject of the late worthy pastor of the church whose pulpit he on this occasion occupied, it was scarcely decent to thus cast insult on his memory. In any case "the information was not very novel" which he communicated; and if "the grand Genesis" of the Christian faith leads him to speak in "the house of God" with this unqualified contempt of his "professing fellow Christians," the more ignorant they are of it the better. Some of these professing Christians in their ignorance might perhaps ask him if there is not somewhere a text which says, "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

We remember that some twenty years since he described in his own picturesque way, the advancing tide of unbelief, strong in learning, and crested with genius, which was rolling over the world. The new assailants of the Christian faith from every quarter combined their motley forces with those of the old desperadoes of infidelity, and all agreed that historical Christianity must go down before advancing civilization.

Bearing this passage in mind, Mr. Gilfillan's late querulous attack on Spiritualism seems to us like the case of a physician of the orthodox school of medicine, many of whose patients, finding that they daily grew worse under his treatment, had recourse to an unauthorised healer, who effected a complete cure, whereupon the physician becomes indignant at their allowing themselves to be cured by the "quackery" of an unlicensed practitioner instead of being killed in a proper and respectable fashion by a man holding a regular diploma. Mr. Gilfillan stands on the beach and preaches to the angry waves of unbelief and scepticism, as though experience had not long shown how futile were sermons to stem the advancing tide. Raving and wringing his hands in vain lamentation, he can but rail at the only effective barrier yet raised against it.

Mr. Gilfillan expects a fuller revelation to be at hand, unaware that already its light is streaming all around him, and that he is fighting blindly against it. For what is all revelation but an unveiling? And thousands can testify that to them Spiritualism has been a series of successive unveilings—of themselves—their true nature; the future that lies before them; their relations to the spirit-world; and of God's ways and dealings with man. But for the reception of this or any revelation one condition is needful—an open mind. To those who feel no need of further revelation, or are unwilling to receive it in the way God is pleased to send it, it is still and ever true that "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

T. S.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

ROBERT DALE OWEN ON THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

IN a speech at Terra Haute, Indiana, March 31st, on the Twenty-fourth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, Mr. Owen remarked:—

“The general view I take of the matter may be thus summed up: What may properly be called Spiritual Epiphany is spreading as fast as its wisest friends desire; but it is spreading not as a sect—nor ever, I trust, to become such—not as a separate church, with its prescribed creed and its ordained ministers and its formal professors. It spreads silently, through the agency of daily intercourse, in the privacy of the domestic circle. It pervades, in one or another of its phases, the best literature of the day. It invades the churches already established, not as an opponent, but as an ally. Its tendency is to modify the creed and soften the asperities of Protestant and Romanist, of Presbyterian and Episcopalian, of Baptist and Methodist, of Unitarian and Universalist. Its tendency is to leaven, with invigorating and spiritualizing effect, the religious sentiment of the age, increasing its vitality, enlivening its convictions.”

MATTER PASSING THROUGH MATTER UNDER THE INFLUENCE
OF ELECTRICITY.

At a meeting of the Meteorological Society some years ago, I think in 1858, a paper was read by Mr. Andres Poey, the director of the observatory of Havanna, on the photographic effects of lightning, particularly on the curious phenomena of the photographing of objects that are near other objects struck by lightning. Mr. Poey stated the fact of lightning passing down a chimney and into a trunk where without making any hole, it left an inch depth of soot, which must have passed through the wood. In his paper on lightning storms in Cuba and the United States, Mr. Poey mentioned a poplar tree in a coffee plantation being struck with lightning on the 24th of July, 1852, and on one of its dried leaves being found an exact representation of some pine trees standing at a distance of 367 yards 9 inches. This is as wonderful as the fact mentioned by Franklin in 1786, of a man who stood opposite to a tree struck by a thunderbolt, having on his breast an exact representation of that tree. These are now well-known phenomena, but this of the soot, under the influence of the electric fluid,

passing in large quantities through the substance of wood, is so much allied to matter passing through matter under the influence of spirit, as to make it very interesting. Matter passing through matter under spirit influence is now one of the most frequent and well-attested facts of modern Spiritualism. The well-known circumstance of the steel collar of much less diameter than that of the head of the medium Hughes, in the United States, being put on and taken off almost daily in the presence of Mr. Danskin and hundreds of others; the coat and other manifestations of the Davenports and Mr. Fay, exhibited by them all over Europe and America, and the more recent and kindred phenomena occurring to Mr. Home, Mrs. Guppy, Messrs. Herne and Williams, &c., are now too familiar to need remark, yet are still sneered at by the scientific world. It is curious, therefore, that fourteen years ago this phenomenon of the lightning and the soot was stated by a scientific man before a scientific body, and received without any comment or disrespect. If the member of the Meteorological Society had suddenly called to mind the correlative action of Spiritualism, would they not have taken the alarm, and instead of so ready an acceptance, have denounced the soot in the trunk as a very black and suspicious affair? The statement here given is found in a volume entitled *The Stars and the Angels, or the Natural History of the Universe and its Inhabitants*, published by Hamilton and Adams, in 1858, p. 363, Appendix.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., has addressed a letter to the President and Council of the Royal Society respecting the publication, on two recent occasions, of certain proceedings of the Council, contrary to the established usage of the society. One ground of complaint is that, in an article in the *Quarterly Review*, understood to be written by Dr. W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S., the following statement occurred: "For this discovery, he (*i.e.*, Mr. Crookes) was rewarded by the Fellowship of the Royal Society; but we speak advisedly when we say that this distinction was conferred on him with considerable hesitation, the ability he displayed in the investigation being purely technical." Again, in a lecture delivered at Chelsea, Dr. Carpenter said: "Mr. Crookes' second Paper came before the Council a month ago, and a committee of two was appointed to examine it. They gave in their report yesterday (Jan. 18, 1872), and it was unanimously resolved that the Paper be returned to him, as in the opinion of the Royal Society, it was good for nothing." Mr. Crookes points out that Dr. Carpenter,

not being a member of the Council of the Society, must have founded his allegations on hearsay, and he complains that, though the worth of each paper treating of new and exciting topics must inevitably be the subject of minute and even personal discussion, yet, if what occurs is to be made public, it will have a detrimental effect on the deliberations of the Council. Mr. Crookes' letter having been laid before the Council on the 18th April, the following resolutions were passed: First, "That the President and Council regret that the statements in question should have been published, both because they are incorrect in point of fact, and because the unauthorised publication of the deliberations of the Council is contrary to the usage of the society." Second, "That the above resolution be communicated to Mr. Crookes."—*Daily Telegraph*, May 2nd.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. AND MRS. EVERITT.

On Monday, April 29th, about fifty friends of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt took tea together at Cannon Street Hotel, to present them with a testimonial as set forth in the following Address. The chair was taken by S. C. Hall, Esq.; F.S.A., who delivered a very suitable address. Messrs. Leighton, Shorter, Varley, Coleman, Jones, and Theobald spoke briefly to the object of the meeting, and Mr. Everitt acknowledged the kindness of his friends in feeling and appropriate terms. The following is the address presented:—

"TO MR. AND MRS. THOMAS EVERITT.

"Dear and valued Friends,—It has pleased the Giver of every good and perfect gift to endow you with a power which brings the spiritual world into visible communion with our own.

"By the faithful discharge of your stewardship you have been instrumental in proclaiming 'liberty to the captives,' and in 'opening the prison to many that were bound;' and many who doubted whether there were a life hereafter, have, by the incontrovertible evidence received through the mediumship of Mrs. Everitt, not only been assured of the continued existence of those dear to them who have departed this life, but also of the loving and active interest they still manifest in all that concerns their present and future welfare.

"We whose names are appended, being a few only of your many friends, desire to express our high esteem and regard for you both, by offering for the acceptance of Mrs. Everitt, a cabinet sewing machine and an Alexandra model pianoforte.

"The intrinsic value of these gifts does not represent the measure of our regard for you; but they symbolize the uses and ends of your united lives, which are most happily expressed by one dear to all who have been privileged to be present at your *séances*—John Watt, the controlling spirit of your circle, in these words:—'Industry and harmony combined promote lives of usefulness.'

"May the loving Father of All increase your usefulness here, and when He calls you higher may your works follow you.

"Signed on behalf of the contributors whose names are appended.

S. C. HALL, *Chairman*.

MORELL THEOBALD, }

C. W. PEARCE, }

*Secretaries of the
Presentation Committee."*

HOUSEHOLD ELECTRICITY AT BOSTON.

During the extraordinary clear cold weather which prevailed in February and March the electrical phenomena observed in some houses excited much interest. In our own dwelling, for many days, no member of the family could walk across a room and come in contact with a metallic substance without receiving an electrical shock, accompanied with a spark and report. The door knobs, stop cocks, connected with steam radiators, gas cocks, registers, &c., were so electrically spiteful that they were handled with caution. Our children amused themselves in the evening by lighting the gas with their fingers, and altogether the electrical condition of the atmosphere was quite unusual. In order that this exhibition of household electricity may be witnessed in perfection, it is necessary that the weather be clear and cold, and that the rooms be carpeted with heavy carpets, and these should be insulated by paper mattings beneath. Under these favourable conditions a person scuffling or even walking across a room becomes so charged with electricity that he can ignite a gas-jet readily, by applying to it the tip of his finger.

Observing this play of one of the mysterious forces of nature, we could not help reflecting upon the fact, that with all our knowledge we to-day know no more of what electricity is, than the ancient Romans, Grecians, or Egyptians. It is an agency or force which has never been seen, measured or weighed, and in itself is as illusory, intangible, incomprehensible, as the "stuff that dreams are made of." All we know of it relates to its effects, and it is not probable that human knowledge will ever reach beyond this boundary.

It is a force that we have been able to put in harness, and by complying with the conditions under which it acts, we can compel it to serve important ends in benefitting the race. It is probable that at present we understand most of the laws or conditions which govern it, and that we have utilized the agency so far as it is capable of being utilized. Its relations to matter, and to the phenomena of life, are also quite well understood. This being conceded, it is evident that as yet we are utterly unacquainted with a sufficient number of forces to do the work of the universe. Every day the student and experimenter is brought face to face with phenomena which he is wholly incompetent to explain, and although electricity is a convenient agency to which to refer everything inexplicable, yet it is a very unsatisfactory pack-horse upon which to crowd our difficulties.

There are many things yet to be learned, and proud as we are and have reason to be of our philosophy, as the ages roll on, what we know to-day will stand comparatively as the science

and knowledge of the ancient Romans stand to the great light of the present age.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry*.

[The above is sent to us by the Rev. William Mountford of Boston who says that "By a report on electricity recently made to some scientific body in England, (I think the Royal Society), it is plain that what I send, though familiar experience to one for eighteen years, is novel information for your men of science in England. In my book on miracles, what I have stated about these phenomena at page 62, has been doubted in London."—ED.]

MR. GERALD MASSEY'S LECTURES ON SPIRITUALISM AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Mr. Massey's lectures have been in every way a success, the Hall being well filled in every part. More than a thousand persons attended the first lecture, and listened with marked attention, especially to the personal experiences of the lecturer. The attendance on the subsequent lectures and the interest in them have been well sustained. We hope they will be published in a separate form, they would make a suitable companion volume to Mr. Massey's little book *Concerning Spiritualism*. Among other letters received by Mr. Massey from persons of distinction regretting that they were unable to attend the lectures, is one from Mr. Alfred Tennyson, who said that he had read Mr. Massey's little book *Concerning Spiritualism* more than once, and had induced others to read it. He would have liked to have been present at the lectures, but was prevented by the distance of his residence from London.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Mr. Thomas Grant, of Shirley House, Maidstone, writes:—
"There is a haunted house in the parish of Hunton, about five or six miles from Maidstone, which is attracting much attention. Rappings are heard on the ceiling of a room for about an hour every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evening, commencing at half-past seven to eight o'clock. Crowds of people assemble before the house, and policemen have been employed to guard it, and if possible find out the cause."

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

The current number of the *Westminster Review* has an article on "Hints for the Evidences of Spiritualism, by M.P." It is a fair epitome of the work, with copious extracts. This work, which has attracted considerable notice, and was recently reviewed in this magazine, is understood to be from the pen of Mr. J. D. Lewis, M.P. for Devonport.

A NEAPOLITAN MEDIUM,

Signor Damiani writing from Naples, March 31st, says:—

“ We have here in Naples a medium of extraordinary and varied powers. Her name is Sapia Padalino, a poor girl of sixteen, without parents or friends. She is a medium for almost every kind of spiritual telegraphy known, one of which however is peculiarly her own, and consists in writing with her finger, and leaving behind marks as of a lead pencil, while no such article is in her possession or even in the room. She will also take hold of the hand of the sitters, and cause the same phenomenon of leaving traces as of lead pencil under their fingers. In her presence discharges are heard as from pistols; lights are seen across the room like the tail of a comet. She is a seer, a clairaudient, and an impressional medium.

SPIRITUALISM AT MARGATE.

We give the following extract from a letter just received:—

“ Margate, May, 27.—I have had only one *séance* since I came here, and that was through my friends the Rev. G. C. D. and his wife being here. This we held on Friday last, they leaving on the Saturday. We saw the spirit plainly, and heard four voices talking, and when it was time for them to leave the spirits brought his hat and stick and put them into my hands, notwithstanding we had joined hands at the table. After this the spirit walked across from the window and kissed Mrs. D. on the cheek.—CATHERINE BERRY.

Notices of Books.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MR. D. D. HOME.*

ABOUT nine years since, Mr. Home presented to the public his *Incidents in my Life*. A second edition was soon called for and exhausted. This success might well encourage the author to put forth a continuation of the incidents of his strange eventful history. This he has done in the present volume. After reviewing his reviewers, he gives the more remarkable of his experiences as a medium, dwelling especially on the new phases of phenomena in connection therewith which have shown themselves since the publication of his former volume, and quoting ample testimony to the facts from witnesses whose evidence on any other matter the world would not hesitate to accept.

* *Incidents in my Life*. By D. D. HOME, Second Series. London: TINSLEY BROTHERS, Catherine Street, Strand.

The narrative of his life is continued to the commencement of the celebrated Chancery suit, "*Lyon v. Home*," which has done so much to stimulate enquiry into Spiritualism in consequence of the eminent position in science, literature, and the learned professions, of many of the witnesses who made affidavits to their conviction of the truth and genuineness of the facts which occurred in Mr. Home's presence, after giving to these facts the most careful attention and investigation. In the present volume we have Mrs. Lyon's affidavit in support of the Bill, Mr. Home's answer to the suit, and the answer of Mr. W. M. Wilkinson, his solicitor, who was also made a party to the suit. All this is given very fully, and it occupies nearly half the book.

Those who from the Spiritualist journals are more or less fully conversant with the experiences of Mr. Home, will be glad to have them here presented in a collected and authentic form, which is especially convenient for reference; while to those who may now read them for the first time, they must be indeed stranger than fiction, and of more startling interest than even the sensation novel of the period.

In a third volume, which we understand may be expected shortly, the author purposes to complete the history of the Chancery suit, and to give an account of the investigations into the phenomena of his mediumship made by the Earl of Dunraven, Mr. William Crookes, and other scientific gentlemen.

Correspondence.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Mistakes in print are generally more or less annoying—therefore I hope you will do me the favour to rectify an error into which one of your correspondents has fallen.

My husband, Newton Crosland, wrote a letter which you inserted in the April number of the *Spiritual Magazine*. Mr. Atkinson answers that letter in the May number, but attributes it to my pen.

Pray suffer me to state, what is the fact, that whether I have warmly agreed with his views or not, I never contributed so much as a sentence to *any* letter, lecture, or pamphlet, on any subject whatever, which at any time my husband may have written and published.

I have the honour to remain,

Your obedient Servant,

CAMILLA CROSLAND.

May 7th, 1872.

[The volume *Light in the Valley*, has on the title page, "By Mrs. Newton Crosland:" this probably led to the mistake of our correspondent, Mr. Atkinson, as it certainly prevented our correcting it in the proof.—ED. S. M.]

THE Spiritual Magazine.

JULY, 1872.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE.

By EDWARD W. CLAYPOLE, B.A., B.Sc.

WHAT am I? Whence came I? and whither am I going? No three questions have concentrated upon themselves a larger share of deep and anxious thought than these. And the third has surpassed in interest and influence the other two, because the untried but inevitable is ever more absorbing than the known and familiar. In all ages man has looked into the future with an eye in whose glance might be detected a strange blending of hope with fear, of curiosity with awe. The strongest instinct of his nature, the love of life, makes him shrink from the fate he knows to be in store for him. The yearning for longer exercise of power and enjoyment of pleasure, makes him eager to know if after his body dies he himself will still exist to labour and enjoy. He hopes, because he wishes. He fears, because he hopes.

For ages has man been trying to wrest from nature this secret, equally profound and momentous, to find some rational basis for a faith in a life to come. But after so many centuries of search it frequently happens that the condition of a mind, long and honestly bent on the study of this difficult problem, is one combining a deep-rooted conviction that it is not utterly false, with another, almost equally strong, that it may, after all, be a delusion.

The belief in the existence of some Superior Being is one of the earliest deductions of human reason. Himself a maker, man easily imagines a Maker of himself and of the world he lives in. Nor as reason is developed does it in any considerable degree contest this conclusion. Its effect undoubtedly is to in-

roduce many intermediate steps between the Great First Cause, and the results of His action. Instead of regarding them as the direct works of His hands, Science views them as the last links in a long chain, at the remote end of which and at an almost infinite distance she dimly recognizes the Creator. The Hebrew sage and the Grecian philosopher saw in the material universe around them traces of the plastic hand of the Moulder. They saw His javelin in the gleaming flash, and heard His voice in the rolling peal. The processes of nature were His immediate acts, and every one of them the result of a separate exercise of His will. But the modern philosopher regards the whole universe of matter as the effect of one long process of evolution from an unformed nebulous mass, and threatens ere long to refer the world of life to the same physical origin. Yea, he daringly hints that possibly thought, mind, and will may ultimately be reduced under the action of the same ubiquitous all-controlling law. But none the less does the modern philosopher than the ancient sage recognize a step beyond which he cannot, even in imagination, go back.

Not exactly thus stands the doctrine of a future life. Though of very ancient date among men, yet we can easily imagine the race existing without any conception of it worthy the name of belief. And in all probability, as discovery is pushed farther back into the dim past and more light is thrown on the subject of the origin of man, we shall find reason to believe in the existence of such a primeval race. How then did the belief arise? Not from reason, apparently, for reason fails to find evidence sufficiently strong to establish it on any firmer basis than that of probability. Besides, it does not grow with reason's growth, and strengthen with its strength. The firmest faith in a life to come is not found among the most civilized and intellectual races or classes, but usually among the rude and untrained. The confidence of Socrates in a future life for himself and his friends was far less sure than that which the Red Indian feels. The former looked on to a renewal of his old associations and to the formation of nobler friendship, but added, in his last memorable conversation, "I do not say this is true, but I think it highly probable;" the latter sees, under the influence of a life-controlling faith in the doctrine,—

Beyond the cloud-capped hill a humbler heaven,
Some safe retreat in depths of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste;
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold;
And thinks, admitted to yon equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

The belief in a future life is one of those doctrines the

orthodox foundation of which appears less and less solid the more it is examined. Many whose faith descended with their fortunes as an inheritance from ancestors, having at length begun to examine the title deeds of this property, have been almost terrified to find how slight is their tenure of the ground on which so large a superstructure has been reared. After a slight investigation they feel like men hanging over some precipice by a single line; they shudder at the gulf of possible annihilation that seems to yawn below them. If cowardly or careless they draw back after a single glance and say, "I'll look no more lest my brain turn." They strive to forget what they have seen, and after a time they partly succeed; but the power of their lives is gone, and a lurking scepticism saps the ground on which they need to find firm footing while pressing on to the higher life, and deadens the hope that should awaken endurance and courage. For it is not all who can attain the lofty moral and intellectual position of the man who resolves to do his best for the life that is, while discarding all belief in a nobler life to come.

Nor can the doubts that must arise in these days of mental awakening be met, as some would meet them, by a demand for implicit unreasoning faith—the faith of days gone by. It cannot be. It is no disparagement to the simple faith of ages past to say that it is not equally suitable now. The doubts that harass us were then unknown. Science was unborn. Great and increasing difficulties have come to light. Shall they be dallied with or fairly met? The choice is before us. The result of the first will be peace and quietness with a latent scepticism enervating our Christian life and paralysing our energy. The result of the latter will be discussion and restlessness, change and activity, a new power inspiring the lives of men, and the martyr spirit again bearing witness to the reality of their faith. Peace at any price is the cry of established and organised orthodoxy. "Peace in *our* time, O Lord!" They dread change, they hate trouble, they fear to think, not knowing whither thought may lead them. But earnest men who cannot rest until they have at got the exact truth, and found firm building ground, must go through the tedious and inexpressibly painful process of casting away much that is old and familiar in the structure of their theology—throwing aside course after course of the masonry, getting right down to the basement and probing the very ground below till they reach the solid rock. Nor do their labours then cease. When the thankless task of demolition is ended, the more hopeful if toilsome work of reconstruction commences, and happy is he who, amid the convulsions that are shaking the very bases of belief, dare go deep enough to find a solid basis for his faith in a life to come.

It is evident that with increasing knowledge the belief in a future life has in the present day become weaker rather than stronger. And the student of history—the history of thought—will recall to mind that the same was the case with the Old World nations at the zenith of their intellectual glory. The number of those who doubt the doctrine now among the learned and intelligent is perhaps greater than at any previous time in the history of modern Europe. By not a few the cause of this is ascribed—and perhaps with truth—to the advance of Physical Science. The charge of materialism is openly laid at her door, and justly too. She is at present materialistic: her tendency is so. Many of her followers confess it, and under her teaching become so. But Physical Science must not be branded as atheistic and infidel because some of the truths she has discovered with so much toil do not quite square with previous opinion or prejudice. The materialism of Science arises from conviction. She would be unfaithful to her duty did she refuse to hear evidence, or to admit what the evidence demands. And the spread of materialism among her followers, among men of high attainments and intellectual powers, which has been by some so much lamented, shows at least that the belief in a life to come can scarcely be due to the development of reason or the advance of knowledge.

Some may urge, in objection, that reason supplies by its very development a strong argument in favour of another life. The more the powers of the human mind are manifested, the more evident does it become that this world is not capable of giving full scope for their exercise, and that, unless they exist in vain, there must follow another. Perhaps this is the strongest argument that reason has ever urged in favour of the doctrine. It also gathers strength immensely, from the fact that so many minds of fine temper, high impulse and energy, are cut off from all hope of their full share of this partial development or employment here, by the frailness of the organism to which they are linked. It clogs the spirit and chains it to the earth, or else it sinks and dies, killed by the energy of

The fiery soul that working out its way
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed its tenement of clay.

If we confine our thoughts to this argument alone, the impression well nigh deepens into certainty that, when a man dies, he must live again. But materialistic Science steps in suggesting a wider view and the spell is broken. "Is there," she asks, "no evidence from other fields of nature of contrary tendency?" Dare we believe that every individual organism must and will go through the whole development of which it is capable? Or do

the mournfully beautiful lines of Tennyson, when speaking of nature, better express the reluctant but unavoidable conclusion?

Considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,
I falter where I firmly trod.

* * * * *

And faintly trust the larger hope.

But Reason speaks again: Seeing the vast amount of pain endured in consequence of the misdeeds of others, she urges there must be some future state of recompense for such terrible unmerited suffering. This inference is not without weight. It appeals to the sense of justice in man, and has increased as the rights of the weak have been more and more acknowledged. But its force is derived by implication from a premiss which has never yet been proved. It assumes that a just Ruler of the Universe will not allow a single pang or tear to pass without amends. This is begging the question. It may be so or it may not. But apart from the inconclusive nature of the argument it proves too much for *most* of those who would like to urge it in order to establish the doctrine of a future life for man, since they cannot but see that its logical outcome is a future life for the whole animate creation. Unmerited and uncompensated suffering is not confined to man. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain." The over-driven cab-horse would be as much entitled to future reward for his earthly pain as his human master—perhaps more so. But from this conclusion many of its advocates recoil, and rather than admit their fellow-creatures, the brutes, to share their heaven, they will give up an argument of no small weight in favour of their own immortality.

And beyond this, reason has little to say to the mass of mankind. Learned treatises upon the immateriality and immortality of the soul, if they ever convinced any one, which is doubtful, are never read save by the learned. To what cause then can be assigned the origin of a doctrine so almost universally held, yet unproved and to some extent opposed by reason? The savage who saw his fellow lying dead upon the ground and going to decay, could hardly from that sight extract any evidence to show that he was still a living and conscious being. Yet he believed it. Whence then came his faith? Who first gave currency to the tale that the dead are yet alive? A tale so old that its origin is lost, and so widely spread that every savage tribe believes it.

The tacit assumption is almost universally made in the churches of the Protestant section of Christendom, that those who have passed away from the present state of being have

broken off all connection with their former life. To allow that they take an active part and feel a lively interest in the daily life of the friends they have left behind, and even in some cases regret their own departure, is deemed absurd. Men are willing to admit the interference of God in the affairs of the world, but not that of their friends who have entered on the higher life. Between these and themselves they imagine a great gulf fixed over which none can pass from the farther side. It was not always thus. In the early literature of all nations a strong spiritual element exists, and colours the whole tissue of their national life. Every reader can easily recall instances of this, and those who are not familiar with other historic times will find examples in that of the Jews. But this belief in spiritual intercourse seems to have gradually faded, and therefore has lost its influence over the lives of men. Probably Virgil and Shakespeare only put into words the current opinion of their times when the former wrote,—

Facilis descensus Averno est,
Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

And the latter,—

That undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns.

But admitting that the belief in spiritual intercourse has for the most part disappeared from outward view in modern times, it would be a great mistake to suppose that it is dead or likely to die in the world. Many, no doubt, have almost or entirely abandoned it, but with others of different constitution physically and mentally, it has only withdrawn to the inmost recesses of the mind, from which no power can ever dislodge it. They believe, and for good reason, but say nothing for fear of exciting ridicule. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton seems fairly to represent the present state of thought upon this subject when, in "A Strange Story," he writes:—"And be my readers few or many, there will be no small proportion of them to whom once, at least, in the course of their existence a something strange and 'eerie' has occurred—a something which perplexed and baffled rational conjecture and struck on those chords which vibrate to superstition—one of those portents which are so at variance with every-day life, that the ordinary epithet bestowed upon them is 'supernatural.' It may have been only a dream unaccountably verified—an undefinable presentiment or forewarning—but from such slighter and vaguer tokens of the realm of marvel up to ghostly apparitions or haunted chambers, I believe the greater number of persons arrived at middle age—however instructed the class, however civilized the land, however sceptical the period to which they

belong, have either in themselves experienced or heard recorded by intimate associates whose veracity they accept as unquestionable in all ordinary transactions of life—phenomena which are not to be solved by the wit that mocks them, nor perhaps always and entirely to the contentment of the reason or philosophy that explains them away. Such phenomena are, I say, infinitely more numerous than would appear from the instances commonly quoted and dismissed with a jest; for few of those who have witnessed them are disposed to own it, and they who only hear of them through others, however trustworthy, would not impugn their character for common sense by professing a belief to which common sense is a merciless persecutor. But he who reads my assertion in the quiet of his own room will, perhaps, ransack his memory and find there in some dark corner which he excludes from the ‘babbling and remorseless day,’ a pale recollection that proves the assertion not untrue.”

If in spite of so many strong counter-tendencies the belief in apparitions of the departed is now so rife that a popular writer can thus speak of it, it is not too much to assume that in dark and ignorant times it was more generally believed; and if now it exerts so much secret power, when openly there is a strong disposition to regard it as a relic of superstition, or a proof of weakness, what must have been its force when no such hostile feelings existed? Perhaps here in the experience of mankind may be found the real origin of a doctrine for which reason can discover so slender a basis, and which physical science has so seriously undermined. It may have come down to us with many another precious truth, held fast by the heart of humanity in the face of strong philosophical scepticism, from the earliest days of our race, and have been based originally not upon reason, but on the strong foundation of experience—the apparition of some who had gone into the unseen world to others yet on earth.

And who can prove it impossible that under certain, as yet unknown, physical conditions, the departed may occasionally revisit their former abodes, and in a visible form appear upon the earth? It rather seems, on the contrary, impossible candidly to study the accounts that have at various and recent times been given of such appearances, without being driven to the admission of their truth as the only way of escape from a more perplexing alternative. And if we suppose only a few of the instances recorded in modern times to have occurred in the infancy of mankind, they would afford an ample foundation on which to build a belief in the continued existence of those who had passed away. Thus would grow up the doctrine of a world unseen, and into it would naturally be transferred the thoughts, feelings, and employments of the present state. Savage reason exerted a

moulding influence on this fundamental faith, developing it as hope or fear predominated, and the influence of a priestly class, slowly rising, fostered the belief as an engine of tyranny, ecclesiastical and civil. All these agencies combined seem amply sufficient to produce and develop that faith in the future life, for which cultivated reason finds so little base. A *natural* foundation for the doctrine is thus supplied as well as a reason for its decline and decay in a more enlightened age. For, as the limits of the known were steadily pushed outward by the advance of physical science, the obscure, the intangible—that which could not at will be repeated—became doubtful and suspicious, as it seemed insusceptible of explanation.

No doubt many would strongly object to found their belief in a future life upon what they would deem so shadowy a base as the occasional apparition of the departed. They will prefer to believe that so inspiring a doctrine rests upon an entirely different foundation—direct revelation from God. This, they fondly think, nothing can ever shake. But those who read the signs of the times, are well aware of the present critical position of this old and popular article of faith. They know that the believers in immediate *Divine* communication of truth are growing fewer and fewer with every passing year, and will be rather glad than sorry to find some other ground on which to base a truth so valuable to mankind.

Such objectors, however, may fairly be asked upon what their own faith is founded? And if they answer fairly, many of them must confess that they are relying on this very foundation. They will not appeal to any special revelation in reply, but will acknowledge that their hope of a future life is based on one grand apparition said to have been several times repeated 1800 years ago, or, rather on the testimony of those who report it. For, in untechnical terms, is the resurrection of Jesus anything more than this? This argument is, however, no evidence at all in favour of a future life to many of those who profess to rely on it. The Trinitarian, by maintaining the godhead of Jesus, cuts from under his feet the very ground on which he is trying to build. If Jesus being God as well as man lived after death, that is no reason for believing that he himself, being only man, will live also. From the position of the Unitarian the proof is good. If he accept the narrative of the apparition of Jesus, or indeed of any other man after his passing away, he may fairly expect himself to live again. But the change in the data of the problem introduced by the former invalidates the conclusion. Those, then, who with Paul are resting on one apparition as proof of a future life, must surely allow that the faith of the whole human race in this inspiring doctrine may be

based on a similar foundation, and strengthened by a wider induction.

Moreover, by so doing, many would be delivered from a fear which is ever haunting them, that their faith in a life to come is entirely dependent upon the testimony of 1800 years. They think an incessant raking up of documents and verifying of authenticities is the only way to maintain or to revive it. But on the theory here advanced the evidence should still be plentiful around us. If in former times spirits in a visible form returned occasionally to their old haunts, they probably return in like manner now; and we may test for ourselves, if we will, the ground on which our traditional faith is founded. In that case the day will come when apparitions shall become matter for careful study and experiment, and Science, so long blessed by the world for the advantages she has conferred, and so often banned by the Church for some of the tendencies of her teaching, shall be found to have been steadily pursuing an upward course, and her materialistic youth shall be only a stage of progress to a spirituality such as mankind has never yet seen.

The man of science now commands the belief of the world, and not the theologian. The exact and severe methods of the former carry with them a conviction which all the claims of the latter to infallibility cannot secure. And when some of the psychological sciences at present in their infancy can attain precision and certitude, an era of faith will begin that can never end. The doctrine of a future life denied, by some, doubted by many, and a living power with only a few, will then rise to an influence of which it has never yet shown more than the shadow.

And sometimes in our thoughtful moments there comes over us the conviction that that time is not very far distant. Spiritualism, or a belief in the possibility and reality of communication with the departed, has already attracted no little attention. The New Faith has enrolled beneath her banner millions of devoted followers in all parts of the world. Thoughtful men, who saw with dismay the bright hope of a future life growing dim, and trembled for their race, have welcomed the new science as an angel of light. Those who have been driven in spite of themselves to doubt their own immortality—the Sceptic, the Atheist, the Materialist, men who could see the emptiness of the current forms of Christianity and could not sacrifice their honesty for the sake of ease—have come as willing recruits to join her ranks. Others in times of sorrow unspeakable, when deep silence had fallen upon some one dearer than life, and the ear could catch no word or sound across the parting gulf, have felt in bitterness of soul how hollow, how cold, how heartless

a mockery was all the so-called comfort that orthodox Christianity could give, and have eagerly pursued a science that breaks the silence of the tomb, and brings them tidings of the loved and lost. Millions more have secretly given up the dogmas and articles of their traditionary creed, though unwilling to avow their doubts lest persecution come upon them. Not a few began with a firm persuasion that it was delusion or imposture, but to their astonishment found the evidence growing stronger and stronger at every successive step, until it became more rational to believe than to doubt. Spiritualism appeals to reason and courts investigation, from both of which orthodoxy shrinks. She thus commends herself to the thoughtful among men by whom the thoughtless will be led. Can she then fail to advance? Priests of all sects and creeds will hate her because she comes unheralded by them, and their pious hands have not aided her progress. They will curse her because she saps their ill-gotten ghostly supremacy, by which craft they have their wealth. They will cry "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" but Diana must fall; and before the earnest disciples of the New Faith, and their fearless appeals to investigation, all falsehood must come to the ground, Pope and Priest notwithstanding, and a new era dawn upon mankind. The close and stifling atmosphere of Infallibility shall pass away, and men shall breathe the free pure air of Reason without prejudice and without passion.

VISIONS IN MIRRORS.

By RICHARD BEAMISH, F.R.S.

THE *Revue Spirite* of last April contains an article on certain experiments instituted by Signor Achille Perusini, of Battaglia, near Padua, which may be interesting to some of your readers; I venture therefore to offer you a translation.

Those experiments were made for the purpose of obtaining direct communication from the spirit-world through the instrumentality of the eye, aided by a certain mechanical arrangement of mirrors which promise to prove of general application. The account is taken from the *Annales du Spiritism*, edited by Sig. Perusini, at Turin:—

"On the 7th of March, 1871, E. D. F., a medium, made the communication that spirits who desired to manifest themselves, or who might be evoked, would be rendered visible by means of a combination of mirrors. Through another medium a

confirmation of this statement was obtained : nor says Signor Perusini, 'did we recoil from instituting an enquiry, although by so doing we exposed ourselves to the ridicule of those unacquainted with spirit manifestations.

"In compliance with instructions received from the spirit-world, I commenced a series of experiments, in order to determine the truth of the announcement made by the medium, and to assure myself that the medium was not influenced by former impressions. It was not however until the 13th of July that E. D. F., whose health was delicate, could be magnetised. From his sleep he was aroused by a fit of coughing. Shortly after having passed into a state of feeble somnolence, his attention was attracted by a glass on the table containing a little water. Suddenly he exclaimed, 'Empty that water;' a figure, he said, with a menacing expression appeared in the glass.

Through the aid of another medium I asked whether I might proceed to make experiments. The answer was, that E. D. F. ought to submit without fear. Accordingly, E. D. F. took the glass in his hand, and there beheld the image of his father, together with the images of other persons, and lastly the image of the menacing spirit that had first appeared. All idea of any preconceived conceptions seemed to be excluded here; and as the results of these experiments were corroborated elsewhere, it may be concluded that they are due to a common cause—a constant law, and not, as had been suggested, to the hallucination of the medium. I may also observe that in the early experiments E. D. F. was entirely ignorant of the nature of the visions to be presented.

"On the 20th of July following, E. D. F. was mesmerised, but was unable to utter a word, being again menaced by the spirit, who recalled the former threat, which caused him so much anxiety. Being awakened he was placed in communication with his father by writing; when it was recommended to take two mirrors the size of a quarter of a sheet of ordinary paper (foolscap) to unite them at a certain angle, and to place between them a glass of water—then patiently to await the result. This was accordingly done. In a short time visions appeared of various spirits: where any of them were of such a character as not to invite communication, the power of the will, accompanied by magnetic passes of repulsion, was sufficient to cause the images to disappear.

"On the 2nd of August, having arranged my mirrors, I was enabled to make experiments with a medium, endowed in some measure with the faculty of *clairvoyance*, but entirely ignorant of the object of my mechanical arrangement, or of the possibility of being presented with spiritual visions.

"At my invitation the medium, being quite awake, looked into the glass of water. Great was her surprise when she beheld a succession of figures and *tableaux* of allegorical and real actions. On the same day I went with my mirrors to the medium E. D. F. when again appeared the figure of the threatening spirit, who was now described as a carabineer, the uniform being as strongly reflected as that of a living person. One hand intimated by signs on the other a desire that the medium should write. Upon a negative sign being returned, the spirit opened its lips, and E. D. F. heard the following words:—'Enable me then to write to A——.' After another negative sign, the spirit exhibited considerable anger, and though engaging not to trouble E. D. F. any more, intimated its intention to appear in the ordinary circles. The apparatus was removed, but the medium was greatly agitated. The vision was described as that of a young man, whose early life had been one long period of physical suffering, which had been relieved only by Spiritualism.

"Other experiences have demonstrated that the manner in which these phenomena are developed depends on the character of the medium; still, under various circumstances and with different mediums, similar results have been obtained; and it is not improbable that one half of those who are mediums possess this faculty of seeing visions in a glass of water, although the greater number of my experiments were made with *clairvoyants*. Writing mediums—and indeed persons strangers to Spiritualism—have witnessed these phenomena without being aware that they possessed the power to see them.

"Visions are often presented without the glass of water; but they are obtained with greater ease and distinctness with the whole apparatus. They do not always appear in the mirror directly in front of the medium, but in the one which reflects, as well as in the glass of water.

"Often the experimentalist, if favourably endowed, obtains visions at the first attempt, or in a few minutes afterwards; others require to make many trials, and to them a progressive series of phenomena is presented. An undefined object like a cloud first appears which gradually develops into form, and ultimately into a distinct and perfect figure.

"Sometimes the objects appear in their natural colours—sometimes as in a photograph. They are often such as are out of the range of the medium's knowledge, but still depicted in their most intimate details.

"During these experiments the clairvoyants have been in possession of their external senses and intelligence. They speak, they reason, and are neither under the influence of magnetism or hypnotism. They see with their natural vision

objects and persons altogether unlooked for, and which often draw from them exclamations of surprise and astonishment; conveying the fullest impression of reality and truth, and without leaving any doubt as to the integrity of the senses.

"It has been recommended not to continue the experiments longer than 15 minutes at a time.

"The mirrors which I use, are 19 centimètres in height (about $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches) and 14 in width ($5\frac{1}{2}$ inches). They are fixed on pieces of pasteboard covered with black paper in order to form borders, they are then united on one side by a piece of linen, which allows of their being closed one over the other like the leaves of a book, and are thus rendered portable.

"With an apparatus of larger dimensions the size of the images will be proportionately increased.

"These phenomena are not new. Nostradamus* caused Catherine de Medecis to see in a similar manner the first of the Bourbons who was to sit on the throne of France; and Cagliostro, by the same means, obtained the presence of spirits which he evoked. Amongst the Arabs a somewhat similar system is in operation at the present time.

"We desire to see these facts—old as the world—subjected to the test of consecutive and well-arranged experiments, taking care that they are divested of all connection with superstitious notions which too often accompany them. We must dismiss every idea of mystery, that the subject may be brought fairly to the light, and that the great fact be correctly appreciated, of the human soul being endowed with a peculiar faculty by virtue of which our two lives are brought into intimate relation.

"It is necessary to show that the present state of our being is but a moment in comparison with the life to which we shall succeed—an eternal future; and the aim of our studies should be to establish that truth, that so by enlarging the sphere of spiritual phenomena we may hasten the advent of the day when Spiritualism shall be accepted by all."

I venture to add, that without a spiritual life in the present there could be none in the future; and further, that according to the uses made of the opportunity afforded by the present will the condition of the future be determined.

* The celebrated physician of Provence, whose predictions became so notorious in the early part of the 16th century, particularly after the description which he published of the manner of the death of Henry II. of France, who was killed in a tournament in 1557, that not only Catherine but the Duke of Savoy and Princess Margaret of France, Charles IX., and the highest nobles of the land sought to do him honour.

AN EVENING WITH THE SPIRITS.

IN the May number of the *New Church Independent and Monthly Review*, published at Laporte, Indiana, U.S.A., its editor, Mr. Weller, reports his first and only evening with the spirits. He tells us that on the afternoon of April 3rd, he visited the office of Dr. S. B. Collins, of Laporte, on a business errand. In the course of conversation, Dr. Collins mentioned that a medium, Mrs. Maud Lord, of Chicago, was his guest, and that a *séance* was to be held at his house that evening, and invited Mr. Weller and his wife to join the party. They consented, "This being," says Mr. Weller, "the first and only time that we had ever been invited to or had ever entered a genuine spiritual circle, with a live professional medium in the centre of it." The guests assembled, and after talking politics and spirit photographs, they entered the *séance* room. We leave Mr. Weller to tell the rest of the story in his own words. He says:—

"On our right were seated C. G. Powell, of the *Laporte Herald*, and wife; next beyond, Porter W. Taylor, son of B. F. Taylor, and Mrs. B. F. Taylor. Further on still was T. G. Turner, former editor of the *Cleveland Leader*. On our left were Mr. Taylor, of the Herald Company, Mortimer Nye, a Laporte lawyer, Dr. S. B. Collins, Mrs. Farrand, Messrs. Clark, Swan, and two or three others, between whom were sandwiched several pretty girls in the early bloom of youth, a complacent blonde and a roguish brunette making our *vis-à-vis*.

"After Mr. Lord had properly arranged the sitters, he retired, and our dark-eyed Queen of the Fairies seated herself in the centre of the circle—the axle around which this magnetic wheel was to rotate. Our Miriam, who has just such a voice as would have enraptured Shakspeare, now addresses us:

"There are, no doubt, some in this circle who are strangers to Spiritualism. To these I would say, You have only to sit passively in your places, and try to bring yourselves in harmony with others present, that you may be as one family. This will facilitate the manifestations. I shall remain quietly in this chair, patting my hands thus, that you may know I take no part physically in what occurs."

"As these remarks were being made, our wife and Mrs. Powell, seated next to us, were looking nervously at the guitar, which lay across our knees, the same having moved once or twice without any apparent cause. We assured them, however, that we were at the bottom of the movement. Now the gas was turned off, and we sat in Cimmerian darkness.

"Will some one sing?" asked Mrs. L. One of the ladies

opposite to us began 'Nearer my God to thee,' in which nearly all in the circle joined. During the singing, the guitar which lay in our lap *floated up*, glancing by our forehead, and sailed round the room, the meanwhile playing an accompaniment to the singing. The tambourine also went on an aerial voyage, and finally paused to beat time on the toe of P. W. Taylor. Mr. T. states that it followed his foot wherever he moved it, and continued the tattoo. All this looked a little frivolous; and, had the entertainment ended here, we should have been annoyed and disappointed, to say the least. Exclamations began to come now from all parts of the ring: 'Here is some one touching my hand!' 'Who is smoothing my hair?' 'Ah, here is a little hand patting me on my face!' 'Hark! did you hear that whisper?' &c., &c. In the meanwhile, Mrs. L. continued to pat her hands, and began describing people whom she saw around the sitters. In a moment, there came to us a short, evanescent, hurried whisper: 'Papa! papa!' Now, the *cold*, mysterious touch of two little hands upon our own; then, passing to our face, a series of loving pats were given, and the hair smoothed down. We bent forward to grasp, to embrace; but the evanescent thing was gone! What were these little phantom hands, whose magic touch had sent through us such a strange, unearthly thrill of pleasure? Whence came that whisper? Was it all a cheat? We asked, 'Mrs. Lord, do you see any one near me?' 'Yes; there is an old gentleman and two children—a little boy and girl.' She then described a person answering, in every particular, to our father. Several in the room recognized it at once—especially where she referred to his cravat, and the peculiar manner in which he usually tied it. A description was also given of a lady near our wife—evidently her mother—which we regard as very wonderful, as there were several peculiarities in her person and dress which few other persons possess. We again inquired, 'Mrs. Lord, in what manner do these spirit-forms manifest themselves to you?' She answered, 'At first there is the appearance of a light luminous cloud, which is soon transformed into the human shape. Then the features and dress come out, sometimes very distinct, at other times more dimly. They often speak by whispered intonations, or give their names in luminous letters.' From further remarks, and her rapid, successive description of persons around the circle, it was quite evident that she sat in the midst of a transformation scene, where the disenchanted dead were coming and going, in the old familiar garbs of mortality, like dissolving views in a diorama.

" 'There is a child riding horse on my foot!' exclaimed a gentleman to our right. Crossing our leg, we answered, 'Let

him come here and play horse.' Immediately there was the sensation of a child bouncing up and down astride our boot, and a perceptible *weight*. Again we bent forward to grasp, and again it fled like a will-o'-the-wisp. 'There! some spirit has taken the ring from my little finger!' said a gentleman on the opposite side of the circle from us. 'Will the spirit bring it here, and place it on my finger?' we asked. In a second the ring was slipped on our first finger. The owner called for it again, and it was as quickly returned, and put on the little finger. We held in one of our hands a Kansas newspaper called *The Shaft*, which was switched away from us and fanned about the room in a mysterious manner, and finally returned. A little Indian girl was described near Dr. Collins, whom Mrs. L. called 'Snow-Drop.' 'She has taken my watch,' said the Doctor. He then asked, 'Snow-Drop, will you please hand the watch to Mr. Weller?' We heard the chain rattling along, and presently it dropped upon our hand. We reached for the watch, but it was quickly withdrawn and returned to the Doctor. 'Why did you not give it to Mr. Weller?' he asked. 'Was 'fraid he steal it!' came in whispered response. It was brought to us a second time, and placed in our hands, where it remained till the gas was turned on. Previous to this, a letter had been passed round, and was finally placed in our hands. We held it tight till the circle broke up. On looking at it, we found it to be an envelope containing a reprint article from the *New York Herald*, on 'Nature and Revelation,' by Dr. John Ellis. This had been taken from our inside coat-pocket, unknown to us. How, is more than we can tell. We cannot conceive of the most adroit pick-pocket doing such a thing without our knowledge. In addition to this class of phenomena, meteoric lights would occasionally appear above or near where the medium was seated. A very sceptical gentleman in the company was violently shaken and thumped on the back, till he exclaimed, 'There! that'll do—I'm satisfied!'

Many other interesting and strange things occurred during our sitting, which we have not space to recount. We had spent nearly two hours in this ghostly intercourse, when a rap upon the door from Mr. Lord, who had devoted himself to the baby, warned us that it was time to break the charm of this magic circle. Mrs. L. was also much exhausted, as was plainly indicated by her heavy breathing. The door was opened, the gas lighted, and the company dispersed. Thus ended our evening with the spirits.

"In conclusion, we will say that a subsequent conversation and slight acquaintance with Mrs. L. have convinced us that she is a high-toned Christian lady, artless and innocent as a child.

Her wonderful experiences began in her twelfth year. She is now twenty-two.

"This was the first, it may be the last *séance* we shall ever attend. We venture no opinion upon the *modus operandi* of these phenomena, or their disorder. That they are the work of spirits, we cannot doubt. God, in his providence, knows for what good they are permitted. There is much that is fleeting, evanescent and unsatisfactory in these physical outbreaks from the realm of spirits, which are but the foamy waves from the great ocean of spiritual existence, breaking upon the rocks and shoals of Time. We would not recall our evening with the invisible company. The memory of it will linger with us as the echoes from some sweet and pleasant dream, in which the angels came down to us like those on Jacob's ladder; where the little hands of our loved ones touched us, and their whispering voices assured us that immortality is not a fiction, but a grand and beautiful reality."

DOES THE WORLD ACCREDIT ITS OWN EXPRESSED FAITH IN THE SPIRITUAL?

By CARLOS D. STUART.

I HAVE been thinking how strange it is, that all the world having spoken and written its belief in God, in some form or other, and in a world of spirits only separated from our own by a thin veil of sense—that veil thrust aside in Eden, and at epochs ever since, so that man communed not only with angels, but with God—the denial should be so universal, whenever it is claimed that communion with the invisible world has been and may be realised. I cannot understand this mixture of theoretical faith and practical atheism. And I cannot forbear asking if the great voice of the world, so united in its testimony as to the theory, be only a delusion and a lie, when we come to the practice? In its superabounding ideal of a relation, near and intimate, between God and man, and between heaven and earth, is there no reality? If so, what a mockery is the prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done *on earth as it is in heaven*," and the utterance, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for *of such is the kingdom of heaven*," and the saying, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for *they shall see God*." What a mockery too, the cradle song, the pulpit teaching, the saintly consolation poured in the ear of sorrow, and the story told to the dying.

Either the Scriptures are false, and the prophets and oracles

lying witnesses, and all religions empty fables, and the world-wide beliefs of man in all that pertains to the spiritual, the supernatural, and the immortal, a weak delusion; or they are the most momentous truths with which man has to do. If truths, then the material and the spiritual world are in communion. Such is the record. The mind and heart of all men, in all ages, have confessed and declared it. Whenever and wherever the human intellect has risen above material things, it has looked in upon a higher state of being. All nature and all revelation have so taught. Why then, this profound resistance to the idea, or faith, or belief, that man may, and does, under fitting circumstances, commune, while in his mortal state, directly with the spirit world? That he has done so is the perpetual teaching of all "sacred" books and all religions. Why, especially, should Christendom, whose religion is based upon the spiritual and supernatural, and whose faith, without an accessible spirit-world, would be but a rope of sand or a shadow, rebel against an ever-present communion between heaven and earth? Its Scriptures teach little else of moment; its prophets, its oracles, its Saviour, and its miracles are as nothing, if materialism triumph. If an angel loosed Peter from prison, if angels appeared to the Marys, and if John saw the vision he revealed from Patmos, why should angels and spirits more akin to earth, not now and then, at least, be visible to us. For four thousand years there was no lack of celestial visitants upon earth. They walked and talked with the prophets and seers; and where is it taught that thereafter they should come unto men no more? Has the earth less need of such ministries than of old? I think not; and I insist that I be permitted to believe in close communion with the world of spirits, without being called a fanatic or blasphemer, or that my instincts, my sympathies and my reason be erased as deceivers, and the cradle song and the pulpit teaching cease to utter fables. Until this come to pass, I must believe as I have believed.

And why is it that the "profane" intellect of the world—so called—the literary mind—scoffs at and contemns practical faith in spiritual relations? Strip literature of its ideal world and nothing is left. Do its professors simply utter fancies in all their imagery drawn from higher sources than earth and sense, or do they utter an all-pervading faith and belief? Do they believe in the angels and spirits, and genii, and nymphs, and fairies, and and sprites, so populous in their vision-land, or do they but play with shadows? These questions are worth pondering. The soul of poetry, music, sculpture, and painting is ideal, spiritual. Rob them of this divine light and fire and they are formless and soulless. What are the immortal thoughts of Homer, of

Æschylus, of Plato, of Virgil, of Dante, of Tasso, of Goethe, of Bunyan, and Milton, or the better genius of the great souls of psalm and song in all ages, if the spiritual world be a myth, or so far a myth that it only mocks at earnest belief and practical realization? And Art, which has glorified itself on the canvas of Appelles or Raphael, and through the chisel of Phidias or Angelo, shall it be stripped bare of heaven, leaving to it only the harsh, sin-stained anatomy of mortal man? If it has lied in its interpretation, shall we longer exalt and idolize it? And if "divine" poesy has but conjured scenes from tricky fables and unsubstantial fancies, shall we delight and glory in its strains?

To come direct to the heart of the matter, in how much of its own expressed or implied faith does the human mind believe? I see clearly that all exalted mind lives and has lived more in a spiritual than in a material world. I see, upon a casual recurrence to its utterances, that it has devoutly believed in man's affinity with the spiritual and supernatural, as well as with the material and natural, and I am not willing that it should go on preaching and singing, and impressing the world with its imaginations, unless it stand by them itself. Let Milton and Shakspeare be held to as close account as Isaiah or David, and either stand by their utterance, or fall. Let us know that they, or whoever rises in thought, song, or revelation, above the material world, speak fancies or truths, fables or facts, illusions or realities. It seems to me that the mass of mankind little realize the faiths they confess at altars and shrines, and the only spirit that exalts their religions and literature. I put it to the materialist, in and out of the Church, whether any credence is to be given to Isaiah, or Shakspeare, or Milton, or Dante, when they draw, in their sublimest strains, upon the spiritual and supernatural. I ask, too, how the universal belief in these came to man, if they have no bases in fact. If they are but the conjecture of disordered fancy, why has the world built upon them its most sacred and delightful revelations and faiths? But mankind hold to them as the most precious truth. That is, all men believe, theoretically, in what the earnest Spiritualist believes practically. They reject realization of their faith on earth, possibly for two reasons: first, because corrupt sense disputes with the spirit for the possession of man on earth; and second, because realization of Spiritualism compels to higher life than man's corrupt senses incline to. It is convenient enough to the churchman or the worldling to have an invisible and unmeddling guard of spirits to bless and protect him; pleasant enough to think angels watch his slumber and wait to convey his soul; but it is not so convenient to believe that spirits and angels, and God himself, do really have cognizance of all we think and act, and

that our account with the Creator may have to do with the every-day record of our lives. Such a belief, reduced to sincere and realizing faith, would startle the soul of sin, in the midst of its religious and social formalism and hypocrisy, and force it to sacrifices disagreeable to sense. Suppose earnest belief in man's power to commune intimately with spirits and with God entailed no repentance and reform of his earth courses, would there be one man in the universe to reject the extremest claims of Spiritualism? Nay, not one!

But I wander somewhat from my purpose in these thoughts. My design in touching upon this theme was chiefly to show in how far the most exalted minds of earth have declared their sympathy with, and their belief in man's relation to God, and earth's to heaven. I find that the highest elements and the best value of all literature, "sacred and profane," lie in the ideal or spiritual world in connection with man. I find Homer beggared when shorn of his draft on the supernatural; that Tasso cannot deliver his Jerusalem; that Dante has no vision of hell; that Milton is shut from a survey of Paradise; that Bunyan abandons his Pilgrim; while Shakspeare halts and staggers in a dull and darkened universe. And treading on a holier ground, no angels walk in Eden or with the prophets, nor appear to release Peter or comfort the women at the Sepulchre; no revelation breaks upon the eye of John, nor upon the vision of Constantine or St. Augustine, and the Bible itself is a stupendous fiction. In fact, the kingdom of heaven, the great world of spirits, shut out from the literature of earth, and man has little knowledge or consolation above the beasts that perish. If any mind is capacitated more than another to fathom truth that lies above materialism, it is the mind inspired with the ideal. If the Divine afflatus has fallen upon man, it has fallen upon prophets and poets. From these the world has accepted its revelations and beliefs in whatever transcends the narrow vision of sense. The faith of prophets and poets is not doubtful, unless all their noblest utterances are falsehood and deception.

"Ah!" says one, all necessary revelation is made; the day of miracles and direct intercourse with spirits is past. More than is accepted in the canons of the church and the schools is a dream—a distempered fancy. Trust not to fancy! But Milton, who has created more theology for Christendom than the Bible, says, "Fancy is the eye of the soul," and that—

Of all external things
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, * * *
Which reason joining, or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion.

And Coleridge, whose vision was not dull, and whose evidence weighs, if man's can weigh, on a point like this, says—

Fancy is the power
That first unsensualizes the dark mind,
Giving it new delights; * * *
Emancipates it from the grosser thrall
Of the present impulse, teaching self-control,
Till superstition, with unconscious hand,
Seat reason on her throne.

Coleridge gives this credit to superstition, doubtless, because fancy, in its first exercise by the mind, peoples the universe with false and obscure fears of beings invisible. When it rises to a more calm and disciplined survey, the false fears vanish, but the beings (spirits) remain, made visible and beautiful to reason and faith.

Whoever has read Milton cannot doubt his belief in the communion of the material with the spiritual world. I take it that the sentiments and faith he puts on the tongues of his characters, in "Paradise Lost," for instance, are his own—that he has but written out his own faith and belief. How his great epic teems with God, with angels, and archangels. They are with Adam; they speak with him face to face. Indeed, Heaven is ajar with war, and the whole world of spirits concentrates its interests, on account of our progenitor, in that garden of the East. Before and after the "Fall," Adam is admitted to converse and communion with spirits. On the completion of the world, Milton puts this song on the lips of the "angelic harmonies, the heavens and all the constellations:"

Open, ye heavens! your living doors; let in
The Great Creator, from his work returned
Magnificent—his six days' work, a world:
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men,
Delighted; and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace.

When Satan has worked his mischief in Paradise, Milton's God does not abandon our first parents, but sends (or rather the archangel directs) Ithuriel and Zephon to search for the Tempter, and to watch the bower of Adam and Eve. The obedient angel finds Satan squatted like a toad,

Close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying, by his devilish art, to reach
The organs of her fancy.

A touch from Ithuriel's spear causes Satan to upstart,

As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder.

Milton confesses his faith in the direct communion of Divine

agencies with our race, even in sleep, when he makes Eve, waking from slumber in Paradise, say to Adam, just returned from conference with an angel :

Whence thou return'st and whither went'st I know ;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging.

Milton a believer not only in spirits, but in the divinity of dreams ! What say the churchmen to this ? But he bears strongest witness when he puts a final speech on the tongue of the angel addressing Adam, after the expulsion :

Said the angel, But from heaven
 He to his own a Comforter will send,
 The promise of the Father ; who shall dwell
His Spirit within them ; and the law of faith,
 Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,
 To guide them in all truth ; *and also arm*
With spiritual armour, able to resist
 Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,
 What man can do against them, not afraid
 Though to the death ; against such cruelties
 With inward consolations recompensed ;
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors, for the Spirit
 (Poured first on his Apostles, whom he sends
 To evangelise the nations ; then on all
 Baptised) *shall them with wondrous gifts endue,*
To speak all tongues and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
 Great numbers of each nation, to receive
 With joy the tidings brought from heaven.

But the sublime poet warns (or rather his angel warns) that wolves will seek place in this spiritual fold :

Who all the sacred mysteries of heaven
 To their own vile advantages shall turn,
 Of lucre and ambition ; and the truth
 With superstitions and traditions taint,
 Left only in those written records pure,
 Though not but by the spirit understood,
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
 Places, and titles ; and with these to join
 Secular power, though feigning still to act
 By spiritual ; to themselves appropriating
 The Spirit of God, promised alike, and given
 To all believers ; and, from that pretence,
 Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
 On every conscience. * * *

What will they then
 But force the spirit of grace itself—
 Unbuild his living temples, * * *
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise
 On all who in the worship persevere
 Of spirit and truth. * * *

Truth shall retire,
 Bestruck with slanderous darts ; and works of faith
 Rarely be found.

Milton owed nothing of the noble conceptions in his great poem to the mediation of sense—and little, if anything, to the outward world. Inspired records, and his own sublime imagination and faith, were the agencies that began the unfolding of the spiritual world. He was blind to material things, but his mortal blindness only kindled his interior perception to a brighter glow. Dr. Johnson, criticising Milton, says: "God and the angels seemed to approach nearer, and the world of spirits to open more and more, as the poet retired deeper within his own soul. Earth could no longer attract or distract his spirit through sense, and chastened by meditation and faith, he saw that higher world to which imagination points, but which the pure enlightened and rapt spirit only can behold. And he saw there the drama of Paradise, lost and regained, and his tongue was inspired to utter what the eye of his soul beheld." It is scarcely necessary to say that Johnson's vast mind believed in spirit affinities and communion, since he has been so widely ridiculed for believing in "ghosts," in the common acceptation of the term.

The most interesting, and by far the most striking and dramatic portions of Shakspeare's writings depend upon characters drawn from the world of spirits. Did Shakspeare believe in the relations he institutes between the material and the supernatural—in his ghosts and fairies, and elves—or did he but adopt the common belief of his own and all times in these beings? He certainly indorsed the belief by his unqualified use of it. Did he believe in the universal impression (if not belief) that midnight was the hour that loosed unquiet spirits to walk the earth? In his "Midsummer Night's Dream" he makes the fairies sing:—

Now it is the time of night
That the graves are gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.

And in Hamlet:—

The dead waste and middle of the night

is the hour when Shakspeare bids the ghost of Hamlet's father walk abroad. Then follows what? "The old superstition;" the troubled spirit, with a crime to confess or a wrong to avenge, which can only be done by mortal aid. Did Shakspeare believe in such things? They are an immemorial story; others believed them, why not he of Avon? Hamlet and Horatio wait to lay the ghost of the murdered king:

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Enter GHOST.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned:

Bring with thee airs of heaven or blasts from hell—
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou comest in such questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee: * * *
 Why has the sepulchre unlock'd
 His ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
 Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,
 And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
 Are burnt and purged away.

If Shakspeare believed not in the spirit of his drama, he consented to use it, according to the strict letter of common theory and belief. The hour, the invocation to good spirits for defence against evil, the resolve to question the ghost, and the most orthodox response of the latter, are in perfect keeping with the universal ideas of Christendom on this subject. Undoubtedly Shakspeare uttered his own belief, guided by the ghostly canon for particulars.

The ghost and witch scenes in *Macbeth* are but a further illustration of the theme. True to tradition (sacred and profane) the spirits appear only to those with whom they have directly to do. Hence, Hamlet alone sees his father's ghost, and *Macbeth* that of Banquo. The Queen thinks *Macbeth* mad or distempered, and tells him, in the materialist style, when he beholds the dagger-armed ghost:—

This is the very painting of your fear,
 This is the air-drawn dagger!
 * * * when all's done,
 You look but on a stool.

But the guilt-stricken murderer swears:

If I stand here I saw him—
 * * * The times have been
 That when the brains were out, the man was dead,
 And there an end; *but now they rise again.*
 * * * * *

They say blood will have blood,
 Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.

Macbeth is made to utter in accordance with, not only his particular case, but in agreement with the popular idea touching all such as he, under similar circumstances. Shakspeare and his age knew the customs and peculiarities of spirits, and, doubtless believed all and more than the poet wrote. He revealed his impressions only so far as was necessary for his emergency. He well says, through Hamlet:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

The philosophy alluded to was, probably very like that of our day, which cries "beautiful!" when the priest and the poet bring

heaven and earth together, but which scouts the union when its practical realisation is hinted at.

Shakspeare was no niggard Spiritualist. Here is his confession of belief in presentiment—a theory not a little ridiculed in our day. At her last interview with Romeo, Juliet is made to say :

O God! I have an ill-divining soul;
Methinks I see thee (Romeo), now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

Juliet's soul divined aright. Did Shakspeare believe the soul could look beyond time and sense, and divine the future? Evidently he did, else why the above not indispensable utterance? Did he believe that daybreak bounds the earth-tryst of fairies (the popular belief,) when he made Oberon, their chief, say :—

Until the break of day
Through the house each fairy stray.

Of course he did! Who doesn't believe in fairies and fairy-land? Most assuredly I do, and so does all the world in its secret soul.

Coleridge, of all great, inspired souls, has endorsed the belief in man's power to commune with spirits above him most decidedly and manfully. He believed that a part of the mission of higher spirits is to descend to the lower to inspire, guide, and exalt. Having expressed this belief, he says :

If there be beings of higher class than Man,
I deem no nobler province they possess
Than by disposal of apt circumstance
To rear up kingdoms ; and the deeds they prompt,
Distinguishing from mortal agency,
They choose their human ministers from such states
As still the Epic song half fears to name,
Repelled from all the minstrelsies that strike
The palace roof, and soothe the monarch's pride.
And such, perhaps, the spirit who (if words
Witnessed by answering deeds may claim our faith)
Held commune with that warrior maid of France,
Who scourged the invader.

And here is Coleridge's rebuke to those (plenty among us,) who fly to science, art, jugglery, or anything absurd, to account for whatever passes their dull, narrow, materialistic comprehension; persons who acknowledge the spirit and power of God in the growth of a grass-blade, but who would deny that spirit and power in man if they could :—

Some there are who deem themselves most free
When they within this gross and visible sphere
Chain down the winged thought, scoffing assent,
Proud in their meanness ; and themselves they cheat
With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,

Self-working tools, uncaus'd effects, and all
Those blind Omniscients, those Almighty Slaves,
Untenanted Creation of its God.

And here is an intelligent and noble apostrophe, worthy of Coleridge and his theme:—

Contemplant Spirits! ye that hover o'er
With untired gaze the immeasurable fount
Ebullient with creative Deity!
And ye of plastic power, that interfused
Roll through the grosser and material mass
In organising surge! Holies of God!

And how Coleridge pictures the power of the soul to expand, even in its mortal state, and compass and comprehend the universe, when he says:—

There is one mind, one Omnipotent mind,
Omnific. His most holy name is Love,
Truth of sublime import! with the which
Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,
He from his small particular orbit flies
With bless'd outstarting! From himself he flies,
Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze
Views all creation; and he loves it all,
And blesses it, and calls it very good!
This is indeed to dwell with the Most High!
Cherubs and rapture-trembling seraphim
Can press no nearer to the Almighty's Throne.

Coleridge clearly believed that life is only a vision of immorality—that mortals are spirits on their upward march toward heaven and God, when he uttered:

Believe thou, O my soul,
Life is a vision shadowy of truth;
And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,
Shapes of a dream.

Shelley, the most ethereal of poets, while he struggles for "annihilation," and to dethrone God and his angels, as it were, to avenge some stinging wound religion's ministers had inflicted upon him, is perpetually thrown upon the world of spirits for aliment. No one can doubt that much of the longing and passionate utterance he breathed through his *Revolt of Islam*, *Prometheus*, *Alastor*, *Queen Mab*, and *Adonais*, were but his profound belief—deny it as he might. He is ever spurning the grossness of earth and wrestling against the fetters of mortality. He sees the soul of *Adonais*—(his friend Keats)—

Outsoar the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.

* * * * *

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for *Adonais*—thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The *spirit* thou lamentest is not gone.

Shelley might cast by the tradition—he rebelled his life-long against it; but he could not cast off instinct. His own soul had need of a God, a heaven, angels, and ministering spirits—of communion with intelligence higher than unfolds on earth, in mortal state; and if he was too proud to confess it directly, he did it indirectly, uttering his inmost faith through the lips, and longings of his Prometheus, Adonais, and Alastor. What he bids Asia utter to Panthea is his own utterance. Who more than Shelley could say:

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an *angel* sit
Beside the helm conducting it?

Yes, his soul was an enchanted boat, and the Spirit of God hovered in and over it and beautiful and blessed angels consoled the poet life-voyager (struggling to doubt the evidence of his own nature), by flashing their radiant wings on his misty, yet far-circling vision. Shelley's unconscious confessions, scattered all through his song, more than disprove all his studied declaration of belief. No soul ever lived less on earth, and upon the things of earth, than his. His sympathies were above grossness and corruption, and lifted him into the sphere of purer and loftier spirits.

The Greeks believed in a variety of evil spirits who had power, under some tutelar deity, to lure mortals by taking upon themselves fascinating forms and characters. The Circeans who ensnared the mariners of Ulysses, turning them over their cups into swine, were a specimen; as were, also, the Lamias, of one of whom a charming poet, Keats, has sung:

Upon a time, before the fairy broods
Drove nymph and satyr from the prosperous woods,
Before King Oberon's bright diadem,
Sceptre, and mantle clasp'd with dewy gem,
Frighted away the Dryads and the Fauns
From rushes green, and brakes, and cowslip'd lawns.

This belief not only contributed to the themes of ancient and modern poets, but a grave philosopher, Philostratus (quoted in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*), in one of his books gives a "veritable" history of the incident sung by Keats. It runs thus:—"One Menippus Lycius, a young man 25 years of age, going between Cenchreas and Corinth, met a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which, taking him by the hand, carried him to her house in a suburb of Corinth, where she persuaded him to tarry, and sup and drink wine with her. The young man, a philosopher, 'otherwise staid and discreet,' finally married her, to whose wedding, among other guests, came Apollonius; who soon discovered her (being a seer), to be a

serpent, a Lamia; and that all her furniture was, like the food of Tantalus, described by Homer, only illusions. Finding herself discovered, she besought the old seer to keep silence, but he refused and exposed her, whereupon she and her house, and all that was in it, vanished instantly." Philostratus goes on to say that "many thousands took notice of this fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece."

We may smile in our day at these old beliefs, but our incredulity does not remove the fact that the mind of the human race, in all ages, has reposed more or less, indeed universally, on belief in an intimate relation between mortal and supra-mortal beings. And this belief is born more of intuition than from tradition. The character of the supra-mortal has been elevated and beautiful, in proportion to the intelligence of the mortal. Circeans and Lamias may have ceased to infest the earth, but it requires little effort of our reason to fancy that quite as gross and evil spirits prey, in other forms and ways, upon man in our times. We see men, fashioned outwardly like ourselves, transformed from all the characteristics of true manhood, into beasts. The Circeans could do and did no worse with Ulysses' companions.

Without a spiritual world in close affinity with earth, so close, in fact, that prophet and poet can clasp the hands of the two in tangible, sympathetic embrace, poet and prophet are dumb. Keats, to whom we have just alluded, for instance, depends in his chief poems, *Hyperion*, *Lamia*, *Endymion*, and *St. Agnes' Eve*, mainly upon the supernatural for his characters.

Longfellow hears in his house "footsteps of the angels." He tells us how—

The forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted
Come to visit me once more;

And how the beauteous companion of his youth

Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Puts her gentle hand in mine.

And I tether a last one from Umland—

"How softly beautiful those tones
That rouse me from my sleep!
Oh, mother, see! Who pours sweet strains
Into the night so deep?"

"No sound I hear, nor see I aught;
Then slumber on in peace!
All serenades for thee henceforth,
Poor, sickly child, must cease!"

"The music springs not from the earth
That makes my heart so light;
Angels are summoning me with song—
Oh, mother, dear, good night!"

Mrs. Browning, Whittier, Tennyson, and many more from the long roll of famous poets, might be cited to the same effect.

Yet, wherever my eye glances upon a page whose thought is above the earthly and perishing, I find angels and spirits, the progeny of the world's hope and belief, and of the prophet's and poet's faith and vision; the progeny, also, of God. The more he is enlightened the more man looks heavenward, and desires and aspires to spiritual communion. He can no more live without commune with angels than he could without the Spirit of God. The utterances I have quoted are but a meagre fraction of the world's confession of faith in the spiritual—not abstract, and cold, and distant, but near, ever-present, and actual. What I have said is disjointed, for the theme is too broad for my space, and I have crowded such things into the space as may most suggest the fulness of my purpose, were it accomplished. Those who read what is written can easily pursue the theme for themselves; it is worth pursuing. And, finding the religion and the intellect of the world universally committed to Spiritualism (in theory to the greatest familiarity and extreme), they may ask, as I have done, *Does the world accredit its own expressed faith and belief to the point of reasonable realisation?*

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE interest in this subject has not abated. The hostility of professional photographers is only what might have been expected. The "experts" are always the most determined opponents of any great novelty out of their accustomed track. It is said, that Hervey's discovery of the circulation of the blood was not accepted by any physician of his time above forty, and we know how the same profession have received homœopathy, mesmerism, and painless surgery. Even in mechanical science, England's foremost representative pronounced the Suez Canal impossible. Photographers are certainly no exception to this rule. The admonition of the poet—

Have faith in one another.

Does not seem to call forth from them a very cordial response. The friend to whom the following letter was addressed writes us:—"I was twenty years connected with the profession. I never knew an honest photographer except two in my life." If this is anything like a correct portrait of the "profession," we need not be surprised to learn that its members incredulous as to the *bonâ fides* of one of their brotherhood, whose achievements in the art

are of a kind which wholly transcend their own. Nor is it strange that some Spiritualists—naturally more sensitive on the point than unbelievers, and perhaps apprehensive lest the exposure should be anticipated by “science,” and so their sagacity be found at fault, should join the hue and cry. For our own part we believe in the adage, “Time tries all!” and are content to wait. In the meantime we think the considerations and facts presented in the following correspondence have an important bearing on the case.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

“Margate, June 11th.

“My dear Friend,— With regard to the spirit-photographs, I do not see how what you may be doing in Clifton can prove anything as to what Mr. Hudson is doing in London. I am ignorant of photography, but I think I have some capacity for judging of the value of evidence, and after considering fairly the evidence in support of the charge of fraud against Hudson, I, as a jurymen, should feel bound to return the Scotch verdict “Not proven.” No doubt counterfeits may be made, perhaps in some respects better than the originals, but that does not show that *these* are counterfeits. You may show that certain effects on them are like those that would be produced if done in a certain way, but that is not enough. You must prove that they have been done in that way, or, at the least, that *they* cannot be produced in any other way, not even by spirits. He would be a rash man, I think, who would venture on that assertion. For instance, can we as Spiritualists, who know that spirits bring with them or produce a light of their own, say that this light is not used by them in the process of spirit photography and that there may not be this “double exposure” (perhaps, instantaneous) in a sense different to that by which it is alleged that these photographs are produced. Of course, this is mere conjecture, and is not offered as anything else. What I complain of as unfair to Mr. Hudson is that those who charge him with imposture insist on their conjectures being received as proofs. Were they content to say, “Some of these alleged spirit-photographs are suspicious, inasmuch as when carefully examined they apparently bear traces of double exposure; the subject should therefore be more thoroughly investigated, and in the meantime such photographs cannot be taken as decisive evidence of spirit manifestations,” no exception could be fairly taken to this course; but when they go beyond this they must be reminded that suspicion is not evidence, inferences are not proofs; and that all the evidence they have yet adduced is in the

nature of inference. No one, I believe, pretends that Mr. Hudson has been detected in any act of fraud, and until he is thus proved guilty, I think he has a right in common justice, as well as in law, to be held free from all imputations of wrong doing.

"On the other hand, the genuineness of some of these spirit photographs is, I think, fairly established. No photographer can counterfeit the portrait of a deceased person unknown to him, and of whom no likeness is extant. Yet this is what is done in Mr. Hudson's studio. I saw a letter the other day from Mr. William Howitt, in which he states that on the plate with himself appears the likeness of his son (drowned in Australia) The likeness was unmistakeable, and was at once recognized by both himself and daughter. Mr. Coleman, who was present, assured me that the spirit portrait was even more distinct than that of the mortal sitter. This portrait was given in fulfilment of a promise that day made to Mr. Howitt by his son that he would so appear. There can be no counterfeiting in a case like this, and it is not a solitary instance of the kind.

"I might give many incidental evidences which support the belief of the genuineness of these spirit pictures. The spirits have made themselves at times visible, audible, and sensible to touch in Hudson's studio; the spirit hand on the neck of the sitter in one of Miss Houghton's portraits was felt by her ere it appeared on the plate; spirits have appeared in fulfilment of promises of which Mr. Hudson could have known nothing; and other photographers, both professional and amateur, are taking portraits of spirits which in some instances are identified.

"This phase of spirit manifestation is now simply passing through the same ordeal with those which have preceded it, and which this also has passed through in America, those who are most suspicious and active in the matter being Spiritualists themselves. The then principal public medium in this country, and the principal public medium from America who has visited us, have both been denounced as impostors by the same well-meaning and earnest but suspicious and erratic Spiritualist who is now taking the lead in denouncing Mr. Hudson. Both have long since outlived it, and indeed were never much affected by such denunciation, and in the present case we may anticipate the same result.

"One thing should not be forgotten. If only a single genuine spirit-photograph is obtained, it carries with it the whole principle of Spiritualism, and proves that spirit-photography is possible, just as a single instance of spiritual apparition, well established, overturns the whole fabric of materialism.

"No one would condemn fraud in this matter with greater severity than myself: it is because I feel how heinous would be

such an offence, that I cannot countenance its being hazarded lightly, or except on rigorous proof. On a subject of which we confessedly know so little, it would surely be more becoming to speak with modesty, exercise charity, and suspend censorious judgment, than to fling about hasty charges reckless of the pain and injustice our accusations may inflict, and which, after all may rest on no better foundation than our misapprehension and ignorance, or the conceit arising from that "little knowledge," which, when greatly over-estimated, too often proves itself indeed a "dangerous thing."

"I trust you will not misapprehend me, or suppose that I intend any personal reference—least of all to yourself. Those who impugn Mr. Hudson's good faith are, I think, mistaken; but they may be actuated by motives which I can appreciate and respect.

"Yours faithfully,
"T. S.

"P.S.—One of the most skilful and experienced photographers in London, a few days since, accompanied me to Mr. Hudson's studio, inspected the whole process from first to last, and took home several of the spirit-photographs which he has carefully examined, and says he believes them to be genuine. I am glad to learn that your own experience confirms the genuineness of spirit-photography, that you testify, 'I have made spirit-photographs through Mr. B——'s power, therefore I know they can be, and are, made.' The statement you quote that Mr. Hudson has never denied being guilty of deception is simply untrue."

We have also been favoured with the following:—

TESTIMONY OF DR. DIXON.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—The criticisms by some photographers remind one of what are called scientific criticisms upon other phases of spirit-action, from Faraday's down to the latest. Two or three years ago there was a circle in Great Coram Street, where a medium used, by actions and words, to depict—in the trance state—passages in the lives of deceased friends of those present; and many have told me that they have identified spirits thus communicating, and we ourselves have done so. One evening, after the medium had passed into the trance, a scientific visitor seemed to regard him as a deceiver, and tried to make him cry out by pinching him and forcing his eyelids open. This was his way of criticising scientifically. It is akin with other modes. Show such a gentleman a vouched spirit-likeness on a photographic plate, and tell him the reasons of your assurance; he listens

with a deaf ear, puts a magnifying glass to his eye, and delivers a scientific judgment by which photographs of spirits are to be settled for ever.

But manifestations of a spirit through a clairvoyant medium will not be settled by pinching, nor those on a photographic plate by inspecting debateable details in carpet or background, especially when the beam of a foregone conclusion is in the inspector's eye.

Some Spiritualists, claiming to be scientific, have joined in the exclamations of the scientific non-Spiritualists. Of course they think they have reason; men who pinch clairvoyant mediums think they have reason, and men who pinch photographers and mediums, and sitters and others, with the nippers of accusation of conspiring to make shams, all, from the ground they stand upon, think they have reason; but such reason has yet to be made apparent to me. Waiting for this, I, with my wife, went to Mr. Hudson's studio, accompanied by Mr. Herne, who sat as medium behind the framed background. On the plate appeared standing by me and bending towards my wife, a draped figure which we are sure is that of our son, deceased thirteen years; the contour of the figure, head, and upper half of the face is his; the only obscurity, in the lower part of the face, is due to the exposure of the spirit-figure not having been accurately adjusted by the spirits to time, and so the lower part is too shadowed for distinctness; but this is compensated for by the dress, which is a hood and mantle in one, with a rosette at the junction, over the shoulder. When in the body, our son used to insist that such a dress would be best and most rational.

The way to get at a truth for one's self, in spiritual matters, is certainly not by jumping at the conclusion of others, particularly if they plume themselves upon being scientific.

J. DIXON.

8, Great Ormond Street.

TESTIMONY OF MRS. FITZGERALD.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—It seems to me simply a duty to Mr. Hudson—especially under present circumstances, that those who have obtained satisfactory spirit-photographs at his studio should bear testimony to their own convictions of their genuineness.

You are therefore at liberty to insert in the *Spiritual Magazine*, that in one of the photographs taken for me by Mr. Hudson, under the test conditions I required, a veiled and

draped figure appears at my side, the contour of the head and form of which is to me unmistakable. On showing this photograph to a relative, she was affected to tears by the same convictive recognition.

In the second photograph a draped figure appears with the features unveiled and distinct, bearing a close resemblance to a friend whose spirit is in constant communication with me.

In the third photograph are seven spirit-lights, very distinct.

I the more readily give this testimony as I have since received, at our own private circle, corroborative evidence from the spirits themselves as to their presence in the first two instances above recorded.

It may be interesting to state that one of these spirits—whom we have always found to be most truthful—has, of his own accord, exposed cases of deception on the part of a medium whose powers, strange to say, are yet of a high order. How deeply Spiritualists must deplore the admixture of imposture with reality by means of which some mediums attempt additions, certain sooner or later to be detected, to the genuine phenomena they obtain.

June 8, 1872.

CHARLOTTE FITZGERALD.

TESTIMONY OF W. ARMFIELD.

Dear Sir,—Having read some remarks by Mr. Jones respecting the photographs of the Holloway ghosts, I resolved to go and examine for myself, and thus form my own judgment both of the artist and the *bona fides* of his productions, and I feel bound to say I left the studio of Mr. Hudson with the feeling of perfect satisfaction in the integrity of the man and his work. On the previous evening we held a *séance* at my own house, when a spirit-friend promised that if we went the next day to Mr. Hudson's studio they would be present with us (that is, a young lady and myself). The spirit-friends kept their word, and we had a most beautiful photograph of the spirit, as clear and well defined as the sitter. There were present in the studio only the young lady that sat, myself, and Mr. Hudson. I went into the dark chamber, and directly the photograph was developed, two female figures were on the plate, the spirit standing beside the sitter partly obscuring her dress. It is the most wonderful and convincing thing I ever beheld.

W. N. ARMFIELD.

Eden Villa, Cairns Road, New Wandsworth,

June 6, 1872.

MISS HOUGHTON'S EXPERIENCES.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—The numerous spirit-photographs taken by Mr. Hudson increase in interest. I will commence by referring to the one I mentioned in my letter of last month, where the spirit of John Bunyan appeared on the same plate with Mrs. Cooper, which I think receives additional interest from the fact that the same spirit had been photographed with her, ten days previously, through the mediumship of Mr. Herne. He stands behind and above her, with his hand pointing upward; the face is covered with a thick veil, he has on a dark mantle, and a white robe, which is partially covered by her arm. In the picture taken with my mediumship, John Bunyan stands in front, looking kindly upon her, for although the face is covered, the veil is so very thin that in the plate I had thought there was none, and if the negative had been dense enough the features would have come out quite clearly, but even as it is, there is expression on the face, and she seems as if listening to his words of wise counsel. In this he has discarded the thick heavy cloak, and I think the change of costume relates in some way to the difference of mediumship. It is curious that although the open book (an illustrated copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*), is seen, as a sort of connecting link, the pillar of the little table on which it lies, has completely disappeared (spiritualised away), and the folds of his robe are seen through the volume as if it were made of glass.

The spirit on my plate No. 20, which I scrupled about positively identifying, although in my own mind I had no doubt about it, was recognised by my sister, who has just been on a visit to London, as that of my aunt Helen, who was always very closely linked with me; she was one of the earliest to communicate with me on the reception of my own mediumship, and was the first to give me any prophecy as to my work, for on the 2nd of January, 1860, two days after my development, she spelled out to me by the tipping of the table, "You are to have a strong power as a medium;" and on the day that this new form of mediumship came to me without the presence of another medium, she appears as if whispering behind me to recall her prediction to my mind.

My sister lent me a brooch, containing a miniature of papa, taken when a very young man, to wear at my next sitting, May 30th, when I found Mr. Hudson unnerved and anxious from the worry that he has been undergoing, besides which he feared the power was leaving him, for he had taken eight negatives that morning, but there was not the faintest appearance of a spirit on any one of them. I was impressed to

mesmerise him for a little while, before burning frankincense, which I have done for some time past, by the direction of my unseen friends, in that part of the studio appropriated to the sitter and the medium, so as completely to clear the spiritual atmosphere.

I then sat for the negative, but poor Mr. Hudson, in his nervousness, in taking the plate from the slide, let it slip through his fingers into the bath. He picked it up as quickly as he could, and proceeded with the development, when there was papa kneeling before me ; but unfortunately the form is damaged at the lower part of both figures, and the action of the mixed chemicals among which it fell, has a good deal fogged the picture, so that as a photographic work it is a failure, although the fulfilment of my hope with reference to the spirit, who was also instantly recognised by my sister, when I took her the print to look at.

A gentleman who was to meet me for a sitting, having been sent for to the studio, took his seat, holding with both hands a ring that I believe had been his wife's, and the result is a most charming little picture. A sweet female figure kneels close to him, clad in a delicate gossamer-like garment, a portion of which passes under two of his fingers, as if her hand were there within his clasp, and he is looking down as if he must behold her. She wears a pretty little close bonnet, with a veil so thin as not to hide the features. A dark scarf (which I learn was of crimson hue) covers the bust.

There have been many interesting photographs taken, and one of the most striking features is the immense variety, in the *pose* and drapery of the spirits, the fabric (if I may so term it) of the latter ranging from the most gauzy transparency of texture to rich satin-like folds, such as in the picture of my aunt Helen. There are likewise many curious revelations, which may be taken to heart, to teach the need for good and pure lives, lest in the hereafter we find ourselves in nakedness or rags.

GEORGIANA HOUGHTON.

20, Delamere Crescent, W.
June 17th, 1872.

"TILL DEATH US DO PART."

THIS is the startling title of a paper on Spiritualism and Mesmerism, by Mr. C. Maurice Davies, in *Belgravia* for February last. It professes to be a narrative of a strange experience which the writer had as a tyro in the occult sciences, when a young man at Cambridge. While studying at that seat of learning, being struck with some strange accounts of Mr. Home's spirit-manifestations in Paris, he took to reading a good many books on Spiritualism and Mesmerism. Amongst the rest, the well-known work *From Matter to Spirit*, by Mrs. and Professor De Morgan. It was after the perusal of this work and some lessons from a leading mesmerist in London, that he began to try his hand on the "higher phenomena" on members in his father's family in the country. The old gentleman, who was a clergyman, was married for the second time, and had a young family. The children's governess was a young Scotchwoman, a Miss M'Gorgon, a tall, thin, and as unspiritual looking a young lady as could be imagined. She consented to subject herself to his experiments, and under them, from being at first cool and dispassionate enough, she grew to be nervous and excitable to the last degree. To his great surprise, however, she became very susceptible to the magnetic influence, and after a few minutes' manipulation she would readily fall into a deep magnetic sleep, during which she would answer any questions put to her by the operator. After passing through all the ordinary phases of the phenomena, including phreno-mesmerism and clairvoyance, she at last attained that peculiar and rare condition known as lucidity. Mr. Davies says :—

Miss M'Gorgon threw herself into an American chair, became pale and semi-rigid, exhibiting every appearance of death. Had I not been prepared by previous reading, my courage might have failed, and possibly disastrous consequences to the mind and even life of the "patient" followed. As it was, I preserved my equanimity, and bade her describe her condition. She was basking, she said, in light ineffable. Her only anxiety was to leave the body, and remain in that lucid state. The most curious part of the manifestation was, that she was utterly ignorant of the names of living persons. She readily remembered the dead, described herself as being with them, and exclaimed almost petulantly, "You know they are here! You are with me. Let me go to them. I can see them, if you will only let me."

Having produced this lucid phase at a second *séance*, after I had taken some lessons of a professional mesmerist, I was induced to extract a promise from Miss M'Gorgon—which I knew would be sacred if made in the magnetic state—that she would allow no one else to mesmerise her, and moreover that she would never resist my will. She even wrote it down in the blank page of my Reichenbach, and after having done so, said in a voice that startled us all, "I am yours—yours till death us do part."

It was, I fancy, more the matrimonial than the magnetic import of this particular phrase that frightened us at the time. Mine most unmistakably, whether with views matrimonial or magnetic, she was from that day forth.

She anticipated my every wish, even to such trivial matters as passing things at table, &c.

After these *séances* had gone on for some time, the mesmerist had to return to Cambridge, and Miss M'Gorgon got a situation in another family. It would seem, however, that her strange spiritual influence was still felt by the young student while at college, for the furniture in his room seemed to move about, and the weird sentence "Till death us do part" sounded frequently, as if from some ghostly voice, in his ears. During vacation he again returned to the old parsonage, where his sleeping-room and study were at the top of the house; and with this introduction the reader will understand the very strange account with which Mr. Davies closes his narrative.

On Christmas-eve I was regaling myself with a musical practice in my sky parlour, and certainly nothing was farther from my thoughts than Miss M'Gorgon or magnetism, when I was startled out of my serenity by hearing in the next room, which had been the M'Gorgon bed chamber, unmistakable "thuds" of what I used to term irreverently the M'Gorgon "beetle-crushers." There was no mistake about it. Somebody or something was walking up and down the next room with that most martial and inimitable tread.

I confess to being thoroughly frightened, and to making a summary retreat. To save my life I could not have opened the door of the M'Gorgon chamber, which I knew, or believed, to be locked and tenantless. I even had to pause a moment to get my breath, and recover my equanimity before I entered the drawing room.

"Come to the fire," said my stepmother; "you look fearfully cold. Why do you mope yourself in that attic of yours? In fact, now I look at you—you are worse than cold—you are ill and haggard. Do pray obey your doctors, and exchange books and music for exercises in the open air." I promised compliance; and my father, looking up from his *Guardian*, said, "You will be sorry to hear your old 'patient,' Miss M'Gorgon, is very ill, and not expected to live."

"I hope, sir, my patient does not attribute her ailment to my treatment."

"No; I fancy it is only a re-appearance of an old and hereditary pulmonary affection. I think you may make yourself easy on the score of your treatment, which as far as I could see, extended only to the head and heart."

"By the way," I added, in a tone of assumed carelessness, sipping my tea as I asked, "who occupies Miss M'Gorgon's room now?"

I was told as I had expected, that the room had been locked ever since Miss M'Gorgon's departure. Indeed, my mother showed me the key in her basket, asking me jokingly, "She has not come back to claim her plighted spouse, has she—'till death us do part?'" she added, in a hoarse voice like that of Miss M'Gorgon.

I told them, as laughingly as I could, how I fancied I had heard the M'Gorgon "thud" next me. I saw my father and mother exchange significant glances, as much as to say, "He is nervous;" and a good drive across the country was proposed next day.

I am ashamed to say how childishly afraid I was to go to bed that night. No infant in a dark room ever dreaded "bogey" worse than I did that ponderous tread. Whilst I was spinning out the last few minutes, with my candlestick in my hands, the very lamp on the table quivered, and the ornaments rattled on the mantel-piece, as the same dull, heavy footstep resounded in the room above us, which had been the children's school-room. We all turned pale as ghosts ourselves, and my father and mother exclaimed at once, "Miss M'Gorgon!" As for me, I was speechless; and as I stood so, though I was quite sure no one else could hear a sound, the words seemed hissed into my ear, "Till death us do part."

The usual examinations of the house were made; the servants all found to

be quiet in bed, the room undisturbed, &c. The footsteps seemed to cross it but once, and we heard no more.

We agreed upon the customary explanation—which palpably satisfied none of us—that we “fancied” we had heard what we were quite certain we did hear; and we parted for the night. I dared not confess my cowardice; but I would have given anything to have had a companion for that night. In plain simple English, I went to bed in a terrible fright. I tumbled in more expeditiously than ever I had in my life, and buried my head under the bed-clothes, not daring to look out into the darkness. I fancy I was dozing off, when suddenly the bells of the little village church clashed out discordantly. I had forgotten all about its being “Christmas Day in the morning,” and started up in bed, the more so on account of my nervousness from another source. It was utterly dark; but at the bottom of the bed there was *something*, palpable to some sense, analogous to that which had kept pealing through my ears those ominous words, “Till death us do part.”

The *something* which I thus saw, yet did not see, appeared like a tall scraggy luminous mass, with two intensely light spots about the place where eyes might have been expected. At the same time as I saw, yet did not see, this, I heard in the same negative kind of way, the same loathsome words, as it were drilled into my very ears, “Till death us do part.” It could not have been common sight or common hearing, for in each of these cases time is necessary to impinge upon the senses; and as it was, I was down in bed again, buried deeper than ever, “like a shot,” as we say. Turning my bedclothes, bolster, and pillows into a veritable sarcophagus, I managed to dull all external sights and sounds; even the clanging bells did not reach my ears; but still before my eyes was the *spectrum* of the “something” I had seen; and a voice that seemed to grow more and more subjective—seemed, as it were, to retreat within the innermost chambers of consciousness—still repeated “Till death us do part. I promised to be yours till then; I have kept my promise. If you *dare* to doubt it, look at your watch in the morning, and remember the Christmas bells.”

After that, silence—but not sleep. Through that weary Christmas morning I never lost consciousness; nor did I emerge from my sarcophagus until the sound of a brass band under my window—the brass band I had “coached” for the occasion—saluted my ears with an air I had myself selected as being not too secular sounding for that sacred day, namely “Pestal,” With what a new meaning the vocal chorus seemed to strike on my ear, the chorus I had meant only to be an effective slow march!

I jumped out of bed, let the welcome daylight in at the window, and waved my hand by way of compliment to my bucolic band down among the snow. I expected to feel “seedy,” and did miss my night’s sleep a little; but a good “sluish” in cold water soon got over this, and to my astonishment I felt better than I had done for months. A weight seemed removed from me. I had almost a difficulty in recalling the events of the past night, or the words that up to that time had caused me so much discomfort.

What was the time? I sought my watch on its usual hook at the head of my bed. It was not there! I could have sworn I hung it there on the previous night. After diligent searching I found it lying on the floor, at the foot of the bed, and almost underneath it. It had stopped at about half-past twelve!

Whether this had anything to do with my luminous visitant, or whether in my fright I tumbled it down, and so stopped it, I do not pretend to determine. Had the event stood by itself, that would, of course, have been the natural explanation. Even the M’Gorgon “thud,” had I alone heard it, might have been attributed to anti-matrimonial views on my part towards the lady in question.

As to the poor girl herself, she troubled no one farther with her presence, matrimonial, magnetic, or otherwise. She became rapidly worse on Christmas-eve, and whilst the bells were beginning to chime in the Christmas morning, passed away. Her last articulate words were, “Till death us do part,” which of course the watchers attributed to a blighted love dream of the poor governess. She continued murmuring for some time, and at *half-past twelve* died.

We did not hear of the event for some time, and I had carefully noted all

the above particulars in my diary before the news reached me. When the letter arrived I fetched the volume down, and laid it quietly open before my father. He read it very carefully, and from time to time compared it with the contents of the black-edged letter in his hand. At last he rose and returned me my manuscript with the solitary remark, "A very strange coincidence!" and so retired to his study—I have no doubt to append a side-note to his sermon on the being, nature, and attributes of Beelzebub.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE REV. EDWARD WHITE AND THE "CONGREGATIONALIST."

IN the March number of the *Congregationalist* is an article by the Rev. Edward White, Minister of the Congregational Church, Kentish Town, on "The Sin of Necromancy," with special reference to Modern Spiritualism, and based entirely on the prohibition of the Mosaic Law, as contained in Deuteronomy. It is the old objection raised by Mr. White, and demolished by Mr. William Howitt, fourteen years ago, in his controversy with the reverend gentleman in the *British Spiritual Telegraph*. A reply to the article in the *Congregationalist* was sent to that magazine by Mr. Robert M. Theobald, minister of the Congregationalist body, and a Spiritualist, but it was refused insertion. We make from it the following extract:—

It is quite conceivable that in the infancy of society, when a feebly cultured and immature race was surrounded by all shapes of foul idolatry, it might be dangerous for them to be brought *en rapport* with the incantations, or demon-worship, or slavish subserviency to the lower forms of spirit-life which were characteristic of the heathen ritual. That danger does not now exist; but other dangers exist, which may perhaps require to be treated in a directly opposite manner. Rank infidelity and materialism rear their bold front among us, and our present resources of Christian teaching are powerless against them; while Spiritualism has proved itself their most effectual antagonist, as offering the only possible scientific demonstration of the continued existence of spirit-life, after it had ceased to be connected with a material organism. Moreover, it is a very safe principle to act upon that all the possibilities of human nature in the way of knowledge and experience are intended to be used; also that different classes of facts are providentially intended and arranged to present themselves for investigation in successive stages of human progress and culture, and that we are not honouring God by neglecting any class of facts which He has placed within our reach, and brought forward conspicuously, as if to challenge our research, even though He may have had wise reasons for shutting them up from His people in former times.

And after referring to the spiritual character of the Christian dispensation, the outpouring of spiritual power on the day of Pentecost and the teaching of the Apostles concerning spiritual gifts and trying the spirits, Mr. Theobald points out that "The Apostles appeared by this teaching expressly to repeal the

Jewish law to which Mr. White has appealed, and Mr. White by his retrogression into Judaism leaves the Apostolic injunction almost empty of its force and application."

A SPIRIT LEAVING THE BODY.

"The late Mr. J. Holloway, of the Bank of England, brother to the engraver of that name, related of himself, that being one night in bed, and unable to sleep, he had fixed his eyes and thoughts with uncommon intensity on a beautiful star that was shining in at the window, when he suddenly found his spirit released from his body and soaring into space. But instantly seized with anxiety for the anguish of his wife, if she discovered his body apparently dead beside her, he returned, and re-entered it with difficulty. He described that returning as a returning from light into darkness, and that whilst the spirit was free, he was alternately in the light or the dark, accordingly as his thoughts were with his wife or the star."*

THE LATE MR. J. W. JACKSON ON SPIRITUALISM.

In a letter now before us of the late Mr. J. W. Jackson, dated "Glasgow, May 16th, 1864," he refers to papers written by him in the *Zoist*, in proof that at even at that early time he entirely admitted the *facts* of Spiritualism as "undeniable, because reproducible, as historically and experimentally demonstrated: their reception is simply a question of time." He counsels moderation in controversy in words which are worth recalling. He says, "The experience of a life devoted to the advocacy of an unpopular truth convinces me that no cause is ultimately advantaged by the abuse of its opponents." In regard to the opposition to Spiritualism of men of science, he remarks:—"The facts of Spiritualism need not wait on their acceptance for recognition, they are above and beyond the favour and affection of individuals, and should dispense with the patronage of authority and the assistance of great names." His letter ends with the following sound practical advice:—

"And now in conclusion, let me most earnestly advise the friends of Spiritualism to render their proceedings practically useful. Let them advance, with such haste as they may, from the thaumaturgic to the beneficent. Whatever else your spiritual circles may be, they are obviously mesmeric batteries of stupen-

* "The Book of Were-wolves," By SABINE BARING-GOULD, M.A.

dous power, and whatever may be the other claims of your media, many of them, especially when sustained and energized by the circle, must have *healing* and introvisional faculties of no ordinary character. Apply these. You have the noblest of all possible examples. With profound reverence be it spoken, the greatest Medium this world ever saw, did not disdain to heal the sick, nay, by all accounts, made it His chief business to thus 'go about doing good,' His 'wonders' in this kind, obviously constituting the staple of His biography. It will doubtless be said that healings are thus occasionally effected by Spiritualists. I know it, but at present they seem exceptional; why should they not, as in the Divine example just cited, become the rule? All however in good time: we ought not perhaps to expect the fruits of autumn amidst the blossoms of spring. At present, Spiritualism is in the wonder-loving stage of childhood. In due course it will doubtless put away childish things, and then its discourse both written and oral will be, not about the marvels which it has wrought, but the good which it has been privileged to accomplish."

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE PIONEERS OF SCIENCE THE PARALLEL OF THAT OF THE PIONEERS OF SPIRITUALISM.

"One is almost ready to despair of the cause of scientific progress—to despair at least that that progress will ever be so rapid as it might readily become—when one finds that each new result must be established over and over again before it is admitted by a large proportion of the scientific world. It may be remarked, indeed, that the progress of science has been at least as seriously checked by undue caution as by undue boldness. It would seem almost as though some students of science were continually in dread lest the work of our observers should become too productive. The value of scientific observation seems to be enhanced in their eyes precisely in proportion as its fruits are insignificant. In all ages there have been those who would thus unwisely restrain the progress of legitimate inquiry. 'We must not admit that Jupiter has moons,' they said of old; 'the Evil One may have sent these appearances to deceive us. Let us wait for further observations.' 'The sun cannot have spots,' they reasoned again, 'for the Eye of the Universe cannot suffer from ophthalmia. These things are illusions; let us wait for more satisfactory observations.' 'The idea that the sun-spots wax and wane in a definite period is too fanciful for acceptance; and still more absurd is the conception that terrestrial magnetism can have any relation whatever with the progress of solar disturbance. We must wait for fresh researches.' 'Who can believe that flame, or

clouds, or mountains, many times exceeding the earth in magnitude, exist upon or close to the sun? these must needs be illusions; at any rate, fresh observations are required before such marvels can be admitted.' And as this has happened with facts now accepted, so it is happening, and so (it is feared) it will always happen as respects many other facts which have been in truth demonstrated, but the demonstration of which does not chance to be exactly on the surface."*

EPIDEMIC DELUSIONS.

If the spirit influences the body, and if the spirit of one individual has power to touch and taint, or to impress and invigorate the spirit of another, both being still fettered by the flesh, why seems it so inconceivable that spirits, free from earth's shackles, should, with even more ease, act upon us, and powerfully affect us for good or evil? And to a Spiritualist, the explanation that would appear the most probable for all the extraordinary physical manifestations, dancing manias, &c., called by Dr. Carpenter "Epidemic Delusions," because they were communicated from one person to another, till whole societies or localities were affected—is that spirits, evil or foolish, wicked or ignorant, finding first one individual whose condition of body, or of mind, or of both, rendered a temporary "obsession," or "possession" possible—used him as an agent, he exerting no opposition—for the increase of their influence amongst others. Dr. Carpenter says some wise and true things about the immense power of will in controlling those apparently uncontrollable conditions; and tells how that occasionally the fear of punishment has at once stopped the manifestations; arguing therefrom that the whole thing was imagination acting upon the body. Dr. Carpenter cannot possibly overstate the force, intensity, or responsibility of human and individual will. Man's will is free—else were he at the mercy of every evil spirit who may cross his spiritual path; else would he lose all merit, and all reward in the deliberate choice of good. God Himself does not constrain man's will. "But ye *would* not," is the tender lamentation of the Son of Man, over the souls He implored to come to Him. Man can resist God; he can also resist the Devil and his angels; and he can resist any influences of his fellow-beings, in the body or out of it, by a resolute and concentrated effort of will. Therefore, in the instances adduced by Dr. Carpenter, fear or shame, or

* *The Sun, Ruler, Fire, Light and Life of the Planetary System*, by RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., 1871.

any other feeling, having caused a vigorous effort to be made, the "possessed" person resisted his spiritual oppressor, and freed himself from his grasp. But this in no way proves the unreality of the influence, or that the matter was, from beginning to end, subjective, interior, and purely individual, and by no means connected with an unseen but very real world of spirits perpetually around us. In witchcraft, Dr. Carpenter, of course, disbelieves; regarding it as an exploded superstition, prevalent at one time in countries afflicted by religious fanaticism, and appearing most often in those ruled by the Catholic religion, or by strong Calvinism. Where belief in supernaturalism is most vivid, we know spirits of all degrees find it easiest to act; where men are swayed by faith in the unseen, the powers of the unseen find an atmosphere wherein to operate. Wherever there have been glorious saints side by side, there have been great sinners. When our Lord was on earth, the man possessed by the "legion" lived in the self-same land; and out of Mary Magdalene He "cast seven demons." Dr. Carpenter thinks our "common sense," or the "general resultant of the whole character and discipline of our minds," should lead us to discard such "superstitions;" and that we should argue, when any such strange things come before us, on this wise: "Well, I can readily believe that, because it fits in with my general habit of thought; I do not see anything strange in this, though it is a little unusual; but, on the other hand, there are things too strange and absurd to be believed," &c. Our own "common sense," then, or our own "general habit of thought," is to be the standard of what is possible with God! And anything we cannot explain, and probably never shall on earth be able to do more than wonder about, and muse upon, is to be summarily rejected by us, however well attested be its occurrence! Narrow indeed is the range of knowledge and of thought to which this decision would confine us; cold, hard, literal, and hopeless!

Alice Haucker.

TRACTS.*

Besides the several series of Tracts on Spiritualism enumerated below, there have been many separately issued and widely distributed. Most of these we believe are now out of print, and it might be well to consider whether some organised effort could not be made for the preparation and distribution of truly well

* *Yorkshire Spiritual Tracts.*—*Spiritual Lyceum Tracts.*—*Tracts reprinted from the Spiritual Magazine.*—*Ryde Spiritual Tracts.*—*Tracts on Tabooed Subjects.* By WILLIAM CARPENTER.—*Spiritual Tracts.* By JUDGE EDMONDS.—*Tracts.* By A. E. NEWTON.

written tracts. They should be clear, concise, pointed, popular in style, free from individual crotchets, and from all which might occasion needless irritation and offence. Their chief object should be to direct attention, stimulate enquiry, soften or remove prejudice, reply to popular objections, present striking, well-authenticated facts, and the broad general principles on which all intelligent Spiritualists are agreed, and direct the inquirer to fuller sources of information. Tracts of this kind would be found very efficacious aid to local societies, and would be particularly useful for distribution at conferences, lectures, or other meetings where Spiritualism was under consideration. Many men read Tracts who cannot attend lectures, and who have no time and perhaps no inclination to read books, or who cannot afford to buy them. "Tracts can go everywhere. Tracts never blush. Tracts never stammer. Tracts never stick fast. Tracts never lose their temper. Tracts never tire. Tracts never die. Tracts can be multiplied without end by the press. Tracts can travel at little expense. They want nothing to eat. They require no lodgings. They run up and down, blessing all, giving to all, and asking no gift in return. You can print tracts of all sizes, on all subjects, and they can be read in all places, and at all hours. They can talk to one as well as a multitude, and to a multitude as well as one. They require no public room to tell their story in. They can tell it in the kitchen or the shop, in the parlour or in the closet, in the railway carriage or the omnibus, on the broad highway or in the footpath through the fields. They dread no noisy or tumultuous interruption. They take no note of scoffs, or jeers, or taunts; of noisy folly, or malignant rage. They bear all things, endure all things, and take harm from nothing. They can talk even when the noise is so great, as to drown all other voices. And they stop when they are bid, or at least when they have done. They never continue talking after they have told their tale. No one can betray them into hasty or random expressions. They will wait men's time, and suit themselves to men's occasions and conveniences. They will break off at any point, and begin again at any moment where they broke off; and though they will not always answer questions, they will tell their story twice, or thrice, or four times over if you wish them. And they can be made to speak on every subject, and on every subject they may be made to speak wisely and well."

Correspondence.

WHY NOT NOW?—SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN 1872.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—During this century the progress of positive science has been so onward and irresistible, that ere now it would have threatened the destruction of all existing evidence which man had of any form or condition of being beyond the mere realm of natural law, had not the wave of spiritual phenomena come just when it did. In fact, the great French thinker who has given body and shape to positive philosophy, as a system, had banished all idea of a spiritual cause as having any existence within the sphere of nature. All merely historical evidence of an outstanding world of forces, had become, or was becoming, worthless. The credential of infallibility in favour of a revelation having taken place in time, whether used in proof of men, churches, or books, could no longer be received by those who would be content with nothing but that which would stand the test of actual experience.

Great numbers interested in the matter, as theologians and priests of all shades, might still rear their churches and preach of the past relation of this world to the spiritual as given us in our sacred books. But the army of positive truth, led by men with the test tube and crucible, cry in opposition, "Why not now?" If, in spiritual substance once individualized, life becomes a persistent force, and in the past manifestations of that persistence were given, the question again came from all men accustomed to reason, "Why not now?" The finest minds were fast coming to the only conclusion possible in reasoning from purely physical propositions, namely scepticism.

All the efforts possible by the churches, led by the most learned bishops, were powerless to stay the steady rising tide of doubt, consequent upon the teaching of the great apostles of physical science. Young Men's Christian Associations and other defensive institutions were formed, but their mental air was found too close and thick for free minds; thinkers would persist in demanding an answer to the question, "Why not now?" And this question is rational, if manifestations of spiritual existence were ever given, all things as to law, both physical and spiritual, are as they were, therefore as the evidence of past revelation is so strong, we find also that such revelation does occur now.

When I first made a study of such occurrences as I am about to relate, but few had had evidence of their truth. Now,

however, many thousands of acute scientific men are convinced of their objective truth, yet the fact that such truth can only be established by the accumulation of recorded testimony makes me ask you for room for the following plain statement of occurrences.

On the 12th of April, Mr. Home paid me a visit for a short time; only one friend knew of his arrival, and came to meet him; about 7.30 p.m. three gentlemen and one lady were sitting casually talking about general matters, when part of the furniture of the room began moving, and sounds of invisible feet were heard (Mr. Home was reclining at ease on a sofa a long way from the moving bodies). This made us agree to turn our attention to carefully watching what might occur. Twilight soon supervened but everything in the room continued distinctly visible. First, a force was exerted which shook violently, not only the things in the house, but the house itself. Loud sounds were heard, not only answering our questions, but often answering unspoken thought. A chair was lifted and carried across the room and suspended in mid-air for fifteen minutes; it was then allowed to fall on the floor and was then lifted up again. A large cushion was carried from the sofa, and was moved up and down in the air by hands seen distinctly. Another chair was then brought from a distant corner of the room, and lifted from the floor over us, and placed on the table in a lying-forward position; in this position it seemed endowed with both feeling and life, it moved about and gently patted each one on the head, and then returned to me, when it stroked and clapped me in a life-like manner.

At this time brilliant lights were seen in the room, in some places light stars remaining for minutes, in others bright soft lights passing about the room. Beings were visible moving about, hands and other parts of figures were often seen; a figure was distinctly seen to come and lift both me and my chair. I had here the most remarkable experience during my 14 years' careful investigation of these phenomena. I never could get any communication in any way from my father who passed away under peculiar circumstances, twenty-five years ago. I had no positive reason for it, yet the idea came often into my mind, that he might have been buried while in a deep trance; this sometimes, on account of my great love for him, gave me much uneasiness. I had long given up thinking of him during *séances*, but on this occasion I was impressed to ask if he was present; in reply came a perfect shower of raps of all kinds, and in all places, with heavy shaking of the table and the room.

On my beginning to ask questions, two hands were seen to take a newspaper lying on the table and fold it, then with it strike on the back of my hands in answer to my questions, all of

which were answered convincingly. While that was taking place, my father's hand was stroking and fondling the palm of mine from under the table cloth. At this time we could hear voices, and my name was distinctly uttered. The alphabet was asked for, and it was written. "There never was a happier spirit." Then birds were heard moving and chirping in the room. The paper that struck my hands then rose in the air, floated towards the door, and slowly crossed the room. The lady asked that it should be given to her, when it went and slowly fell in her lap. After this manifestation beautiful lights were again seen in the room, when the influence came to a close.

On Saturday evening a few gentlemen, all well known in Clifton, met to see Mr. Home, some of them eminent in science—one an M.D., one a minister of the gospel, one a teacher of classics in a public school, another a cultured private gentleman, with a lady and myself. Manifestations occurred, not the same as above, but equally strange. On this occasion, however, Mr. Home was entranced. I will not take up space to describe the transfiguration that then took place, nor the, to me and others, positive proof given that we were in the presence of intelligent beings that were once in bodies like our own. I will only say that while in this state his body was raised three times from the floor, and floated in the room, and while doing so the lady went and took his shoes off his feet, these being the height of her shoulder. He then was lowered gently to the floor. While in this state birds were again heard chirping and moving about the room. In this description I have omitted, for want of room, much that would have been far more interesting to the Spiritualist, and confined myself chiefly to those manifestations best adapted to impress doubting minds.

In conclusion, let me state, once for all, that the theory of deception has here no foothold whatever; in each case there were three senses at work, and the phenomena were not quietly accepted, but in each case carefully examined and tested. During the past year the question of Spiritualism has been so thoroughly sifted, that the last desperate effort of scientific men who still doubt, *not* the phenomena, but their spiritual origin, is to account for them by supposing the existence of hitherto unknown forces, emanating from the human body, or else that they are subjective and not objective. But one after another is finding these positions completely untenable. And it will be well when the ministers of that truth whose mission it is to lead men through physical into spiritual truth, take this movement by the hand, and direct it for good.

JOHN BEATTIE.

Westbourne Place, Clifton, April 19, 1872.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

AUGUST, 1872.

SPIRITUALISM *VERSUS* PSYCHIC FORCE.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF "SPIRITUALISM ANSWERED BY SCIENCE:
WITH THE PROOFS OF A PSYCHIC FORCE. BY EDWARD W.
COX, S.L., F.R.G.S."

By THOMAS BREVIER.

THE words "by Science" might with propriety have been omitted from the title page of this work. Mr. Serjeant Cox is not Science, and Science is not Mr. Serjeant Cox. The learned gentleman has creditably devoted some of his leisure hours to the cultivation of Science, and has evidently profited by so doing, but he is not therefore Science personified, nor even her accredited representative. Yet this, or something like it, seems to be assumed not only in the title page, but throughout the essay. Science and Mr. Serjeant Cox are identical. His opinions are always styled "scientific," and those who hold similar opinions are "scientific investigators;" their view is the "scientific" view as contrasted with that of the Spiritualists, who are regarded as given over to "superstition"—heathens who know not science, and need instruction from its visible representative, Edward W. Cox, S.L., F.R.G.S.

Now, if Science is knowledge, we venture to affirm that there are thousands of Spiritualists, who, as regards Spiritualism at least, are more "scientific," that is, who possess more full and accurate knowledge of the subject than their learned censor; who have given to it as many years of careful investigation and thought as he has given months; who could tell him many things about it which he evidently does not know; and some of whom might possibly even give him a few lessons in the physical sciences to which, as we are glad to learn from him, some of his leisure hours have been given.

But as the title page of his work tells us, besides answering Spiritualism, Mr. Cox gives us "the proofs of a Psychic Force;" and this is indeed the main subject of his essay; only eleven out of his hundred and thirteen pages being directly devoted to the former object, though in many places it is incidentally referred to. Indeed, in any adequate sense of the term, not only is Spiritualism not answered in this essay, but it is not even considered. It deals only with two rudimentary phases of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism—the movement of objects and the production of sounds by invisible agency. Indeed the very limited scope of his inquiry is explicitly avowed by the author in the following passage:—"My object in this inquiry being *purely scientific*, I have purposely limited it to *phenomena that are capable of demonstrative proof*; that may be examined by the *evidence of the senses*; tested by the application of weights and measures; exhibited by *mechanism* that has no self-delusions; which are in no manner dependent upon merely mental impressions, always more or less subject to error." He excuses himself from considering the "higher phenomena" of Spiritualism. "I have only witnessed them, I have not subjected them to test or experiment." "They require protracted and laborious examination before it would be possible to form a judgment of them." "They are incapable of the demonstrative *proof* which science demands." "Moreover in a new field of scientific research it is necessary to proceed with care and circumspection," &c. However all this may be, it is clear that under these circumstances the examination of the learned Serjeant cannot at this stage of the enquiry be regarded as other than partial and defective. The verdict he pronounces against Spiritualism of "Not Proven" can be of little value in face of the admission that the major part of the evidence has designedly been kept out of court. It is easy to draw the inference you want from premisses expressly selected and pre-arranged for the purpose. In reproducing from the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, the series of experiments by Mr. Crookes, attested by himself and Dr. Huggins, he even suppresses the performing of a well-played tune by "Psychic Force" on a caged accordion, apparently lest it should suggest a conclusion not in his programme. This is not "Spiritualism answered;" it is only Spiritualism evaded.

Serjeant Cox's contention is twofold. First that the Force demonstrated by Mr. Crookes and other scientific experimenters, and to which he has given the name Psychic, is "a force emanating from or in some manner directly dependent on the human organization;" though from what part of the human structure—whether from brain, nerves, or ganglia, he considers

to be not yet ascertained; but he thinks it probable that it "proceeds from, or is intimately associated with the nerve organization." To those persons who possess this unascertained peculiarity of constitution he gives the name "Psychics." Secondly, "We contend" he says, "that the intelligence that directs the Psychic Force, is the intelligence of the Psychic, and no other." The first position which assigns the source of the Psychic Force to the human organization, is placed by Serjeant Cox in contradistinction to the assertion of the Spiritualists, that "it is the operation of spirits of the dead," as though proof of the one proposition involved disproof of the other. But this is by no means evident. Spiritualists have all along recognized, and spirits have from the first affirmed, that an element or aura emanating from the human organization, especially of persons peculiarly constituted, is required for their physical manifestations, and that it is this peculiarity which qualifies them to become mediums for spirit-communication. Whether these emanations alone and in themselves constitute a force adequate to all the manifestations, or even to those which Serjeant Cox describes, is another question. Speaking of the experiments of the Investigating Committee of the Dialectical Society, of which he was a member, he says:—

"The tables were in all cases heavy dining-tables, requiring strong efforts to move them; the smallest of them was five feet nine inches long, by four feet wide; and the largest, nine feet three inches long, and four and a half feet wide, and of proportionate weight." The free movement of these large and heavy tables without contact, and in different directions at request, and in intelligent response to questions, as reported by Serjeant Cox and the Committee of the Dialectical Society, is explained by ascribing them wholly to these bodily emanations, which Serjeant Cox expressly calls a "blind force," and which, he tells us, "appears in its operation, to be more in the nature of an *influence* than a motion of particles projected from the Psychic, and impinging on solid bodies, and by the impact causing motions and sounds in the bodies struck." In the next sentence he tells us, "The subject is extremely obscure." In his view of the case I should think it must be; and if it is so to himself, what must it be to his readers? I leave them to choose between his explanation and that given by the communications themselves—that the force is employed and controlled by disembodied spirits in the exercise of their own intelligence and free volition. That the force employed often *transcends* that of the Psychic (as in the experiments above alluded to) seems to receive further confirmation from Serjeant Cox, who tells us—

"Psychic Force is often developed to an extraordinary extent

in children too young to be capable of contriving or conducting an elaborate fraud, and too weak to possess the requisite muscular power to move a heavy table. With *all* Psychics the phenomena simply occur in their presence, without effort of their own will to promote or check them—and, as all agree, without the slightest consciousness of any attendant sensation, bodily or mental.” “A child is usually a more powerful Psychic than a man.”

But the difficulties of this or of any “blind force” theory are enormously increased as soon as we touch the question, What is “the intelligence that directs the Psychic Force?” Serjeant Cox, as we have seen, shirks the “higher phenomena,” in which an intelligence and will, *ab extra*, are most fully shown; but even in the lower phenomena to which he limits his enquiry, he is evidently embarrassed by his riches, and finds more intelligence before him than he knows what to do with. He says, “There is a Force visibly, audibly, and palpably at work, and it is undoubtedly directed by intelligence;” but this intelligence, he contends, “is no other than that of the Psychic.” The evidentials he adduces in support of this are two-fold. First, it is dependent on material conditions, and is specially affected by the mental, and bodily states of the circle and particularly of the Psychic. “The Force is materially affected by the conditions attendant on the formation of the circle.” Whatever tends to bring all the brains present into harmonious action, obviously promotes the flow of the Force. . . . On the contrary, whatever directs the various brains of the circle into diverse action, operates invariably to weaken and often to extinguish the Force during the continuance of such diversity of mental action.

“The condition of the Psychic is found largely to affect the exhibition of the Force. Its presence and power are dependent upon the state of mind and of body in the Psychic, and vary from time to time with that state. Often a headache will destroy it; a cup of tea, that revives the nerve energy, revives also the Psychic Force. The state of the atmosphere visibly influences it. Accordingly as it is wet or dry, cold or hot, so is the power lesser or greater. . . . The opening of a door will sometimes produce an immediate flow of it; the change of two or three degrees of temperature will raise or depress it. In fact, whatever affects the Psychic personally, and to a less extent the persons with him, affects the power of the Force.”

This is just the old argument of the materialists, whose conclusion from it Serjeant Cox so strenuously and inconsistently disputes, namely, that because mind invariably manifests itself to our perception through physical agencies, and is affected by physical conditions, therefore it is itself physical. It is especially

promoted by harmonious brain action, whilst on the contrary, whatever deranges such harmony operates invariably to weaken and often to extinguish it; therefore mind is itself a secretion or product of the brain, and nothing else. Does Serjeant Cox then imagine that the physical manifestations of spirits can, and should be, independent of physical conditions? Apparently so, but he sets forth no ground, nor can I discover any, for as it seems to me—so monstrous an assumption. It is certainly contrary to all experience and analogy. Are our scientific experiments altogether independent of magnetic, electric, atmospheric, thermal, and telluric conditions? And what are these manifestations of spirits but experiments more or less scientific, and it may be often dependent on more delicate conditions than any with which our chemists and electricians are acquainted? Spirits when free from the physical body may acquire a greater knowledge of and control over the subtle elements and forces of the material world than we possess, but does this, and the mere divestiture of animal corporeity, render them independent of the laws and properties of those material substances on which they operate? A closer study of Spiritualism would correct this as well as other errors. The mistake into which Serjeant Cox in common with the materialists has fallen in this instance is, that he confounds *conditions* with causes; a blunder which on the part of the latter does not surprise us, but which we should hardly have expected in one familiar with the principles of evidence, and claiming to speak with the authority of "Science."

Secondly, Serjeant Cox labours hard to show that the intelligence directing the Psychic Force is identical with that of the Psychic, subject to the same limitations, and exactly corresponding to it at all points. This indeed is the *crux* of the whole question, the lynch-pin on which it turns. I therefore give his own presentation of the argument. He says:—

"The communications made by the intelligence that undoubtedly often directs the Force are characteristic of the Psychic; as he is so they are. The language, and even spelling, are such as he uses; the ideas are such as he would be likely to possess—neither better nor worse. If he were to communicate avowedly with his own bodily organs, it would be done in precisely the same manner. Thus, the communications in the presence of an English Psychic are in English phrase, of a Scotch Psychic in Scotticisms, of a provincial in his own provincialisms, of a Frenchman in French. The *ideas* conveyed resemble those of the Psychic. If he is intellectual, so are the communications. If he is vulgar or uneducated, so are they. Their religious tone varies with the faith of the Psychic. In the presence of a Methodist Psychic, the communications are Methodistical; in

that of a Roman Catholic, decidedly Papistical; with a Unitarian, freethinking views prevail. If the Psychic cannot spell the communications are faulty in the spelling. If the Psychic is ignorant of grammar the like defect is seen in the sentences spelled by the Force. If the Psychic is ill-informed on matters of fact, as in science, and such like, the alleged spirit-messages exhibit the same errors; and if the communication has relation to a future state, the descriptions given of that sphere of existence are in strict accordance with the notions which such a person as the Psychic might be expected to entertain of it."

In a note, Sergeant Cox adds:—

"I am aware that the answer of the Spiritualists to this patent objection to their theory is the ingenious one, that when the spirit quits its mortal tenement, it carries with it all the mental qualities and faculties it possessed here—the same knowledge and no other—and that in its new sphere of existence it can obtain further intelligence only by the same process of instruction as in this world. Hence its inability to give any new knowledge. It is further asserted that we who are in the flesh are attended only by spirits who sympathise with our own mental condition, and hence the resemblances I have stated between their communications and the mental condition of the Psychic. But the reader will say if this is not more like a clever theory, invented to explain the facts, than the natural deduction from the facts themselves. It appears to me to be incredible that the soul, having passed from this world into a new stage of existence, with powers enlarged to, at least, the extent necessary consequent upon the condition of immateriality, and its resulting exemption from the laws of gravitation and from time and space as conceived by the material brain, should not be better informed than we who are in the flesh can be as to which of many religions is the true one. Yet do we find different communications, equally alleged to be spiritual, differing essentially as to what is the truth, each declaring with the same positiveness that its own creed is the only true one, and that creed being always the creed of the Psychic."

I am quite content to leave it to the well informed and thoughtful reader to determine which of these two views is the "most natural deduction from the facts themselves." It is to me quite inconceivable how "exemption from the laws of gravitation and from time and space as conceived by the material brain," should be the open highway and royal road to true religion, or make us "better informed" on that subject than we were before, or how spiritual insight is to be quickened and deepened by the removal of weight, or by greater freedom and quickness of locomotion. An old book that most of us have read in childhood affirms a different principle; it teaches that "the

pure in heart shall see God;" and that "he, that doeth the will of God shall know of the truth whether it be of God." And I apprehend that this is a safer way to a knowledge of the true religion than the short and easy method which "Science" has here presented.

But further, although for the reasons referred to, as well as others that might be given, there is a general correspondence between the intelligence of the communicating spirit and that of the "Psychic," and so far as Serjeant Cox's observations have gone it may have appeared uniformly so, yet considering the avowed "recency" of his investigations, and their limited scope, it is not strange that, generalising from these imperfect data he should have drawn erroneous conclusions which a longer experience would have rectified. From my own experience and the experience of personal friends alone, I could take exception to each and every particular here specified to evidence the identity of the communicating intelligence with that of the "Psychic." It is not true that the language is always such as the "Psychic" would naturally employ, or that the religious opinions, ideas of a future state, &c., expressed in the communications are invariably in harmony with his own. It is sometimes quite the contrary. Two of my acquaintances, at one time among the most prominent Spiritualists in the United States, were members of a circle of free-thinking Spiritualists, but from the communications received in that circle, through a free-thinking "Psychic," from a Jesuit spirit, (claiming if I rightly remember to be Ignatius Loyola) they were led to renounce their free-thinking opinions and join the Roman Catholic Church. In another case known to me, a "Psychic"—a man of great intellectual power and culture, was led through the communications from his own "Psychic Force," from Unitarian views to become a Trinitarian; while again, instances of the converse of this are more frequent.

As regards "the Future that awaits us," if Serjeant Cox will read the chapter under that title in Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*, which gives a connected *resumé* of the teachings of spirits on this subject, he will find reason, I think, to change his opinion; he will see how difficult it is to regard these as a mere reflection of the ideas of "Psychics," as they far transcend them; how widely they diverge from conventional teachings; and, I may add, how much more reasonable, ennobling, and consolatory. With much diversity in particulars, and freely making allowance for the shape and colouring they may receive in transmission through the "Psychic," spirit-communications present a substantial unity of agreement on this great theme, and if Spiritualism had done no other service to the world, the

more rational views of the Future Life it has presented would alone entitle it to our grateful respect.

Nor is it true that the intellectual character of spirit-communications may invariably be gauged by taking stock of the mental resources of the "Psychic." Some fourteen years ago it was my privilege to be a member of a "spiritual circle," held at the house of my friend Dr. Dixon. The "Psychic" was an uneducated mulatto, but when under the influence of "Psychic Force," which always affirmed itself to be "spirits," he would respond to any question propounded on the instant, sometimes in long, connected discourse, always with a fulness of knowledge, closeness of reasoning, and felicity of illustration and of language, not on common-place topics, but frequently on some of the abstrusest questions in history, philosophy, science, and theology; and answering any difficulties and objections that we raised in a way that satisfied all who heard him that the communicating intelligence was other than that of the "Psychic," or our own. Perhaps the best known type of this class of "Psychic" is Andrew Jackson Davis. While a shoemaker's apprentice, uneducated, illiterate, and without access to books or other teaching, he became a "Psychic;" the "Psychic Force" claimed to be his "spirit-guides," and under its or their "influence," he delivered 157 lectures, which were published as *Nature's Divine Revelations* (a volume of 800 octavo pages), embracing a comprehensive view of the philosophy of the universe, a work, which from whatever point it may be regarded, is certainly one of the most remarkable productions of the age, and quite beyond the knowledge and capacity of the "Psychic."

Soon after Spiritualism began to be investigated in this country, one of the best "Psychics" was a boy named Daniel Offord (now a member of one of the Shaker communities). In his presence communications would be given by rappings, frequently medical prescriptions would be thus obtained suitable to the case inquired about, and sometimes given in *Latin*, which certainly was not the language of the "Psychic." On one occasion Daniel had committed some boyish fault, not for the first time, and the spirits were consulted as to what was to be done in this case. The answer rapped out through his own mediumship was, "Dan must be beat." And Dan was beat accordingly. I dare affirm that the intelligence communicating in this instance was "other than that of the Psychic." Other examples of the inadequacy of the "Psychic Force" theory can be only glanced at. What account does it give of spiritual apparitions? Let us hear what "Science" has to say:—hear the learned Serjeant:—

"The depositions of a thousand persons that each had

separately seen a ghost would be no proof whatever of the existence of ghosts, because it is not only possible, but probable, that what each believed he beheld with his eyes was merely a mental impression. But if two persons of credit declared that they saw the same ghost at the same moment, the argument assumes another complexion, because of the improbability that a similar image should be self-formed in two minds at the same moment. The probability that it was something actually without them that made the impression upon the external senses of each at the same instant, and not a merely mental vision, is vastly increased by every addition to the number of spectators who depose to the same appearance at the same moment; until a number, not large, so agreeing in their assertion and being credible persons, and subjected to strict scrutiny by cross-examination, would constitute positive proof of the fact that such an object did present itself, whatever that object was or the manner of its production, which are the proper subjects for investigation by argument when the existence of the object itself is thus established. If twenty credible persons were to declare that they saw the same object at the same instant, although it would be sufficient proof that they saw *some* object, it would not prove that this object was a ghost, which would require to be established by a further inquiry into the nature and causes of the appearance they saw."

Now if Serjeant Cox will turn to the article on "Recent and Remarkable Manifestations in America," in the *Spiritual Magazine* for February last, or to a pamphlet since published entitled *Eleven Days at Moravia*, by Thomas R. Hazard, he will find that all the conditions here laid down have been pretty exactly fulfilled—that forms and faces of persons departed this life have been seen by hundreds of persons, that more than "twenty credible persons"—indeed as many as the room would hold—saw the same forms and faces at the same moment, and which in many instances were without hesitation identified as friends and relations of persons present. "Further inquiry into the nature and causes of the appearances they saw," were made on the instant, for the spirits were not only visible, but audible, and held converse with those present, and by their manner, by signs and tokens, and by the facts they communicated, confirmed the evidence of sight, and gave proofs that they were the veritable spirits they appeared. The facts were attested at the time and place of their occurrence by credible and in several instances well-known persons, who may be "subjected to strict scrutiny by cross-examination." The facts are recent, they have been confirmed to me by a personal friend, an English lady (well known in London) now resident in Boston; and by our last advices they are still going on, and may be witnessed by all who

choose to go there. Mr. Hazard, in the pamphlet referred to, says of the spirit-face of his wife, that it "presented itself before me as plain and distinct as I ever saw it in my own house."*

These are strange antics to be played by a "blind force" as Psychic Force is confessed to be. And if I am told that the intelligence directing it is "none other than that of the Psychic," in this case a farm servant woman, I can only say that the intelligence in question can only be equalled by the wonderful penetration which could make so strange a discovery, and of which the person possessing it is herself wholly ignorant.

Again, can Psychic Force so act on a photographic plate as to produce there the recognisable portrait of a departed friend (it may be of whom no likeness exists), as has unquestionably been done in hundreds of instances, in America, Italy, and England, sometimes in fulfilment of a promise by what claims to be—not the intelligence of the "Psychic," but the spirit, whose likeness so appears, and of which promise the "Psychic" had no knowledge? Or, again, can Psychic Force make beautiful artistic drawings through the hand of a person unacquainted with drawing, and incapable of it by any volition or conscious effort, as in the case narrated by Mr. W. M. Wilkinson, in his admirable work on *Spirit Drawings*, and of which scores of other instances might be cited? Or can Psychic Force produce direct spirit-drawings, that is without active human intervention, and that, "in so short a time and under such conditions as to render human agency impossible?" Can it play musical pieces well upon musical instruments "not manipulated by any ascertainable agency?" Can it give "precise information through rappings, writings, and in other ways the accuracy of which was unknown at the time to any persons present, and which, on subsequent enquiry was found to be correct," and even accurately foretell future events to the "hour and minute of their occurrence weeks before?" All which, and more, are deposited to by witnesses before the Committee of the Dialectical Society, and is embodied in its report.

Can this "blind force" speak through a Psychic in tongues, of which he is ignorant, as testified to by Judge Edmonds in respect to his own niece and daughter, and in other instances to which (in his Tract, *Speaking in Many Tongues*) he refers, on the authority of Dr. Gray, Governor Talmadge, Professor Bush,

* See also the very remarkable experience of Mr. Livermore, the New York banker, as related by the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, in his work, *The Debateable Land between this World and the Next*, in the chapter headed, "A near relative shows herself throughout five years to a surviving friend." Some similar manifestations, though not of this continuous kind, have recently been witnessed in England. See *Spiritual Magazine*, March, 1872.

and others, who related them to him from their own personal knowledge? And (not to weary the reader with questions), finally, can this all-knowing, all-powerful "blind force" write long communications in Latin, as, in the following instance? The writer says:—

"There is more talk than ever about 'Spiritualism.' The statements which are made are really extraordinary, and were they not affirmed by men whose veracity it is impossible to doubt, would be altogether incredible. Not that the witnesses to the phenomena by any means universally believe in spiritual agency. On the contrary, many scientific men wholly discredit any such agency. What they say is that certain phenomena have been produced with such frequency and under such circumstances, as to render deception impossible. For instance, a well-known lawyer of repute, who has written on this subject, and who was for a short time in Parliament, assures me that he has seen at his own house a piece of paper, which he had privately marked, quite covered in twenty-seven seconds with handwriting that would have taken any ordinary person a 'quarter of an hour to copy out.' 'What was the nature of the communication?' I asked. 'Was it rational or rhapsodical?' 'Perfectly rational,' was the reply. It was a dialogue between Socrates and some classical writer (whose name I have forgotten), and quotations were ascribed to him which the only two persons present who knew classics (my informant being one of them) did not recognise, but which, on reference, they found to have been truly quoted. This feat, of course, far surpasses writing with the planchette, inasmuch as no visible hand appears, and the performance is far more rapid. Perhaps even more remarkable are the so-called spirit photographs. My informant had six likenesses taken, in three of them only his own face appeared, but in the other three there were other faces and forms, which as shewn in the photograph, were in front of him. In one of these he discovered a faint resemblance to a daughter who died some years ago. In every case he watched the manipulation of the photographer, so as to assure himself that there was no 'doctoring.' In order to produce these photographs it is necessary that a medium, or as my friend phrases it, a 'psychic,' should be present. As to the feats with tables and chairs, those are old stories now, and happen every day. The question is how should they be treated?" &c.—*London Correspondent of "North Wilts Herald," May 4th, 1872.*

At a meeting held at the Cannon-street Hotel a few weeks since, to present a testimonial to Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, and at which I was present, the chairman, S. C. Hall, F.S.A., also related the incident above given of spirit-writing, and mentioned among

other particulars, that Mrs. Everitt was the "Psychic;" that "the well-known lawyer of repute" who supplied the paper he had privately marked was Mr. Serjeant Cox; and that the "only two persons present who knew classics" were that gentleman and himself.

Now, will the learned Serjeant be good enough to explain this little fact as well as the various phenomena I have called his attention to, on his theory of Psychic Force directed by an intelligence which is "none other than that of the Psychic?"* He has undertaken to answer Spiritualism as the Attorney-General said in reference to the Tichborne Claimant, "Let him answer *that*."

The learned Serjeant cannot be allowed to ride off here on the plea, "These belong to the higher phenomena of Spiritualism, which I have only witnessed; I have not subjected them to test or to experiment." The obvious answer is, "Then before you undertook to answer Spiritualism you should have done so. To the extent that you have not, you are manifestly incompetent to answer it." He that answereth a matter before he testeth it, it is folly and shame unto him. Besides, if you have not tested these phenomena, others quite as competent, and whose investigations have been far more searching and complete, have done so, and satisfied themselves of their genuineness, and of their spiritual origin; and if your testimony is to be credited, why not theirs?

- Gentle Serjeant, tell me why.

Having thus put in a demurrer to the judgment pronounced by "Science," I feel it a more pleasing duty to acknowledge the merits of Serjeant Cox's Essay. Its pretentious title as compared with its small performance may suggest the story of the mountain and the mouse; its data may be defective, its reasoning faulty, its main conclusion lame, and contrary to evidence; but the experiments it relates appear to have been carefully conducted and recorded, and as far as they go they are useful in confirming conclusions arrived at by previous experimenters, and who knew better how to assign to such experiments their true place and value. The style of the book is clear, and its author makes some good points. His exposition of the difference between muscular force and psychic force, and his parallel between the latter and the force manifested in magnetism,

* There are besides some trifling phenomena to which I have not adverted, such as the production of fruits, flowers, feathers, snow, blocks of ice, &c., in closed rooms, and under test conditions, as related by Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, and to which eighteen witnesses severally deposed in the *Spiritual Magazine* for January, 1871. Perhaps Serjeant Cox will favour us with an account of what he and his scientific friends have witnessed of these phenomena, and give the Psychic Force explanation of them.

electricity, and galvanism, is ingenious and effective. I give two extracts as specimens of the best passages of the work. The first taken from the preface to the second edition is on—

THE MATERIALISM OF OUR MODERN SCIENTISTS.

"When I ventured to assert belief in the existence of the soul, I was not ignorant of the treatment that would follow from the challenged materialism of our modern scientists. When proclaimed by theologians and poets it is tolerated as a harmless imbecility. But to assert it on *scientific* grounds, to base it upon their own foundation, to attempt to prove it by scientific facts and evidence admissible in a court of justice, was an impudent and intolerable heresy, sure to bring down upon those who dared to depart from the orthodox creed of science, not merely an avalanche of argument, but a pelting of personal abuse and vilification, always the favourite weapon of dogmatists, to whom refutation by the more laborious process of experiment is difficult or unpleasing. *We* are fools for accepting the evidence of our senses. *We* do not see what we see, nor hear what we hear. The scientist, though he shuts his eyes and ears, knows what occurred much better than we who witnessed it. It is more probable that fourteen persons should be simultaneously mistaken as to the movement of a table over a distance of several feet, than that there should be any fact or any law of nature not within the experience of the critics. *We* are fools. *They* only are wise. Whatever does not accord with *their* omniscience is "nonsense." I commend to them the definition of that term by Horace Smith—"Nonsense. Anything opposed to our opinions or above our comprehension." So much has been designated by the Scientists as "nonsense" that the phrase has lost its significance. The steam engine was "nonsense" once. So was an express train. So was the electric telegraph. So was the motion of the earth. So was the circulation of the blood. So was Atlantic steaming. So was the magnet. So was galvanism. So were nine-tenths of the principles and practice of medicine. So was artificial somnambulism. So was the modern treatment of insanity. So is Psychic Force. Like them, the "nonsense" will, in its turn, come to be recognized as excellent sense. An argument may be refuted. A fact cannot be extinguished."

And here is a capital paragraph on—

THE EVIDENCE BY WHICH THE PHENOMENA OF PSYCHIC FORCE ARE ESTABLISHED.

"Not only is the evidence by which the phenomena of Psychic Force are established stronger than any upon which the criminal courts daily convict and punish even with death; it is at least

equal to the evidence upon which most of the other sciences are founded. The experiments with Psychic Force are in all respects as perfect and trustworthy as those exhibited by Professor Tyndall at the Royal Institution. They are as plain to the eye, as palpable to the touch, as audible to the ear, as any witnessed in that famous lecture room. If the senses can deceive in the one, so are they equally liable to be deceived in the other, and the argument of imposture would be found equally applicable to both. The experiments with Psychic Force require certain conditions for their production; so do Dr. Tyndall's experiments. Those conditions failing, the experiment fails, alike with the Psychic and with the Professor. It is a favourite argument with opponents of Psychic Force, 'If it can be done thus, why not *thus*?' Put the same question to Professor Tyndall; he would confess that his experiments also are subject to conditions, and that he could not engage to perform one of them if conditions other than his own were imposed upon him. Occasional failure is a frequent objection to Psychic Force. But the Professor also fails often. Many a time I have heard him say to his audience, after a failure which opponents might call suspicious, 'I tried this experiment in my laboratory just before the lecture and it succeeded admirably. It fails now, I know not why. There are some unfavourable conditions I cannot discover. These disappointments are frequent in science. Nature dictates her own conditions; we cannot impose them upon her.' But when the like failure occurs with an experiment in Psychism, and the same reason is assigned for it, opponents exclaim at once—'Manifest imposture! It failed when we sceptics determined the conditions. If it could be done in one way, it could be done in another way.' Yet in what single particular does the case of the Psychic differ from that of the Professor? What better assurance have we of the genuineness of the experiments we behold with so much amazement from the distant benches of the Royal Institution than of those we witness sitting at the same table with the Psychic, who cannot stir even a finger unseen? Nothing would be so easy as imposture *there*. With his attendant for a confederate, a little sleight-of-hand, and some ingenious mechanism, all that Professor Tyndall shows us might easily be imposed upon us, and a clever trick passed off as a new fact in nature. I have no such suspicion; but if I had, I could urge an argument quite as powerful against his experiments as are adduced against the experiments in Psychism."

It is a hopeful sign as regards the author that some of his conclusions are avowedly only tentative and conjectural, and that he very properly applies for further information on the subject. In his Postscript to the Preface, he acknowledges "the receipt

of many communications, volunteered by readers in various parts of the country, narrating cases of Psychism in the families of the writers, where many of the phenomena described in these pages are of daily occurrence, but sedulously withheld from publicity because of the prejudices which the Psychics and their friends want courage to encounter." He continues—"All my correspondents are persons of social position; Magistrates, Physicians, Clergymen, and such like, who in confidence append their names to their narratives. In every case the Psychic is a relative or intimate friend of the writer." He goes on to say, "As I am very desirous to collect all well-authenticated *facts* relating to Psychic Force, I venture to prefer a request to those many persons in whose families, or among whose friends, cases similar to the above are daily occurring, to favour me with full particulars of the phenomena, in strict confidence as to names of persons or places, which I promise to keep secret."

In compliance with this request, I have much pleasure in referring Serjeant Cox for "full particulars of the phenomena," to the thirteen volumes of the *Spiritual Magazine*, in which he will find abundant "cases similar to the above," and which he is under no obligation to keep secret. If these are not sufficient to satisfy his eager craving for this kind of useful knowledge I would direct his attention specially to the number of the *Spiritual Magazine* for August, 1867, which contains sixteen closely printed pages of catalogue of works on Modern Spiritualism. From an examination of this literature perhaps the learned Serjeant may be surprised to learn that the "scientific investigation" of Psychic Force did not begin about the year 1871, and that "the procurement of proofs of the existence of the Force" is neither so "very imperfect" nor of such "recency" as he supposes; and that instead of being at the beginning of the inquiry, he in fact has only come in at the fading of it—though better late than never.

Serjeant Cox might with unmixed advantage have published his experiments and observations (and he has already seen far more than he at present cares to tell), but it is unfortunate that he should have allowed himself to be provoked by the attack in the *Quarterly Review*, and especially by his anxiety to repel the charge of having become a convert to the creed of Spiritualism, into the premature publication of opinions, evidently inchoate, and which he may hereafter see reason to qualify or retract. He tells us the work was originally designed merely to refute the false assertions of the writer in the *Quarterly Review*. It is a pity the design was not more strictly adhered to. He may have felt called upon to answer the *Quarterly Reviewer*; he could have no call to answer Spiritualism, the higher phenomena of

which he had not tested; and for his own sake it is to be regretted that he should have attempted it. He is now committed to an untenable theory, and may be tempted to cling to it with professional pertinacity, perhaps all the more for the ingenuity needed to set up even a plausible defence for his client in the teeth of evidence so strong against him, and which every day is becoming stronger.

The theory of Serjeant Cox should be carefully separated from his facts; the latter may be accepted as true facts, as they are in harmony with corresponding facts ascertained by previous experimenters. His theory may (in scientific language) be regarded as one of those curious transitional forms which are a connecting link between the Scientist and Spiritualist. Unless it should prove a case of arrested development, it may be expected in the natural process of evolution to emerge finally (as others of the kind have done before it) into full-fledged Spiritualism. With larger knowledge and more matured judgment, and when his nerves are strong enough to bear the shock of being called a convert to the creed of Spiritualism, we may confidently anticipate that the service Serjeant Cox has rendered to Spiritualism by the testimony he has given to a small portion of its facts will be only an earnest of better things to come.

DOROTHEA TRUDEL, THE MIRACLE-WORKER OF ZURICH.

By Mrs. HOPKINS.

[The following article is taken from the *Sunday Magazine*, edited by Dr. Guthrie, the well-known Free Kirk minister of Edinburgh. Of course the narrative found a place in the Rev. Doctor's pages by reason of his sympathy with Dorothea Trüdel's theology; but the narrative is none the less interesting to Spiritualists, who know that miracles such as were wrought by Dorothea are by no means limited by any special form of theological opinion.—Ed. of *S. M.*]

DOROTHEA TRUDEL was brought up in great poverty by an excellent and self-denying mother. From earliest youth she had two striking examples in the characters of her parents. A weak, selfish father, wasting the family substance, and a patient, gentle, cheerful mother, whose industry kept a home for her children, whose spirit never quailed under injustice, and who seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of things she had never learned.

Accustomed to hard work from early childhood, Dorothea had but little education: her only book was the Bible, her views concerning it were founded on her mother's practice.

Were any of the children ill, Madame Trudel called no doctor, she only prayed for the child. On one occasion one of the children was seized with epileptic fits—he lay on the ground and foamed at the mouth.

"I know this terrible malady, my children; Jesus, who cured the lunatic, can cure this dear one." She knelt and prayed, and the attack passed off.

When the father came home, he laughed at the whole affair, and called his wife and children fools and idiots; but a few days later the same symptoms reappeared, and he was as frightened as his wife was calm. Again the mother knelt and prayed that this attack might be the last one; and so it was, the child was cured.

This simple faith seemed to many ridiculous, and Madame Trudel had to endure not only the hard contempt of her husband, but the well-meant remonstrances of those who believed themselves to be better acquainted with truth and religion. On one occasion, when the family were in the greatest distress and poverty, a clergyman spoke to the eldest daughter, and reproached her with suffering matters to go on in such a way. "You should," said he, "bring a complaint against your father before the tribunal."

"Mother never complains," said the girl, "so we have no right to do so. She says nothing happens in this world except by God's permission, and that we are only to look upon our sorrows as God's will, of which father is but the instrument. Should it be His will to deprive us of an earthly home, He can provide shelter for us elsewhere. Mother often says, 'As long as you pray you will have no need to beg.'"

"I do not agree with you at all," said the pastor. "God permitted Napoleon to do many unjust things. What does your mother hope for?"

"She trusts in God alone. My mother never says in what manner she will be helped, only that she knows at the right time she will be helped."

"But, my child, one must make use of one's reason."

"There is nothing like that in the Bible. It is only written, 'He that believeth shall not be confounded.'"

Soon after this M. Trudel departed for a time into another country, leaving his wife to work for and train her eleven children according to her own views.

When he returned home Dorothea was grown into a pretty active maiden, and had already become a first-rate silk-weaver, which proved of great assistance to the family purse. She was of a cheerful disposition, and fond of dancing with a girl of her own age who lived in the house. The girl, to whom she was

much attached, died suddenly, and the impression made on Dorothea by her death was as strong as that made on Luther when his friend was struck by lightning at his side.

She could no longer endure the foolish compliments of the lads, whom her father encouraged to come to the house, and trying to escape a boorish caress from a rustic admirer, she sprained her back severely.

Soon after she became so ill that her father called in a doctor, who assured him that she would die of decline. Dorothea begged her parents to consult him no more—"Let me die without a doctor in attendance, especially as I long to go home." But so it was not to be. After an illness of fifteen years Dorothea recovered strength, but youth and beauty were fled for ever, and the light, active form was bent and distorted. In spite of the impossibility of stooping, Dorothea toiled on at her silk weaving, peaceful in herself and a cause of peace amongst others.

Most unexpectedly the great difficulties as to material means were brought to a close in 1840. Dr. Trudel, who had passed his life in Holland, determined, in his declining years, to seek out his sister and adopt her children. He was well off, and could offer them a home.

Soon after this the good mother died, rich in the devoted love of the children she had so faithfully trained. The ten following years Dorothea lived with her aged uncle, and at his death went to her nephew, who had a large business, employing many people.

While there, some of the work-people fell ill; in vain did the doctor prescribe remedy after remedy, they seemed to be in a dying state. Dorothea reflected deeply on the apostolic injunction, "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick." Kneeling in fervent prayer, she implored that she should be permitted to lay hands on the sick. She went, prayed, and laid her hand on them. They recovered.

Her own words best convey her state of mind:—

From that moment the sin of disobedience to God's word became clear to me, and a new and real life of simple faith in the teaching of the Gospel animated my being. I then recognised that illness and pain do not unite us to the Saviour, even when we endure them patiently; it is only the outpouring of His love in the heart which does so. Until then I had believed myself converted (at that moment Dorothea was an active member of the Moravian Church), but the Lord opened my eyes and showed me that the grief which oppressed me when I had annoyances and trials, was but the workings of an evil nature, and that when I had love to Him sufficient to endure all injustice without irritation, then my grief would cease. And so it was.

In 1852 she joined her brothers and sister, who lived at Männedorf, in the house left by the uncle. Having taken a vow

to devote her life to the benefit of her neighbours, she visited all who were afflicted in mind or body, and laid hands on them with fervent prayer. Amongst her first patients was the widow of a pastor, whom grief had deprived of reason. After trying several asylums, at all of which the poor woman's malady increased, the relations besought Dorothea to undertake the case. In a short time the poor sufferer was restored to her family, perfectly well, and has remained so ever since.

Soon after Dorothea was urged to open a house for the sick and insane. After much hesitation she did so, and it was rapidly filled.

Her system was but prayer, and anointing with oil, according to Scripture precept. She believed that all illness was a trial caused by the Evil One, a trial which must be resisted spiritually. With this view, she explained to her patients the truth as it appeared to her to be laid down in the Gospel—that the object of our Lord's dealings with all His people is to restore them to His image, and give them strength to walk in a new life. She analysed the characters of her patients with a startling exactness, and exposed to their view the mental evil which they had individually to struggle with.

Some who came to her, struck to the heart by her exhortations, confessed their faults, repented, and, to their joy, felt their sufferings lessen, and finally abate entirely. It would be tedious to enter into the minutiae of the cases; some recovered from consumption, cancer, tumours, and many from madness.

With all, she was firm, and yet loving and tender. The days passed in frequent prayer-meetings. Three and four times a day Dorothea prayed with her patients; the rest of her time she devoted to the care of their bodies. The insane were objects of her special interest. She never yielded to their caprices, and strove to engage them to surrender their own wills, and, by complete resignation, seek for a cure from God.

A pastor came one day to her and asked, "How is it that all these miracles take place here? What power have you?"

"I have no power," Dorothea replied; "these cures take place solely by faith in the influence of the blood of Christ."

"I do not believe in the blood of Christ," said the pastor.

Dorothea replied, "It is too little to say I believe in the blood of Christ. No, His blood is the element of life to me; it is because Christ gave His life for my sins that I live, and that these things are accomplished."

In 1856 Dorothea received an order from the tribunal of the district to send away her patients as she was breaking the law by practising medicine without legal authorisation. Though, in consequence of this, the inmates of Dorothea's Home were dis-

persed; the house rapidly filled with blind, deaf, and paralytic persons, all seeking for aid and help.

So rapidly did the numbers increase, that Dorothea was forced to open a second house to receive those who came. This did not fail to attract attention, and create much opposition. Many said that Dorothea's influence was but a form of magnetism; others derided and scoffed at her; others, again, were bitterly jealous. Amongst these was the doctor of Männedorf, who appealed to the inspector of health as to whether such an establishment should be tolerated in the Canton of Zurich. In consequence, Dorothea was fined a hundred and fifty francs, and again ordered to clear her houses.

Unable to submit to such a decision, she appealed to the Supreme Tribunal of Zurich. It seemed likely that her appeal would be rejected. Her friends were anxious and dispirited; but Dorothea retired to pray. This was her prayer:—"See, Lord, the Council of Health orders me to send away my sick ones; but I know that I must only obey Thee: show me in Thy Word what is Thy will." She then opened her Bible, and took as an answer the words contained in Daniel vi. 26, 27. From that moment she awaited the issue of the trial with calm courage.

At last M. Spondlin, the advocate who had undertaken the case, was successful, and Dorothea was acquitted unanimously. The formal decree of the Supreme Tribunal, after reciting the facts of the case, held that Mdle. Trudel had not infringed the Medical Law which forbids the practice of medicine without a legal authorisation, inasmuch as she had not administered any internal or external remedy, all her practices having merely a symbolical meaning. The conclusion was:—

"1st. That Mademoiselle Trudel is acquitted. 2nd. That the expenses of the first and second trials be borne by the State. 3rdly. That the present decree be communicated to the Tribunal of the District of Meilen."

Dorothea heard this decision with joy, and continued with fresh energy to devote herself to her patients. Her efforts were unremitting to preserve in the house an atmosphere of prayerful peace. Three times a day did the household unite for instruction and prayer, and Mademoiselle Trudel was ceaseless in her devotion to the individual griefs and hidden sorrows of those who came to her. She believed intensely that the spirit is superior to the body, and can, by union with a heavenly spirit, quell not only all the evil desires of the heart, and the temptations of the devil, but also drive out of the body the sicknesses and diseases which she believed were engendered by want of faith.

Some came to her, hoping that by a subtle mesmeric influence she would banish their bodily sufferings: her honestly outspoken views soon convinced such seekers that Dorothea's system was not one which would suit either their views or inclinations. Until three weeks before her death she worked unremittingly, never sparing herself in any way, living a simple life of devotion to duty and self-sacrifice. Her views will be best seen by a few extracts from her letters and discourses:—

It seems to me that the greatest happiness is to be delivered from self, to serve the Lord in his vineyard, to be like Paul, all things to all men. I desire with all my heart that we may all annihilate our self-love. Let the love of Christ and the kingdom be the spring of our lives.

The regenerated Christian should have no passions, especially neither envy nor anger, for they nailed the Christ on the Cross.

With a new heart, all self-interest is gone; we do no longer ask, are we kindly treated? are we hardly used? are we neglected? All that belongs to the old nature.

God will certainly not inhabit a menagerie. As long as we obey our own desires He will not abide with us, but a heart transformed by grace is as a bed of flowers.

Repeating our Lord's words merely is no imitation of His life.

There are sentimental Christians, fair-weather Christians, imaginative Christians, talkative Christians, fashionable Christians, automaton Christians, and half Christians. Strive to be faithful, biblical, apostolic, authentic, sincere Christians.

Whence comes the mortal languor which oppresses Christianity. There are assemblies, not of saints, but of people talking on religious subjects, people who bring themselves to the meeting who cannot give up self.

He who has a spirit of contradiction has not the Spirit of God.

The piety which hates not the sin, but the sinner, is a comedy for the devil.

Is it surprising that we do not find peace when we will not learn to conquer ourselves?

Some people are charmed when they are called cunning, but the serpent was very adroit.

The art of educating children is to pray again and again for them.

If the Bible taught the glory esteemed by the world, you would all know it by heart.

Before the Lord can make use of us we must be empty of self.

I know households of Christians, where peace is only kept by the precaution of never speaking with sincerity one to the other. When the nerves are in a shattered state, every one around is guilty of cruelty. The guilty party is the old nature.

Nothing is more odious than a woman who rules her husband. If a woman is cleverer than her husband, her duty is to let no one perceive it.

The tone of Dorothea's writing recalls that of Thomas à Kempis, resignation and self-sacrifice are the key-notes. She studiously taught all who came to her that she could do nothing; that no power was hers, that she could only direct them to Him who was truth and life.

On the 20th of August, 1862, she died, after a short attack of fever. She had a presentiment of approaching death, which led her to take leave of all the inmates of her house ere she retired to her room, which she was never to leave again alive. With her last words she exhorted those whom she had so long

termed her children to obey the word of God faithfully. "Disobedience fascinates the understanding and dazzles the eyes; persevere in simplicity and faith, for he who has not the simplicity of a child sees everything falsely." Only one cry of sadness ever escaped her lips, when, during a paroxysm of pain, she exclaimed, "O faithlessness, how hast thou deceived me, and I never even perceived thy workings!"

Her children were gathered round her praying when she breathed her last. A strange, deep calm settled on the house; there were no tears, no cries, no violent emotion; those who loved Dorothea and Dorothea's Lord felt that she had but gone home, to the home she had so often longed to enter.

FURTHER EVIDENCE ABOUT FROGS, AND A WORD ABOUT MUD-FISH.

MR. AITKEN, a most trustworthy officer in the Australian expedition in search of Burke and Wills conducted by Mr. Alfred William Howitt some years ago, writing in the *Transactions of the New Zealand Institute*, in 1870, says:—"I should like to bring under the notice of the Institute a feature in the natural history of the frog; at present, I believe, unknown to the scientific world, but which must be of the deepest interest, not only to the student of natural history, but also to the student of geology.

"There are districts often exceeding 1,000 square miles in extent, in the interior of the Australian continent, in which there is no surface-water for many months, and, in some instances for years; yet as soon as the rain falls in sufficient quantities to fill the water holes, they are swarming with young frogs. Before the rainfall, one might dig for 10 or 12 feet without finding the slightest moisture, much less water; the whole of the ground is baked hard and perfectly dry, and no sign of animal life apparently exists in it or on it.

"Even vegetable life has ceased to exist, and the only remnant left is a withered and half-dead salt-bush here and there. Yet rain in such country has the effect of changing, as if by magic, the whole aspect of affairs,—comparatively speaking, a desert, was in a day, transformed into an Eden. Plants sprung up everywhere, ducks and water-hens appeared in vast numbers, and swarms of tadpoles peopled the water-holes. I could easily account for the vegetable life, but the tadpoles puzzled me, till

a native boy, not more than 10 years old, opened my eyes, and satisfactorily solved a problem in geology which had never been, to my mind, satisfactorily solved by the greatest geologists who have written on the subject. Mr. A. W. Howitt and I, with a black boy of the age above mentioned, had made a two days' journey on horseback from the last known water, without finding any more, and had we gone on further, our horses would probably have been unable to return. We were much in want of water, and had camped for the night in the midst of a great many dried-up water-holes, with a few salt-bushes growing on their margins, intending to return the next morning.

"I noticed the boy examining the dry surface of the water-holes, and went to see what he was doing. He pointed out an indistinct and crooked mark, on what had once been the mud, and following it to where it apparently ceased, in the shade of a small salt-bush, he began to dig with a sharp stick, and in a short time turned out a ball of clay about eight inches in diameter, and quite dry outside, which, when broken, disclosed a frog shut up in a beautifully puddled cell, with more than half-a-pint of fine, clear, cold water. We afterwards dug out many others, drinking the water and eating the frogs. A sudden or gradual deposition of matter over such ground would have shut up these frogs for ever; and if they live through months, and even years, in such a situation, within range of the effects of a scorching sun, we can understand how they have lived for ages in the cool and moist recesses of the rocks in which they are sometimes found. The theory of living frogs getting *accidentally* buried in accumulating mud or sand, if examined, will not stand good, for the compression to which such rocks are afterwards sometimes subjected would certainly kill them; while the cells in which I have seen them would stand compression to half their original bulk without materially affecting the animal."—p. 87.

Mr. Aitken has here given a very satisfactory exemplification of the mode in which toads, frogs and lizards, become involved in those mysterious subterranean cells in which they must have existed for many centuries, a fact which scientific men in general have rejected with the same obstinacy that they have rejected spiritual phenomena, although this fact has been practically demonstrated in hundreds of instances, and in all regions of the globe. The crocodile which Humboldt says burst up out of the hard-baked clay of his tent floor, and rushed out at the cry of some animal—was existing in South America in precisely the same condition as these frogs in Australia. They were awaiting in a torpid state the return of rain, and had no rain ever come, or the animal cry which awoke the crocodile, nature would have enabled them to sleep on there for ever.

In the same Report of the New Zealand Institute, p. 402, Dr. Hector called the attention of the members to the mud-fish existing in the river at Hokitika, and the Hon. W. Fox said that they were to be found in various places, and he had seen one dug out of a gravelly clay ten feet below the surface at Rangitiki. These mud-fish exist in the rivers of Northern Australia, and notoriously can sink themselves deep in the mud of those rivers below the influence of air and water, and should the river dry up and the mud bake hard, can continue any length of time alive till the return of the flood.

A friend of mine who has lived for years in India, says that what long astonished him, was to see tanks which had been for many months totally dried up, and the mud at their bottoms baked hard, immediately on the return of rain become full of large fish actively swimming about though there was no opening into any river, or other water whence they could have come.

All these facts show that nature has provided for the life of certain of her creatures in a way incomprehensible to the physiologists, without asking their leave or troubling herself about their incredulity. Spiritualists have only to imitate this admirable *sang froid* as regards the spiritual stumbling-blocks of these gentlemen.

THE MYSTERIOUS CROSSES IN THE GRAND DUCHY OF BADEN.

WE have learned from a private source, as well as from various letters printed in the *Univers* originally, and reprinted in the *Tablet* of June 15th, that the inhabitants of the Grand Duchy of Baden have been thrown into a violent state of excitement by the sudden appearance of a multitude of crosses and other emblems of a more or less ominous character, these being impressed—it is supposed by miraculous agency—upon the glass of windows in houses, public buildings and carriages; and also, showing themselves in numerous places simultaneously.

We will present our readers in the first instance, with an extract from a private letter, written by a lady from Baden-Baden, and now first printed. She thus writes:—

“Baden-Baden, March 15, 1872.

“Since some days the town is in excitement. At the convent are seen crosses of a reddish black upon the window panes, and upon many windows death’s heads, and faces. At

the Gymnasium the same thing has shown itself; in short such crowds have passed along to look at these windows, that the Governor has had the panes of glass washed with acids, but without effacing the pictures, and has even had fresh glass put into their places. But instantly the same crosses have shown themselves, and this even upon paper. At the convent the shutters of three windows have been closed. There are infamous people who say all manner of injurious thing concerning the nuns; but they have nothing to do with it. I have been to see these crosses which dilate as you look at them. This happens also at the Gymnasium—but I could not distinguish the head. The crosses were of the height of 25 centimètres and upwards. There are also double crosses. Throughout the environs crosses are to be seen, men on horseback armed, and heads. There are houses where these wonders are not to be seen. The women in the villages are filled with astonishment, not knowing what this may mean. Why has not this been ever seen before?"

The account as given in the *Tablet* is as follows:—

"On Monday, the 12th of March, the fair took place at Lichtenberg, a spot much frequented on account of its beautiful scenery and splendid prospects. About two o'clock in the day, when the fair was at its height, there was seen a death's head, a sword, and a coffin. The panic spread on all sides, and the people fled in every direction. This place is at a [here a word is illegible in the MS.] from Baden, and three leagues from Seltz. I did not believe it.

"To-day, the 14th of March, there is a fair at Rastadt. The same phenomenon has manifested itself, and more strikingly than ever. In this place every one is in amazement. Yesterday evening black crosses appeared upon the windows at the railway station and upon the carriage windows in the trains. To prevent excitement the panes were taken out, and new ones put in their places, but the same figures immediately appeared on the new ones. They were black crosses two inches long, death's heads, skeletons, battles

"To-day, March 14th, the phenomenon has appeared in the city at the barracks, at the Hôtel de Ville, and in more than sixty-six private houses. People have broken their windows, they have put up their shutters, they have scrubbed with soap and water, but they have not caused to disappear the marks made by the finger of God. When the shutters were shut, the marks appeared in another place. Nobody thought any more about the fair, everybody crowded to see the sight. Some wept and lamented, others swore and jeered; but most agreed that it was a very bad sign. I have information from more

than ten parishes in or near the Duchy of Baden, where the same thing has been seen. Some say that the phenomenon has been seen throughout the whole Duchy of Baden. I have myself talked with a great many persons who have witnessed it. Their scared and frightened manner bears witness to the truth of their story. Hundreds of persons from Rastadt tell of the same thing.

"Seltz, March, 18.—Clever Germans dispute the fact, but they do it in an odd way. I have just read in Mr. Ritter's paper, that the appearances are produced by a fault in the manufacture of the glass. When hot from the oven, the plates are laid upon an iron grating, which produces the marks, but yet so that they do not appear until after several years. It is a silly thing for clever people to say. Others say, 'It is a natural phenomenon. . . . I cannot explain it.' But it must have been a wonderful artist who could put in those crosses. On about seventy houses the crosses are shaped like an X. The principal ones are on the railway carriage windows and at the stations. . . . Then what are we to say about the rogue of a glass-blower who put in the death's heads? Why death's heads and not wreaths of laurels? Had it been so, Prince Bismarck would not have interdicted their mention by the press.

"Madame Beyer, the mayor's wife, called on Saturday, and asked me what I thought about it. I said that in point of fact there was no room for doubt, and that even the official papers did not venture to deny it. Curiously enough she remembered that similar crosses were much talked of twenty years ago, and that she had heard it said that when ignorance and irreligion reached their height, Almighty God would scatter crosses in Germany. People from our place are saying that in all the villages the crosses have been seen on the windows. . . . People are made uncomfortable; the Protestants do not cease their insults.

"March 24.—Madame Beyer has sent me word that her husband, the Mayor of Seltz, who is by no means one of the credulous—being anxious to see for himself went with several other gentlemen to Rastadt. On his return, as soon as he entered the house, he said to his wife:—'Upon my word of honour, it is no use denying it.' The schoolmaster of Roschvoy also went to satisfy his curiosity. He possessed himself of one of the panes of glass that was marked with a cross and three death's heads. He had to pay pretty dearly for them, and wrapped them up carefully in paper. When he reached the Rhine, the floating-bridge was on the French side, so having to wait some time before he could pass over he took out his pane and looked at it attentively. When the bridge was ready for crossing, he showed it to the bridgemen, and then put it up and

crossed over to the French side. When there, the bridgemen who went with him, spoke of it to some persons on that side, and they begged him to give them also a sight of the wonderful glass. The schoolmaster hastened to gratify them, but what was his surprise and the surprise of all present to find the pane perfectly clear and plain! The cross and the three death's heads had vanished. The conclusion from this is that the sign is for Germany and the Germans only. On the German side of the Rhine the subject is tabooed. The police are beside themselves with anger. The Government schoolmasters even forbid the children of their schools to speak about it.

"The following copy of a letter from Strasburg, dated the 25th of May, has also been placed at our disposal:—

"My dear Aunt,—We are feeling very much an occurrence that is now taking place here in Strasburg. The Prussians have just begun the works of the new fortifications. They are taking the land without paying the owners one half of its value; everybody is indignant, but might takes the place of right with these folks. Another phenomenon has just appeared. On the 21st of May (Whit-Tuesday) there was seen all at once on the windows of the girls' school of St. John's parish, a figure of the Blessed Virgin. She had a lion under her feet on which she seemed to be trampling; on each side of her there appeared the figures of Turcos and French soldiers, also of a ship that seemed to be sinking, and several small black crosses. The Curé of the parish was sent for; when he saw it, he broke all the panes, upon which there immediately appeared other figures of the same kind on the second story windows. Then the Curé sent for a scientific man to examine them; and that gentleman said that he could not understand it, but that the thing did not seem to him to be merely natural. People are frightened. What is going to happen to us? Dear aunt, pray for us!"

"The *Univers* appends to the foregoing a letter dated the 6th of June, and addressed to the editor by Dr. Imbert Goubeyre, the able physician who lately rendered a valuable service to religion by his scientific and searching examination of the case of Louise Lateau, the *stigmatisée* of Hainault, Belgium, and who has since been in Italy engaged in investigating the marvellous case of Palma of Oria. He writes as follows:—

"Sir,—I am quite disposed to believe in the crosses of Alsace and the other places. I do not at all admit the theories either of mystification, of vitrification, or of hallucination. Alsace is indeed mystified but in a very different way; she is truly unfortunate and is under no hallucination whatever.

"Two reasons lead me to think that a miracle has taken place in this case. The first is, that Prussia has forbidden the

newspapers under its authority to speak of it. The second is, the account of the Wurtemberg apothecary who ran to get some chemical with which to rub off and take out the mark of the mysterious cross. Whilst he was doing it the children were crying out that another cross had come upon the next pane. Thereupon the worthy practitioner, furious at his failure with the first, breaks the second pane with a blow of his fist. This apothecary broke his windows, and by so doing, forces me, who am a doctor myself and a professor of medicine, to believe in a miracle. Mysterious crosses are not a new thing. In 1826 we had the celebrated cross of Migné, which appeared for many hours on the great windows of the heavens. Older still, as far back as the 6th century, there was, if I am not mistaken, all about Trèves, an apparition of numerous crosses, not upon windows but upon clothes. History is silent as to whether the apothecaries and the scourers were able to clean them off or take them out with acid, but the Bollandists, who are strong in historical criticism, affirm the facts in some one or other of their volumes. Besides this, enquirers may find a number of analogous facts in an old book that should be consulted on the subject of miracles. It is in two vols. folio, and is entitled, *Admiranda Orbis Christiani Auctore Bagatha*. Venetiis, 1680.

“If I hazard any remarks to-day on the subject of mysterious crosses, it is because I have seen a good many—seen them with my own eyes. Some readers of the *Univers* will perhaps remember that I have announced, as about to appear at the end of this year, a work upon the *stigmatisées* of Bois d’Haine and of Oria. Now, during the four days which I spent last October near the celebrated Palma, I saw on several different occasions the blood fall from the forehead of the *stigmatisées* upon handkerchiefs and there form numerous crosses before my eyes. Twice have I seen Palma struggling with that interior and mysterious fire, when linen placed in contact with her was riddled (so to speak) with charred emblems, in the midst of which there were crosses in plenty.

“It will perhaps be said that I was under hallucination, but I brought away with me the handkerchiefs and other convincing proofs. If you do not believe come and see me, and I will show them to you, when I hope you will be no more the victim of hallucination than I am. Palma produces every day some of those mysterious crosses. She does many other things also, for she is the most extraordinary woman of our time. It seems as if Providence had raised her up to hurl defiance at the freethinkers of the day. Just as they are pluming themselves on having driven away the supernatural, it comes back upon them *au galop*.

“The other day, in the *Journal des Débats*, Monsieur Ratisbonne denied the fact of ecstacy with elevation from the ground. The Hebrew writer had forgotten his Bible and Elias and several other things.

“A. IMBERT GOURBEYRE, M.D.,

“Professor at the Medical School of Clermont-Ferraud.”

We would, however, receive these accounts with caution, knowing the feelings of animosity which are entertained by the Jesuits towards the Germans, who are menacing them with expulsion from the country. But supposing these to be genuine spirit-manifestations, we can very well understand how Jesuit spirits may be at work—endeavouring to prognosticate coming judgments through military calamities to Germany, as these emblems are made to appear visible in Germany and disappear from the panes of glass when carried into France. Our readers may remember that we have drawn their attention to similar persistent and zealous interference of partisan-spirits in the affairs of man in the furtherance of reactionary movement in politics and religion, *vide Spiritual Magazine* for 1866, Vol. I., New Series, page 211, where instances of spiritual reactionary movement are given in the case of Julian the Apostate, the Holy Maid of Kent, and in our own day in Madagascar and New Zealand.

The phenomena of these mysterious crosses, &c., probably belongs to the same class of emblematic spirit-photography of which manifestations were given in the 17th century to Dr. Pordage and the Philadelphian Brethren, and also in the year 1839, in Sunderland. In Howitt's *History of the Supernatural*, Vol. II., page 246, we find as follows:—

“But what was most remarkable, the spirits painted on the glass of the windows and on the tiles of the house all kinds of extraordinary figures of men and animals, which appeared continually to move as if alive. On the tiles of the fireplace they had drawn the two hemispheres of the earth, full of men and beasts which also appeared to move. When the visitation was over, they attempted to wash these out, but they found them indelible, and could only get rid of them by breaking them up with a hammer. The matter had made a great public sensation, and numbers of people, magistrates and others, made a particular examination of the circumstances, and proved the truth of them. These events,” continues our author, “extraordinary as they are, have been in many particulars corroborated by events of to-day. In the case of Mary Jobson, of Sunderland, published by Dr. Reid Clanny, physician to the Duke of Sussex, the sun, moon and other things, were painted on the ceiling in

colours, which her father had whitewashed over once or twice, but they still came through, and were seen by hundreds of people—several medical men amongst them, and could only be destroyed at last by destroying the plaster. The wonderful powers of representation and presentation in varied forms, is one of the most remarkable and best attested facts of Modern Spiritualism."

A. M. H. W.

A CURIOUS CASE OF SPIRIT-LIFE, INCLUDING A REMARKABLE PROOF OF IDENTITY.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

IN my early life I lived amongst a number of simple country people, belonging to the Society of Friends. I used every week to see them at a rural meeting-house quite away in the fields. They were most of them old men when I was a boy. Half a century at least had passed over; I had long removed from that part of the country, and been engaged in many busy scenes, both in our own and other countries, and amongst throngs of people of very different classes and many different pursuits and characters; so that, like a great flood, these things and persons had flowed over these beings of a remote memory, and all but obliterated them from my thoughts. Years, in fact, passed without my probably once calling this primitive group to mind. One only amongst them, a man of a much younger generation, had lived on long after them, and I had seen him old, decrepit, and very deaf, still living in his quaint old farm-house. Even he, however, I had not seen for many years, and for some years he too had gone after his former simple friends.

Suddenly, and not many years ago, as I and my wife were sitting at our little evening *séance*, these old acquaintances of my boyhood announced themselves one after another, to my great astonishment. It was, in fact, like a resurrection of the dead. These worthy old men, who belonged to a time and a state of things which now seemed almost antediluvian; these figures of a past, gone and buried under an ocean of such different and much more stirring events and interests, to announce themselves as if but of yesterday—gliding, as it were, over a vast interval in which they had had no part or recognition, and yet standing there with all their old character and atmosphere about them, it gave one much such a feeling as if life, indeed, had been but a dream, had suddenly broken, and had returned me to whence I had originally started in the race of existence.

"What," I asked, "can have induced you, friends, to come to me after such a long absence, an absence never once before interrupted by your presence?"

"It is not without sufficient cause," they replied; and they named the one who had lived on long after them; and whom I have last mentioned. I shall name him Daniel Faber.

"Daniel Faber," they said, "is in great trouble, and we are anxious to assist him. The last comer from that neighbourhood has told him that his daughter has married a farmer on the next farm, and if it be the man he supposes, he is sure that nothing but misery can be the result. This is a man of the name of Hunt, a man of a character that promises nothing but trouble."

"But," I asked, "could not the 'last comer,' as you call him, tell you precisely who the man is?" "No," they replied, "he was not personally acquainted with either party, but heard it through another; heard simply the fact of the marriage, and that it was to a farmer on the next farm. The second and casual informant knew no more."

"But," I again interposed, "why do you come to me? Why do not you go yourselves to the place, and ascertain the facts for yourselves?"

"We have been," they rejoined, "but we cannot find Daniel's daughter; the whole land lies in darkness; we can discover nothing."

This surprised me for some time. It seemed strange that these good old friends could find their way to me, but not to the person they were in quest of. But it soon cleared itself up to my mind. To me they were drawn by the hope of assistance. To me they were drawn also by spiritual rapport. I knew and understood these spiritual conditions; we lived, as it were, in the same life-atmosphere, and, therefore, all was open between us. On the other hand, no one, not even the daughter sought after, had any knowledge of, or consequently any sympathy with such things. The people all down there were so unspiritual, so intensely in the atmosphere and interests of earth, that to spirits they did not seem even to exist. At best they were like people whose backs were turned towards the spirit spheres, and, therefore, towards these enquirers.

After reflecting on this, I said, "Yes, I see how it is; you cannot at present find Daniel's daughter yourselves, but what is it you wish me to do?" "To write," they replied, "to a friend down there and learn whether it be true that Daniel's daughter is married, and to whom." I promised, and I wrote accordingly. What now was curious was the anxiety with which these spirits awaited the reply. Every evening they used to come to learn

whether I had received a letter, and seemed much disappointed at hearing the same negative answer. I reminded them that people in the country were generally slow correspondents, but I promised to write to my friend and give him another gentle poke. The reply being long in coming, they evidently began to apprehend that it might be unsatisfactory, and this brought out a trait of character so beautiful in good spirits. One evening they came without their friend Daniel, and begged us, if the reply should prove painful in its nature, to break it as gently to Daniel as we could, observing that he was so unhappy about the affair. We were delighted with this tender care for their friend.

At length the expected letter arrived, and when they came the same evening to make their usual enquiry, I said, "Yes, here is the letter; listen!" and I read it aloud. The facts stated were that after Daniel's decease, his daughter had had several offers, but the one that she had accepted was from a farmer on an adjoining farm—so far it looked ominous, but it went on to name not the Hunt of whom the father was apprehensive, but a gentleman of a different name, a gentleman by birth and education, a man not dependant on farming, having property of his own—and who, it was added, had been a most excellent son, and, no doubt, would prove an excellent husband.

On hearing these particulars, there appeared to be a great jubilation amongst the spirits; they put up a thanksgiving, and said "All right! all right! this is the right man, a good man; thank God, all is well."

After this Daniel Faber came frequently, and was most anxious that we should write to his daughter, and give his love, and express his entire approval of her marriage. It is curious how spirits overlook or overleap all difficulties in such cases. They forget what would have been their own ideas and impressions if some living person had sent to them a message from the dead. I told him I could do nothing of the sort; the only effect of such a message from me to his daughter, who knew nothing of the recent revelations and facts of Spiritualism, would be to make her suppose that I was gone off my head. Still he continued to come and to urge on me this commission, which I as steadily declined. We wrote, however, to congratulate his daughter on her marriage, and immediately afterwards he came, and said, "Now you have opened my way, your letter made a track down to my daughter. I have been and seen her. I was present as she and her husband were at supper. I listened to their conversation, and was much pleased with her husband. He is a good man. But I tried in vain to make my presence perceptible to them."

From this moment Daniel Faber was more than ever impatient that we should give a message from him to his daughter; saying, "You will find it made very easy, if you will only try." I assured him, however, that as I had no desire to pass for a lunatic, I should not write anything of the kind, but if I saw her I would tell her. This opportunity came much sooner than I expected. In a few months we received a note from her saying that she was in London with a brother recently returned from America, and proposing to come up and spend an evening with us. Accordingly she and her brother came, and during the evening I drew a chair close to hers, and told her I had something to say to her, that no doubt would surprise her. I then told her that her father had come to us on various occasions, and wished me to send her a message of affection, but which I had not done as she would naturally not believe it. She did not appear in the least surprised, but expressed much pleasure in having such a message from her father. "But how is it," I said, "this does not seem to astonish you at all?" "No," she replied, "I know all about such things; my brother" (pointing to him) "is a Spiritualist, and has been telling me all respecting it."

Here was the verification of the father's assurance that if I would only give his message, I should find the reception of it made very easy. But what was more remarkable still was, that when I told her the anxiety her father had shown after receiving the news of her marriage in the other world, to a farmer on an adjoining farm, fearing it might be to one Hunt—"How curious!" she exclaimed. "That Hunt made me an offer in my father's time, which gave my father great displeasure, the man's character being very indifferent, but he said if my present husband should make me an offer it would have his entire approbation."

This was to me extremely interesting and satisfactory. Of the very existence of such a man as Hunt, I was utterly ignorant, yet he had been expressly named by Daniel Faber and his spirit friends, and as living on an adjoining farm. Nothing could be more demonstrative of the identity of the spirits who had come to me. The persons, the places, the circumstances concerned in their statement, the very names unknown to me, were precisely as they had represented them; facts in themselves sufficient, independent of the parental anxiety exhibited, and the deep mutual sympathy and regard amongst these old friends united in the invisible world, to satisfy the mind of any one of the actuality of everything in this spiritual transaction.

There were one or two other particulars connected with the communications of this Daniel Faber. For years before his

decease he was very deaf, and when his spirit first came to us, we perceived that he communicated his thoughts to us with much more ease than he caught our replies, which were spoken. He would continue his remarks through the indicator without adverting to ours, or to our questions put. It then came out that he had carried his deafness in some degree with him into the intermediate state. But what we could not have conceived, he assured us that on first entering into that state he became blind. The light, he said, had blinded him, and he had been under a physician, and was fast recovering both sight and hearing. These were statements wholly contrary to our ordinary notions regarding the spirit after death. One had imagined that in casting off the body, spirits cast off all their ailments. We will hope that this is normally the case, but it does not appear to be so universally, as regards certain classes of diseases. As spirits in the intermediate states, and especially in those most nearly approximating to earth, many of them retain, according to repeated statements of spirits, even for very long periods, their peculiar religious creeds and earthly prejudices; so they retain for some time, certain complaints which affected them here.

Besides these statements of Daniel Faber, we have had numerous visits from a spirit which on earth was to a certain degree insane, and who in the spirit-life always came to us accompanied by the physician appointed to attend this soul for the same infirmity. Ailments of certain kinds, at least, would thus appear to belong to the spirit rather than to the body, and consequently still to affect the spirit after its release from the flesh, for how long we do not know. That, however, there are doctors in the intermediate states, has been affirmed on various occasions by spirits.

In the case of an American merchant of Philadelphia, who, as well as his wife, was cured by a spirit-physician, Dr. Rush, also formerly of Philadelphia, as related to me by himself, and published by me in a former volume of the *Spiritual Magazine*, it was asserted that this case was the result of a consultation of Dr. Rush with some of the best physicians in the intermediate states: these cases being utterly beyond the reach of earthly science. In the account of the marvellous case of Leon Favre, Consul-General of France, and brother of Jules Favre, published by himself, and translated by me for the *Spiritual Magazine*, the removal of his torturing complaint which had defied all mortal means, is ascribed by him to the agency of a spirit-physician of Italy, Giacomo Giaferro, who had practised at Verona ages ago. In this case, too, we are assured that the medical science existing in the intermediate states had been drawn upon. If physicians, of course, a need of them.

In fact, the sphere of the intermediate states, in immediate contact with the earth, would appear to bear a very close resemblance to it, in its passions and sentiments, its moral and psychic qualities, its prejudices and earthly defects. It is, in fact, a transition so regular, so free from anything like abruptness, violent contrast or sudden leap into new and extreme conditions, as to be in accordance with all that we see in this life of gradual growth, development, and progress. We are, indeed, led to believe that moral conditions are there modified, purified, and advanced into other and higher conditions. That our lower propensities and all that is allied to our more ordinary nature drop off *seriatim*, and are left behind almost, or perhaps altogether, insensibly, and the qualities of more heavenly existence develop themselves with the ease and freshness of flowers in spring; more clear, more sound, more flushed with love and beauty, as the pilgrim of eternity draws nearer and nearer to the sun of all light, power, and perfection.

THE SPIRITUAL BODY: ITS FORMATION AND ITS RELATION TO THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.*

THE physical theory that life is a compound of matter, and the result of organism, is absurd on the face of it. There is a power within the organism which works it. The intelligent principle in man works the physical organism. It is by means of the organism that the man himself comes into relations with the physical sphere. But the physical organism has other purposes, besides those which relate to the fulfilment of its duties in reference to the present life.

If the man continues to live after the death of the body, it is necessary that he should be the same individual; else where would be the good of the experiences and lessons he learnt in bodily life. It is necessary that there should be a rational state of existence, and an intelligent appreciation of existence. It is still necessary that there should be some means by which the real man should come into relations with his surrounding conditions. Hence the necessity for a spiritual body.

The elaboration of this spiritual body is a function of the physical organism. This is the most important of its other purposes to which we alluded.

The most refined process which is ordinarily recognised as going on in the physical organism is the elaboration of nervous force. But is it really so? No. We have often asserted that

* From a *Trance-discourse*, by Mr. J. J. MORSE.

matter is continually refining and subliming itself. Every atom may be said to be struggling upwards, and to be glowing with the eternal divinity within it. Atoms of matter in the body are continually refining and subliming themselves. The nervous forces are but the pointings towards spiritual realities. A still further refinement is going on, resulting in an elaboration of what we must call the essences of matter; and which essences are deposited or precipitated in a form which appears as a silver lining within the mortal frame. This silver lining begins to be deposited before birth, and proceeds all through life, until a perfect image is formed from head to heel. This is the spiritual body.

As old age comes on, the vital energies retreat more and more from the external. The aged do not lose intellectual power; the loss is only apparent. The life withdraws inward. Then when the physical body can no longer hold the spiritual, death takes place. The body yields up the departing spiritual form. In the spasms of death there is no pain; that is, in normal death. But how few die naturally and normally! The spiritual body passes away from the dying body. Were our spiritual eyes now opened, we should see the atoms of the spiritual body falling into harmony according to their elective affinity—head and features arranging themselves into an organism, analogous to the physical. The man is the same individual as he was before. Were it not so, the lessons of his past life would be valueless.

Actual defects and malformations of the physical body are not produced in the spiritual; because they are the result of external causes not of internal life, whereas the spiritual body is the result of principles acting upon essences.

The new organism is substantial; therefore it must have a world to exist in. This necessitates the existence of an interior state of being—not interior in position—but interior in principles. This state of being does exist, and is what we call the spiritual world. Where is it found? How is it formed?

Refined particles of matter are continually being thrown off in immense quantities from the physical earth. The processes which we call life, in all its forms, higher and lower, result in the conversion of matter, from its gross physical form, into its refined spiritual form.

Every element and atom of matter has its spiritual side. From the sphere of physical life, the material side only is perceived; but those who have passed over to the spiritual side, and who are living on the spiritual plane, perceive the spiritual side, and realise it as a higher condition. The tendency of the refined matter, that has been thrown off from the physical earth through long ages, and which process is now going on, is to form

itself into a zone, which surrounds the earth, and is in reality part of it. This is the spiritual world which man enters at the death of the body. Life and all that makes life glorious ultimately itself there again into form. There, as well as here, the world is of necessity denser or more gross than its inhabitants.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE DISCOVERERS OF THE SO-CALLED NEW FORCE.

MR. CROOKES and others have prided themselves on the discovery of a new force, to which they have given the name of Psychic Force. Though this force was discovered by Adam, when it enabled him to see the angels who walked and talked with him in Eden, and has been very well known at any given period since, even modern re-discoverers of this imagined new force leave Messrs. Crookes and Co. far behind. In the *Spiritual Magazine*, 1865, p. 161, stands this sentence:—The *Europe*, a Franckfort journal, has lately noticed this fact, which must inevitably soon draw the serious attention of the public:—“Spiritualism in its turn has demonstrated a *new law*, a *new force* in nature; that which resides in the action of spirit upon matter; a law as universal as gravitation, or of electricity, and notwithstanding, ignored and denied by certain persons, as all other laws have been at the epoch of their discovery.”

Thus five years at least before Mr. Crookes made the discovery—discovery only to himself, for many millions of people were previously perfectly familiar with it—the Germans had publicly announced *their* discovery of it, and the English public had been made acquainted with it through this magazine. Perhaps some profound scientist will, ere long, be discovering the sun, the moon, daylight, or that butcher's meat is getting provokingly dearer.

W. H.

THE GHOST AT NEWSTEAD.

“So you have been to Newstead? . . . So they still tell the ghost story? Some friends of ours—also friends of Colonel Wildman—borrowed the house shortly after Lord Byron's death, to keep their honeymoon; and both of them told me that they one night felt the ghost pass over the bed; that is to say, that they felt a cold breath pass from side to side waving the curtains, stirring the draperies, and diffusing a solemn and strange influence. They lived at our old house for seven years, and we saw them almost daily. I questioned them repeatedly, always receiving the same answer. He was one of

the children of a Lord Arran—two or three back, Captain the Hon. Edward Gore, a gay sailor. Of course I do not believe that it is more than fancy, and an effect of the influence of the place. I give you the tale for what it is worth; but it always seemed to me a new form of ghosthood, and they told me that they each felt it at the same moment, and without having heard or thought of the thing until it passed.—“*Letters and Life of Mary Russell Mitford,*” *Second Series, edited by Henry Chorley. Vol. II., p. 253.*

EARTHQUAKES.—SOME CURIOUS STORIES ABOUT THE MANIFESTATIONS OF ELECTRICITY IN CALIFORNIA.

The Inyo (Cal.) *Independent*, of April 20th, relates these singular circumstances:—

“Scientific men everywhere are busy in investigating the cause of those terrible convulsions of the earth—earthquakes; and there is a faint hope that something of value may be deduced from their inquiries. It seems to be generally conceded that electricity in some form is the prime cause of these movements of the earth. It is much to be hoped that some person or persons, possessing the necessary scientific attainments, will pay this section a visit. No better place or opportunity was ever presented to American scientists to investigate these phenomena on their own soil than this country has afforded during the past two or three weeks. For the information of such we will mention a few facts, mainly relating to the electrical phenomena, that have occurred within our knowledge. A few days after the big shock, so called, at Cerro Gordo, very loud thunder was heard during a violent snow storm. With the exception of the snow, the same thing occurred here, and, perhaps, at other places in the valley. This is remarkable, because almost unprecedented. Immediately following the great shock, men whose judgment and veracity are beyond question, while sitting on the ground near the Eclipse Mine, saw sheets of flame on the rocky sides of the Inyo Mountains but a half-mile distant. These flames, observed in several places, waved to and fro, apparently clear of the ground, like vast torches. They continued for only a few minutes. In this office, one day last week, while one of the proprietors was running a large number of sheets of flat-cap paper through a jog press, these sheets, after leaving the press, were affected by the movements of the operator’s hand, as a strong magnet would affect iron filings. When his hand was near them the whole pile, or at least a hundred of them from the top, seemed to float in the air like tissue paper in a slight breeze. The top sheet would rise at each end up to the hand when held four inches above it, and thus by attraction be moved

entirely away from the others. At times during the night sparks of fire were repeatedly emitted from a woollen shawl on being touched by the hand. At the Kearsarge Mill, located at an altitude of nearly 8,000 feet above the sea, the following occurrence was noted by Harry Clawson and P. J. Joslyn. The former, while sitting with his knee within about three inches of a cast-iron stove, felt a peculiar numbing sensation, and supposing his limbs were 'asleep,' essayed to rub them with his hand. As soon as his hand touched his knee he felt a shock, and immediately after and for a number of seconds a stream of fire ran between both knees and the stove. We will here, on the authority of a man who had an opportunity of knowing, state that the item going the rounds to the effect that no movement of the earth was observable 300 feet under ground, in the mines, is not correct. At Cerro Gordo, and also at the Eclipse Mine, the rocking motion was distinctly observed, especially in the timbering. Small particles of rock were detached, and in both places the miners went to the surface in alarm, but at Cerro Gordo they soon resumed work as before. No subsequent shock has been remarked at that depth."

LETTER FROM JOHN WESLEY.*

"Margaret Barlow came to me, and I asked her abundance of questions. I was soon convinced that she was not only sincere but deep in grace, and therefore incapable of deceit. I was convinced likewise that she had frequent intercourse with a spirit that appeared to her in the form of an angel. I know not how to judge of the rest. Her account was:—'For above a year I have seen this angel, whose face is exceeding beautiful, her raiment white as snow and glistening like silver: her voice unspeakably soft and musical.' She tells me many things before they come to pass. She foretold I should be ill at such a time, in such a manner, and well at such an hour, and it was so exactly. She has said, such a person shall die at such a time, and he did so. Above two months ago, she told me your brother was dead (I did not know you had a brother), and that he was in heaven. And, some time since, she told me, you will die in less than a year. But what she has most frequently and earnestly told me is that God will, in a short time, be avenged on obstinate sinners, and will destroy them with fire from heaven. Whether this will be so or no I cannot tell; but when we were alone, there was a wonderful power in her words; and as the Indian said to David Brainerd, 'They did good to my heart.' It is above a year since this girl was visited in this

* From *Tyerman's Life of Wesley*. Vol. III. page 535.

manner, being then between 14 and 15 years old. But she was then quite a womanish girl of unblamable behaviour. Suppose that which appeared to her was really an angel, yet the face, the voice, and the apparel, she might easily mistake him for a female; and this mistake is of little consequence. Much good has already resulted from this odd event, and is likely to ensue, provided those who believe and those who disbelieve her report, have but patience with each other."

DIRECT SPIRIT-DRAWING AS WITNESSED BY LAVATER.

"Lavater," says Eliphas Levi in his curious *Histoire de la Magie*, "was much addicted to evoking spirits, and had two which constantly served him." He also, he tells us, was one of a magnetic circle where the state of trance was produced through the use of the Harmonica. A kind of idiot was then made use of as a writing-medium for spirits. One of these spirits gave himself out to be a cabalistic Jew who died before the birth of our Saviour, and gave forth revelations much in the style of those given through the *somnambules* of Cahagnet. His spirit once said that he would give them his portrait. At this request, papers, colours and pencils were placed for the spirit behind a screen. The shadow of a little hand was shown upon the screen, and a slight movement was heard upon the paper. When the noise ceased, everybody ran to see what had been drawn, and a coarsely painted portrait was found representing an old rabbi clothed in black, with a white ruff falling upon his shoulders, and black scull cap upon the summit of his head—a somewhat peculiar costume for a person born before the time of Jesus Christ. Besides, the painting was blotted and incorrect, and greatly resembled the drawing of some child who had amused himself with colouring with his eyes shut."

Notices of Books.

MR. ALEXANDER, M.A., ON SPIRITUALISM.*

MR. ALEXANDER, in company with Dr. Findlater, attended a private *séance* with Mr. Home at the house of a friend in Edinburgh. The usual phenomena witnessed at *séances* with Mr. Home presented themselves, and were all sharply and suspiciously scrutinised by the author and his friend, but

* *Spiritualism: A Narrative with a Discussion.* By PATRICK PROCTOR ALEXANDER, M.A. Author of *Mill and Carlyle*, *Moral Causation*, &c. Edinburgh: WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

without their being able to detect anything like the faintest trace of imposture. In this narrative every incident of the *séance* is related with a particularity, and every point it could suggest to the writer's mind is discussed with a minuteness which may be edifying to those who have not read similar narratives, but which to those who have is likely to be a little tedious. Mr. Alexander is evidently strongly impressed with the genuineness of these phenomena, and leans to a belief in their spiritual origin; but on the whole he prefers sitting on the fence and smoking his pipe with an air of philosophic indifference to the final conclusion that may be arrived at on the question at issue. He discusses with considerable acuteness Hume's objections to miracles in its bearings on these phenomena; but the reader may probably feel more interested in his criticism on Professor Tyndall, which is given as an Appendix. The Professor attended a private *séance*, which from his account was not a very successful one; and has so little interest that it is strange Professor Tyndall should have thought it worth republication; but we suppose he thought it would do credit to his penetration, and be in some way damaging to Spiritualism, and so he has inserted it as a chapter in his recent volume, *Fragments of Science*. Here is what Mr. Alexander has to say about—

“PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON ‘SCIENCE AND SPIRITS.’

“One only point of Professor Tyndall's narrative seems to me of any importance. Whilst a sentence about himself was being spelt out, it struck him as odd that, though ‘the knocks came from under the table, no person present evinced the slightest desire to look under it.’ He himself asked permission to do so; and ‘having pretty well assured himself that no sound could be produced under the table without its origin being revealed,’ he found that the communications instantly ceased. So soon as, after a quarter of an hour of silence, he resumed his chair, the spirits resumed their operations. This, as regards the *séance* in question, seems certainly a little to discredit it: as regards that at which Dr. Findlater and I were present with Mr. Home, I have simply to set our experience against that of Professor Tyndall. Mr. Home expressly *asked* me to go under the table: whilst there, I, as thoroughly as Professor Tyndall could do, ‘assured myself that no sound could be produced under the table without its origin being revealed,’ and *my* experience was, that the knocks above, &c. went on as vigorously as before. Subsequently Mr. Home even *urged* that at any moment any one entertaining suspicion should instantly seek to satisfy himself by going again under the table; and, without impeachment of the phenomena, Dr. Findlater and I did so. Of

course this experience is only good to ourselves, and for the particular case to which it refers; but I must be excused if, to my own mind, it sufficiently disposes of the opposite experience of Professor Tyndall as bearing on the general question.

"For the rest, some of the main facts made use of by the Professor, as disposing of the spiritual phenomena, being meantime on the physical ground unintelligible to me, I must for the present decline to assign any weight to them. 'The knocks continuing, I turned a wine-glass upside down, and placed my ear upon it, as upon a stethoscope. The spirits seemed disconcerted by the act; they lost their playfulness, and did not quite recover it for a considerable time.' As the glass thus used as a stethoscope could merely intensify the sound of the knocks a little, by vibration from the wood, and could by no possibility avail to give hint of their true cause or origin, I do not quite see how the spirits, unless very stupid indeed, should have been seriously disconcerted by an act so entirely unmeaning on the Professor's part. It is not to this, however, but to his next use of the inverted wine-glass, that I specially desire to refer. A distinct *push* having come to the table, Professor Tyndall writes: 'I readily granted the fact of motion, and began to feel the delicacy of my position. There were several pairs of arms upon the table, and several pairs of legs under it; but how was I, without offence, to express the conviction which I really entertained? To ward off the difficulty, I again turned a wine-glass upside down and rested my ear upon it. *The rim of the glass was not level, and the hair, on touching it, caused it to vibrate, and produce a peculiar buzzing sound.* A perfectly candid and warm-hearted old gentleman at the opposite side of the table, whom I may call A., drew attention to the sound, and expressed his entire belief that it was spiritual. I, however, informed him that *it was the moving hair acting on the glass.* The explanation was not well received.' There seems really no reason it should have been, being, as it was, so highly questionable. The odds are about ten to one that the glass used by Professor Tyndall the second time was the very same glass he had before used; in which case the 'uniformity of nature' might have led us to expect that the 'peculiar buzzing sound' would have made itself audible to the company in the first as in the second experiment. Yet it should seem not to have done so—a point which a little requires explanation. Selecting from various wine glasses some specimens not 'level in the rim'—i.e. the rim of which is not throughout its circumference in contact with the surface of the table—I have carefully tried the experiment, the result in every case being that no vibration whatever was induced. Putting my ear down towards the glass, and working my hair and whiskers against it,

much more vigorously than Professor Tyndall could have done in the circumstances, I am sensible of the faintest grinding sound of the hair against the glass; but, as quite unaccompanied by vibration, it is not sensibly diminished when I prohibit all possible vibration by claspings tight the bell of the glass, and pressing it on the table. And so faint is this sound in the ear held close to the glass, that it must needs be well nigh inaudible to the ear of any one else; and is not without absurdity to be supposed heard as 'a peculiar buzzing sound' by people all round the table. Consequently, until I shall hear this 'peculiar buzzing sound' produced in the way described by Professor Tyndall, or by some one else, I must beg utterly to doubt of its existence, *as so produced*. Of the existence of the sound we can have no doubt; it was heard by 'the warm-hearted old gentleman,' who had his own little theory of the matter; it was also heard by Professor Tyndall, who at once jumped to a theory of it; as it was synchronous with the contact of his hair with the wine glass, he at once assumed the relation of the facts to be that of cause and effect. His explanation, however, it seems, 'was not well received' by the company. At this I don't greatly wonder, as meantime much of the company's mind, and quite declining to receive it. I say *meantime* declining, as meantime disposed to rest on the accuracy of my own little course of experiment. The experiment is an exceedingly simple one; and every reader, *per* aid of a wine glass and a mahogany table, may verify for himself my results, as compared with those of Dr. Tyndall.*

"To proceed to another instance illustrative of Dr. Tyndall's scientific procedure. 'My attention,' he says, 'was drawn to a scarcely sensible vibration on the part of the table. Several persons were leaning on the table at the time, and I asked permission to touch the medium's hand. 'Oh! I know I tremble,' was her reply. Throwing one leg across the other, I accidentally nipped a muscle, and produced thereby an involuntary vibration of the free leg. This vibration I knew must be communicated to the floor, and thence to the chairs of all present. I therefore intentionally promoted it. My attention was promptly drawn to the motion; and a gentleman beside me, whose value as a witness I was particularly desirous to test, expressed his belief that it was out of the compass of human power to produce so strange a

* "Note a little point here: 'My hospitable host had arranged that the *séance* should be a dinner party. This was to me an unusual form of investigation; but I accepted it as one of the accidents of the occasion (provided the dinner and the wines were good, not, I should say, a disagreeable one). We may thus almost assume that a cloth would be upon the table; and with this condition, I have the highest scientific authority for saying that the phenomenon would be *absolutely impossible*.'"

tremor. 'I believe,' he added earnestly, 'that it is entirely the spirits' work.' 'So do I,' added, with heat, the candid and warm-hearted old gentleman, A. 'Why, sir,' he continued, 'I feel them at this moment shaking my chair.' I stopped the motion of the leg. 'Now, sir,' A. exclaimed, 'they are gone.' I began again, and A. once more ejaculated. I could, however, notice that there were doubters present, who did not quite know what to think of the manifestations. I saw their perplexity; and as there was sufficient reason to believe that the disclosure of the *secret* would simply provoke anger, *I kept it to myself.*

"In one sense Dr. Tyndall's procedure was judicious. Had he spoken out—as clearly he ought to have done—whether or no he had provoked *anger*, he would certainly have provoked *inquiry*: his 'free leg,' as *vera causa* of the tremors, would instantly have been called in question; he would have been asked to bring it out, with the other, from under the table; to 'nip a muscle' as before; and thus, or otherwise, as before, produce the tremors. And had he been asked to do so, it might perhaps have been found that the 'uniformity of nature,' on which he so much relies, in this instance also failed him; the miracle (in Professor Tyndall's sense a miracle) might possibly have been made manifest to the company, that Professor Tyndall *could not successfully repeat his experiment.* And it seems to me really very doubtful whether he could have done so. The vibration of Dr. Tyndall's 'free leg' no one, of course, will question, seeing he himself asserts it. As to the vibration of the floor as an effect of it, and as an effect of *this* the vibration, *such as that implied*, 'of the chairs of all present,' I confess I have some little difficulty. Precisely on the ground on which I before impeached the asserted vibration of the wine glass at a mere *touch* of Dr. Tyndall's whisker (!) I have made rather careful experiment, and see reason to think that Dr. Tyndall, in the use of his legs as of his whiskers, merely illustrates what he himself would call the 'scientific use of the imagination' (had not Dr. Tyndall been so really scientific a person, I should have preferred to say its *unscientific* use). 'I knew,' he says, 'that this involuntary vibration of the leg,' caused by nipping a muscle, 'must be communicated to the floor, and thence to the chairs of all present.' What I for certain know is, that no such involuntary or automatic vibration of a leg freely swinging from the knee would be *perceptibly* communicated to the floor, and thence to the chair of *any* one present; and that no such repetition or 'promotion' of it merely, as that indicated by Dr. Tyndall, could possibly produce the effects he attributes to it. The truth might seem to be that, as in the case of the wine glass, a mere relation of co-existence became in the imaginative mind of Dr. Tyndall a relation of

cause and effect. As to his telling us that when the leg stopped the tremors stopped, to begin again when the leg began, this is not the least inconsistent with such a supposition, particularly if we surmise in Dr. Tyndall a little of the laxity of observation natural to a person who has jumped to a theory and sees pretty much what he wants to see in support of it. And had not Dr. Tyndall been so careful to 'keep the secret to himself,' it is just possible that all this might have been made manifest promptly on the spot. As it is, we must remain pretty much in the dark as to the whole matter. Knowing little or nothing as to the special intensity of tremor to be accounted for, and not very much of the vibrations of Dr. Tyndall's 'free leg,' we are quite incompetent to judge as to the adequacy of the last, assigned as cause,* to produce as an effect the first. And surely nothing can be much more odd than Dr. Tyndall's notion, that having, as he thought, discovered the sufficient natural cause of phenomena announced as spiritual, he was entitled to 'keep it to himself,' and then go away and publish it! It amounts in point of fact to this, that though everything else may be investigated, Dr. Tyndall's investigations must not be; as on the spot, at least, on this occasion, he took very good care they should not.

"One more instance of this strange secretiveness on the part of Dr. Tyndall, where only by a perfect manly frankness could

* "The tremors, as experienced at the *séance* before alluded to, were extremely peculiar, as described at page 10. That Mr. Home may have somehow produced them, is quite possible; that he could do so with his legs, in Dr. Tyndall's manner, I do not the least believe. Had any one present come to me afterwards and said, 'Oh! I was vibrating my free leg all the time, and so producing, in the simplest way, the tremors that seemed to puzzle you so much,' I must needs have held him, I don't say untruthful, but in error, unless he could convince me of his accuracy by once more effecting with his legs the same precise results; and the question of precision and identity might in such a case be more or less a nice one to decide; on which ground I must have held the gentleman injudicious in not speaking out on the spot.

"That some sort of tremor, more or less violent, may readily be communicated to a floor by certain uses of one's legs, is of course a familiar point of knowledge to every one. Let us, in light of this knowledge, accept without criticism, and in its full integrity, the statement of Dr. Tyndall; it is clearly still quite inconclusive of the point at issue. For supposing spirits to exist, and to have a whim, as alleged, of certifying their presence by inducing certain tremors in a room—supposing the thing a *fact* (and, whatever its seeming absurdity, to decline to admit it *possible* is really to set up a stupid claim of omniscience)—would this fact, supernatural so-called, in the least be invalidated by the other fact, that by *natural* agency we could produce very much the same sort of tremors? Only a blockhead will say so. That natural causes were shown to be adequate to the production of very similar effects to those alleged due to supernatural, would indeed justify a very strong rational *suspicion* that the so-called supernatural causes were in truth only natural ones deceptively hid away from us. But the strongest rational suspicion is still some little way short of proof; and until this suspicion became certainty in the exposure of the *modus deceptionis*,—no very hopeless matter, one should say, where the thing is merely a deception,—no accurate person would consider that the question was thoroughly and finally disposed of."

any rational result have been attained. 'During the evening this pulling of the table occurred, or rather was attempted, three times. Twice the table moved, when my attention was withdrawn from it; on the third occasion I tried whether the act would be provoked by an assumed air of inattention. Grasping the table firmly between my knees, I threw myself back in the chair, and waited with eyes fixed on vacancy for the pull. It came. For some seconds it was, pull, spirit,—hold, muscle; the muscle however, prevailed, and the table remained at rest. *Up to the present moment this interesting fact is known only to the particular spirit and myself.*' Had Dr. Tyndall—as again clearly he ought to have done—produced on the spot this little item of experience, question would at once have arisen, first as to the particular *modus* of his 'grasping the table firmly between his knees,' and next as to the facilities possessed by the person or persons opposite for effecting the pull which he resisted. As to this last, it is plain that by hands resting on the table, covered, as we must suppose it, with a table cloth, the pull could not be effected; and it might readily, perhaps, have been shown, to the satisfaction of Dr. Tyndall himself that the arrangement under the table precluded its being effected with the feet without instantly attracting notice. Or, contrariwise, Dr. Tyndall might have been able to substantiate *thus much*: that the facilities under the table were such as to make it *easy* for those opposite, if so wishing, to effect the pull in question; which would yet amount (save only in the exact mind of Dr. Tyndall) to something short of distinct evidence that they *did*. Every detail of this kind being left uninvestigated, we have really not before us (thanks to Professor Tyndall) the elements of a rational judgment, on one side or the other. Further, if we suppose, for the nonce, that the *pull* was *really* that of a spirit—suppose such a thing—it by no means follows that the express effort to that end of so muscular a Christian as Dr. Tyndall is known to be, should not be able to neutralize it. Dr. Tyndall's experience, as given, satisfactorily enough disposes of the crude and wild rubbish (so on the very face of it) of the rather poor people about him, as to 'the superhuman power of the spirits,' '*no human power could prevent,*' &c.; but it takes us not a jot farther. Dr. Tyndall himself, it may be hoped, would not pretend that it does; for he is probably aware that to observe and criticise phenomena is one thing,—to interfere with or disconcert them, another; and that it can never be the function of the scientific observer to interpolate himself as a directly counteracting cause to the phenomena he is set to observe. In brief, Dr. Tyndall's experiment here, which, if frankly at the moment given, might have been more or less fruitful, as tested by immediate investigation, is now as published,

quite valueless, seeing that, just when it might thus have been so far fructified, he saw fit to 'keep it to himself.'

"In yet another instance, as it seems to me, Dr. Tyndall was not quite so above-board as he might have been. A young lady present (the medium of the party, in fact) having asserted that she was made ill by the presence of a magnet, the little dialogue which took place between her and Dr. Tyndall was thus brought to a conclusion:—

"Medium.—'I should know of its presence on entering the room.'

"I.—'How?'

"Medium.—'I should be rendered instantly ill.'

"I.—'How do you feel to-day?'

"Medium.—'Particularly well; I have not been so well for months.'

"I.—'Then, may I ask you whether there is at the present moment a magnet in my possession?'

"The young lady looked at me, blushed, and stammered, 'No, I am not *en rapport* with you.'

"I sat at her right hand, and a left-hand pocket; within six inches of her person, contained a magnet. (The italics are Dr. Tyndall's.) Dr. Tyndall, however, as in the other cases, 'kept the secret to himself,' and did not produce the magnet. On a point of gentlemanly tenderness to the lady, it no doubt was that he did not. His gentlemanly feeling, unhappily, in this instance, expressed itself a little at the expense of scientific strictness; and we can fancy some of those concerned in the *séance* retorting certain of his remarks about them in a way he might not quite like, yet might find it not easy to reply to. Against certain of these—very specially the medium and a particular person, X.—he very plainly implies a charge of wilful imposture; his 'conviction,' not obscurely hinted, is, that in this practical sense they were untruthful persons; and his little paper is naught, except as *proving* them so to his own satisfaction, and that of his intelligent readers. But X., as before the world and his friends, is probably as reputable a person as Dr. Tyndall—though inferior in scientific attainment—and as little held 'capable of untruthfulness; in which case, it seems to me, he might here have some word to say to Dr. Tyndall. 'You broadly insinuate against me,' he might say, 'imposture and untruth; I am conscious of my own truthfulness, but by no means quite so well convinced of *yours*. Your procedure has throughout been *underhand*; you now promulgate facts, as explanatory of the phenomena, which you carefully "kept to yourself" at the time, as unwilling that they should be tested, perhaps as afraid lest they might be so. That indeed they *were facts at all*, we have

nothing but your bare word to certify. As to the magnet you say you had in your pocket, why the deuce didn't you produce it? I desire *evidence* that you *had it*; and, failing such evidence, must meantime decline to believe you had. You very plainly hint I am fraudulent in the interest of a stupid imposture: I beg to return you the compliment; and see cause to suspect you of fraud, in the interest of the science you are so proud of, which that so-called imposture might confound, if you failed before the world to discredit it. The personal interest in the matter is obvious which might tempt you to unfairness in this matter; *my* personal temptation to unfairness on the other side, is, I venture to say, not by any means quite so obvious.' To all which, what could Dr. Tyndall reply? Solely, that he was known to be incapable of such fraud as that insinuated. X. would then of course rejoin, that *he* 'was known to be incapable,' &c.; and as neither of the gentlemen could possibly be at any loss for witnesses to his perfect integrity of character, here the matter must needs rest. I venture to think there must be something radically at fault in a method of scientific investigation which, after a considerable circuit, lands us at so beggarly a result as this. I trust it is needless to say that no one can for an instant suspect a man like Dr. Tyndall of any such conduct as that above indicated; not the less the retort (supposed) of X. is plainly from his own point of view (supposed), a perfectly competent and legitimate one; and its competence, which cannot be denied, is the measure of the scientific incompetence of Professor Tyndall's procedure.

"Throughout, as we have seen, Dr. Tyndall 'kept to himself' everything; i.e., he was there to test the phenomena, but nobody was to be allowed to test *him*: the great philosophic principle that everything on earth is to be investigated, save only *his* investigation, seems throughout to have been his guiding star in this inquiry. By necessary consequence, his paper is frankly not worth the ink it cost him to write it. Gentlemen whose *rôle* it is to expose imposture (and for no other purpose did Dr. Tyndall attend this *séance*), if so be they find themselves able to do so, ought really to do it there and then; for afterwards, as we see, there may be difficulties. If they lack the moral courage so to do, they have clearly mistaken their *rôle*, and ought to change it, and try some other. The amiable timidity of disposition, in virtue of which Professor Tyndall seems in this case to have shrunk from giving instant offence, has no doubt a beauty of its own; but clearly it is quite out of place in scientific investigations of this particular kind."

THE Spiritual Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

A SÉANCE WITH HERNE AND WILLIAMS.

I HAD heard much of the manifestations through Messrs. Herne and Williams, but had never attended any of their *séances* till the evening of Monday, August 12th, when I accepted their invitation to be present at their rooms, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, previous to their departure for a short time for the Continent.

There were present Mr. Clifford Smith, Dr. Dixon, Mr. Andrews, an American lady (a stranger), my sister, and self. We had scarcely entered the *séance* room when the voice of John King saluted us. I had not heard it for two or three years, but there was no mistaking its rough, powerful, manly tones, so expressive of energy, strength and decision of character. Of the identity of that of Katey, which also kindly greeted us, with the voice I had formerly heard I am not so sure. Presently a loud shrill voice broke in, which was recognized by some of the company as that of a spirit they called Peter. This spirit was obtrusive, garrulous, conceited, and evidently desirous of attracting as much attention as possible. Lights now began to appear—clear, bright and phosphorescent. Katey inquired if we would like to see her, and on our all replying in the affirmative, said she would in course of the evening endeavour to make herself visible. Peter inquired if I would like him to bring me something from the adjoining room, I told him he might bring me my hat. In about a couple of minutes I felt something soft touching my head, and on putting up my hand, there, sure enough, was my felt hat in the act of being placed on it. I had left it in the front room in which the gas was left burning, the *séance* room being dark, and communicating with it by folding doors, and which could not have been opened without the light streaming in. Other voices now joined in the conversation,

sometimes three or four speaking simultaneously; each in a different key, and with strongly marked individuality. One of them spoke in clear, plain, broad Yorkshire. He was kindly, sensible, good-humoured, with a *naïve bonhomie*, which made him a very pleasant companion. On my asking him if he was not better off in the other world, he answered with great gusto, "Ay, lad, I wouldn't be back again for a million a day. It's a grand thing to be a spirit. You don't know what it is to be a man or a woman till you become a spirit." Whilst all this was going on some of the company had their own private experiences. Friends in spirit-life shook hands and held converse with them, and made themselves so far visible as to be readily identified. The American lady received a communication from her spirit-child, Jenny, and messages from her spirit-guides, in answer to her questions. Mr. Smith saw the face of a lady with whom on earth he had been intimately acquainted, and she conversed freely with him. Mr. Andrews has kindly furnished me with the following memorandum:—

"My father had promised me at the commencement of the *séance* that he would show himself during the evening, and I had the delight of gazing on his dear face, he bidding me to observe a red mark showing where he had been wounded in that sanguinary action at Quatre Bras. This was not all. I lost some fifteen years ago a dear child who often comes and speaks to me in audible voice, and pats me on the head; at this *séance*, she showed me her spirit-form in all its loveliness, and leaned forward and kissed me on the forehead. I recognized her dear features, *the same that appear on the spirit-plate with her mother's portrait, which she sat for at Mr. Hudson's*, with Mr. Herne as medium, but which some kind cute friends tried at the time to make me believe resembled one of Mr. Hudson's family—a gross calumny; but this will be made all right in time, but not before the victims of it have been unjustly injured."

We had now been sitting a considerable time in a close room, and all adjourned to the front room. In a few minutes we resumed the *séance*, hoping that one or more of the spirits would succeed in making themselves visible to us; and we were not disappointed. The hands and feet of the mediums were securely fastened to their chairs; they were placed in a corner near the window, with the window curtains over them, and the table placed against them so that they could not move. Presently a luminous hand appeared over the table, distinctly visible; it was gently waved, and by its light the face of Katey was seen: a small face, dark, of the Oriental type, and with a head-dress something like a turban. Once it came

quite close to me, so near that I could feel the spirit's breath upon my face. Katey requested us each to feel her drapery, which we all did; it was soft and as substantial as if it had been woven in Paisley. I asked if I might cut a piece from it, it, but this was not permitted: I was told that on another occasion it might perhaps be done. John King's stentorian voice was now heard, "Look towards the ceiling. Here I am!" And there, truly, he was; his tall, dark form visible by the strange spirit-light. He continued, "Yes! here I am. I am John King, formerly known as Sir Henry Morgan. May God bless you!" The voice of Peter was now heard clamouring for John to help him by his light to become visible. He, too, was seen, though not so distinctly, crouching at the feet of John. Then another form was seen. It was almost a duplicate of Mr. Herne, except that it was in loose drapery, and a voice also like Mr. Herne's, but softer and clearer, said, "I am Willy Herne, brother to the medium. *It is I who appeared on the plate.* Tell that to Willy Harrison" (editor of the *Spiritualist*). The spirit appeared just as in the photograph with his brother, taken by Mr. Hudson.* As we all desired to feel the drapery of the spirit, he threw it severally to each of us in succession. It seemed more ample and of closer texture than Katey's.

Observing my defective sight, John kindly magnetized me, manipulating round the eyes and on the top of the head; the

* The close resemblance between the two figures on this photograph has given rise to much suspicion, and has been cited as evidence that Mr. Herne was in conspiracy with Mr. Hudson, and as an instance of what is called a "make-up." Mr. Herne, it is said, personating the second figure. Let me here mention a fact which corroborates the above statement of the spirit, and is I think decisive of the question. One evening, my friend Mr. Henry Bielfeld, of 208, Euston Road, called on me, and in conversation remarked that he had in the morning accidentally met Mr. Herne in an omnibus on the way to Mr. Hudson, where Mr. Herne said he was to be by 11 o'clock, his spirit-brother having made an appointment with him to be there at that time, and promised that he would endeavour to appear with him on the plate. This was told to me before any copies of this photograph were printed and of course before any controversy concerning it had arisen.

In the *Medium* of August 16th appears a letter from Mr. Champernowna, of Kingston-on-Thames, in which he says, "Mr. Herne, accompanied by a friend, paid an unexpected visit to us on Sunday, August 11th, when the experiments in photography were continued. They were conducted as before, under test conditions, and what I am going to relate bears upon the question of Mr. Herne's double, and the charges which have been made against him of conspiring with Mr. Hudson to deceive. Upon the plate at the right hand side of Mr. Herne's photograph, and a little behind it, a figure appears, with features the exact counterpart of Mr. Herne, but the figure is looking one way, and Mr. Herne another. Unfortunately, however, the plate has become "fogged" in the bath, so that the spirit is not so distinct as could be wished, although it may be plainly seen. Mr. H. had no chance of touching the plate previous to the photograph being taken, and during the time of exposure he sat perfectly still. *The invisibles stated that the form appearing upon the plate was a photograph of William Herne, a departed brother of the medium.*"

fingers were large and flexible, as solid, palpable, and life-like in their impact as any human fingers could be. The luminous emanations from them were perceived by the other sitters. He breathed gently on the eyes, the breath felt warm and natural.

John, clapping his hands loudly, again made his entire form visible, and with a fervent "God bless you all!" concluded the *séance*. The mediums were found fastened to their chairs as they had been tied.

T. S.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON THE CALCULABLE VALUE OF PRAYER.*

By R. M. THEOBALD, M.D.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL is one of the most eminent examples of the excellencies and defects of the present race of scientific men. As an investigator he has had few equals in his department. He has been a very successful man. He has made discoveries which have corrected the mistakes and inaccurate observations of all his predecessors. He takes the chair of Faraday and wears his mantle becomingly. But he has not yet reached the limit of his discoveries. All Christendom believes, in some way or other, in the "efficacy of prayer," and Professor Tyndall is ambitious of earning new laurels by putting this belief into the crucibles of science. So he and a fellow investigator have hit on a plan of bringing the value of prayer to an experimental test. He would have a hospital ward on which the prayers of Christendom should be focussed, like the mirrors of Archimedes, for a sufficiently long time to afford statistical results. He thinks the statistics of this ward, compared with that of wards in every other respect except this similarly conducted, would give an unimpeachable criterion of the value of prayer.

It would seem that the learned professor is not joking when he starts this amazing suggestion. He keeps his countenance. He even manages to look solemn. He calls his speculation a *serious* attempt to estimate the value of prayer. He is not at all conscious that he is talking nonsense. He really does think that the universe is set to the time of his stop-watch,—that Divine mercy and compassion can be experimented with, and reduced to formulas, like chemical equivalents or the radiating

* *Contemporary Review*, July, 1872 (Strahan.) "The 'Prayer for the Sick.' Hints towards a Serious Attempt to estimate its Value."

powers of coloured surfaces—that prayer can be manufactured to order, and made up like a physician's prescription, and then administered like an effervescing draught, and the results, if any, ascertained by the chemical analysis of tissues and secretions, or by pathological anatomy, and sanitary statistics. He thinks that the radiant heat of Providence, if it exists, can be correlated with the other forces of nature, and its laws embodied in a memoir for the Royal Society's *Transactions*. He thinks that faith and aspiration, like any other gases, can be collected in his pneumatic trough, or concentrated like electricity, and then measured, weighed, tested, and exhaustively investigated, and their physiological properties determined by clinical use, just as we investigate ozone or laughing gas, or the vapour of chloroform. If our readers think we exaggerate, let them read the *Contemporary Review* for July, and see if all we have said may not be fairly deduced from the letter which Professor Tyndall sends and endorses.

If such a preposterous suggestion as this is to be treated in a serious way at all, it may be met by the enunciation of almost any spiritual law which can be affirmed, concerning the relations between man and his Maker. There is scarcely any principle in rational Theism which it does not outrageously violate. For instance, it is of the essence of prayer that it should be spontaneous, a natural breathing of pious aspiration. If it is offered in order that "the absolute calculable value of prayer may be ascertained," it is degraded to a worse mockery than the lowest depths of Paganism have ever reached. If the results of prayer are to be classified, analysed, built up into tables of statistical returns, it is no longer prayer. The life of it has been dissected out, and we might just as well beat Chinese gongs or make a pilgrimage by crawling on all fours to some distant temple or shrine. In fact, there would be more real devotion, more genuine prayer, in these pagan exercises than in Professor Tyndall's suggestion, because in them the attitude of the worshipper would be one of dependence and supplication, and not of intellectual analysis.

Moreover, it must be remembered that Christian prayer, even when it is most external in its objects, is essentially spiritual in its purpose and meaning. If outward and visible benefits are sought, it must be because of their relations to inner life and character. Even if it is social or national in its reference, it is still Divine and eternal in its interior essence, and cannot become merely mundane without sinking into utter degradation and futility. Prayer for the most outward boon becomes sublime if it is spiritual, while it is inexpressibly vulgar and revolting if it rests in any outward object.

Professor Tyndall also must know that whatever might be the result of the proposed inquiry, the question to be elucidated would remain for all persons, both sceptics and believers, exactly where it was before. Those who believe in the efficacy of prayer have no such coarse mechanical notion about it as that its value is dependent on the number of persons who join by common consent in one petition. They do not suppose that the benefits of prayer can be secured like those of a charitable institution by vote and interest,—or that a prayer is influential just as a monster petition presented to Parliament is, by ignorant folks, supposed to be influential in proportion to the crowd of signatures appended to it. Why even in Parliamentary petitions this method is somewhat discredited, and the forcible reasoning of a single man is often more influential than the unintelligent clamour of a multitude. The international copyright regulations were more affected by Thomas Carlyle's personal appeal to Parliament than by the heap of forgotten petitions which preceded or followed it. So with the special answers to prayer which are referred to by those who believe in "Particular Providences." They are nearly always cases occurring in individual experience, and are illustrations of the education of special souls in faith and trust. Whatever we may think of them, this feature is obvious, their individual character, and their relation to the spiritual life of the persons immediately affected by them. Does Professor Tyndall suppose that any of these persons would think their petitions safer,—more certain of receiving respectful consideration in the High Court of Heaven,—if they ascended to the skies endorsed by the simultaneous petitions of the whole race of man? He must know that such a process would utterly extinguish the very essence of such prayers, and that all those who pray most fervently are most anxious to do so "in secret," after they have entered into the closet and shut the door.

The truth is, Professor Tyndall's suggestion inevitably implies a foregone conclusion. If he had had any belief in prayer he would never have brought it forward, and whatever conviction it might produce would only be wrought on those who were most abundantly "convinced before." These persons would certainly be unaffected by the issue of the proposed experiment whatever it might be. It would most likely confirm their scepticism. If it pointed the other way, they would find plenty of explanations by which the unwelcome conclusion could be averted. Indeed it would be most undesirable that the efficacy of prayer should be either proved or disproved in this way, so that men should be tempted to regard it as a mechanical force, or a scientific tool, to be used in a regulated way,

to be valued like a steam-engine by the smoothness of its action, by the extent of its horse-power, by the number of *foot-pounds* of work it is capable, under given conditions, of doing. It seems to us that a certain class of persons, who were once chased in a miraculous way by a whip of small cords out of the temple, must have had notions of temple service very analogous to those of Professor Tyndall.

We need not pursue this argument further, though it might be indefinitely prolonged. But we would just point out a fault even in the scientific method which Professor Tyndall (in the person of his epistolary double) would have us use in his recommendation to resort to "careful clinical observation to estimate the extent or degree in which prayer is effective." He would have the remedial efficacy of prayer brought to the same test as that which is used in our hospitals "when a question arises as to the value of any particular mode of treating disease." For instance, a drug is asserted to be useful in a given disease. The Faculty test its utility by dividing, during a given period, "all the patients suffering from the disease into two classes," and, allowance being made for age, sex, and other modifying circumstances, one division is to be treated by the methods already followed, the other division by the new remedy; and the results compared when they are large enough to yield reliable and definite conclusions. Now we submit that this is *not* the way to arrive at scientific certainty and precision even in medicine. This is the method often pursued in hospitals, and the result is utter uncertainty and scepticism as to almost all the drugs experimented upon. If we are to learn the properties and powers of a drug, we must ascertain by experiment how it will affect the healthy body, and then we may, in proportion to the minuteness of our investigation, apply it with absolute confidence and precision to individual cases of sickness. If it is given indiscriminately to a sick brigade, we shall be floundering in uncertainties and speculations for ever. And this method, which is rapidly becoming effete, and which few competent medical investigators have any belief in, is the one which Professor Tyndall would apply to analyse the workings of special providence, and calculate the value of prayer!

"If the blind lead the blind, they shall both fall into the ditch." Are we to accept such leaders as Professor Tyndall when they pronounce their oracular decisions on supernatural and spiritual matters? If so, this article in the *Contemporary* will show the sort of mess we are likely to make of it—the vulgar and earthly morass in which we shall be swamped. Scientific men are very apt to make arrogant assertions of the incompetency of unscientific people to judge of facts outside the range

of their own ordinary experience. The specimen of their discernment in such matters which we have brought under the notice of our readers, may be taken as an illustration of the way in which these same men can dwarf themselves, and utter the most drivelling banalities when they endeavour to judge of supernatural facts or spiritual laws. These are the men who bully us if we presume to believe in any fact that has the least colouring of supernaturalism. Let them! To us it seems that the proudest heights of scientific eminence would be dearly purchased, if such an exaltation is to lead to spiritual foolishness and imbecility.

STONE-THROWINGS AND OTHER HOUSE DISTURBANCES BY RIOTOUS SPIRITS.

Related by GLANVIL in his *Sadducissimus Triumphatus*.

AMONGST the numerous instances of stone-throwing and other domestic annoyances by spirits, recorded by me in three successive numbers of this Magazine in 1865, and re-issued in a pamphlet still advertized in the fly-leaves of the Magazine, I did not include those collected by Glanvil, Chaplain in Ordinary to Charles II., and F.R.S. These would have made a pamphlet as large as the one which I did produce. Without those—some of them very recent—occurring both in Germany, France and England, and especially in Paris, where they were brought under the notice of the police; and without other cases which have occurred in England since, these published by Glanvil, though with all the attestations of persons and places, would have obtained but a dubious credit. Now, however, the recent ones prove the reality of the older ones; and, to make the subject more complete, I wish here to make a summary, though only summary, reference to them.

The first occur in the famous narrative of the Drummer of Tedworth, which has often been referred to of late years, and more than once in this Magazine. In those most malicious and demoniacal outrages, perpetrated on the family of Mr. Mompesson, a magistrate, of Tedworth, in Wiltshire, many forms of annoyance, besides the noisy drummings over and in the house were continued at intervals "for some years," says the narrative, "and in a most searching and incredulous age." The children were shaken and beaten in their beds; there were loud scratchings in the bed rooms; chairs walked about the rooms; shoes were flung over people's heads; the latch of a door was flung at the sore heel of a boy; lights floated about the rooms at night;

doors were opened and shut with violence; the Bible was thrown into the ashes under the grate; audible voices spoke to, or answered them; candles were snatched up and carried lighted up the chimney; knives and iron pikes were put into the beds, &c.

At a house at Stratford-le-Bow near London, an old wheel was thrown from the window of a chamber in which nobody was, then a brickbat, and on entering the room all the furniture was found thrown in heaps. Bed-posts that lay on the floor rose as a gentleman was looking into the room, and danced about. A tobacco pipe was seen to fly across the room and break against the wall.

At a house at Wilton, near Daventry, Sir Justinian Isham and a Mr. Clarke reported, on the authority of numerous witnesses, that the flax that the people of the house used for spinning would be thrown into the fire. Locking the flax up in a box, the box would be opened by some mysterious means and the flax thrown out again. Coffers and other things would be so moved about the room that they could scarcely get about. The milk in the dairy be thrown down and spilled. The bread thrown off the shelves, knives thrown about, sand mixed with the beer and brass with the salt, and finally, abundance of stones were thrown about and broke the windows and hit people. In the farm wheat and vetches were thrown about and lost.

At one Gast's house at Little Burton, Somersetshire, before numbers of people, whose names are given, a hammer was taken from a cupboard where it was locked up, and the bedstead of the servant maids hammered full of dents. Hoes, knives, fire-tongs, shoes were carried up and down stairs; a hand with an arm-wrist was seen hammering on a bedstead. A saddle that belonged to another house being carried thither, was brought back a mile and a half and flung down on a bed. This saddle was so troublesome by hopping about that they broke it up and threw it into the highway. A coat was thrown into the fire and detained there for a considerable time by an invisible force, yet was found to be wholly uninjured. As old Gast sat at dinner with his hat on, it was knocked off into the dish before him; and a pole out of the yard was invisibly carried into a chamber, where it was found too long to be got out without taking a light out of the window. A great stone was thrown at a visitor, and a heap of stones thrown upon a bed.

Mr. Andrew Parchal, of Queen's College, Cambridge, gave an account of three nights passed at his father's in Soper Lane, London. During these three nights, doors opened and shut violently, shoes were flung over the beds of guests, there was a noise as of the furniture being thrown about in chambers, but on going in all was in order. Clothes were violently pulled off the

beds in spite of all resistance; people seemed to be walking about the rooms at night, and whispering voices were heard where nothing could be seen; living animals seemed to run through the beds in which people were, but could not be laid hold of; chinking of money was heard on the stairs, as also occurred in others of these houses.

A very remarkable thing occurred in 1654, at the death of Mr. John Bourne, of Durley, in Ireland, Counsellor-at-Law, who was trustee to his friend, John Mallet, Esqre. In his lifetime, he had a good habit of saying, "You say true, you say true; you are in the right." As several people of consideration sat by his bed, suddenly a great iron chest which stood at the foot of the bed, and which contained all the writings of the Mallet Estate, flew open, though locked with three locks, and the lid stood upright, the chest being wide open. On this, Mr. Bourne, who was considered as at the very point of death, and had not spoken for twenty-four hours, lifted himself up, and, looking at the chest, said, "You say true, you say true; you are in the right; I'll be with you by-and-by"—lay down and spoke no more. Then the lid of the chest fell, and all the three locks were found locked as before. This account was confirmed by Elizabeth, Countess of Rochester, the daughter of the said John Mallet.

A curious fact occurs in the record of a trial for witchcraft at Paisley, in Scotland, in 1678, and that is, that the persons accused of bewitching Sir George Maxwel were found like many modern mediums to have spirit-names. Jenny Weir's spirit-name was Landlady; Bessie Weir's spirit-name was Sopha; that of Margaret Craige, Rigerum; and that of Margaret Jackson, Locas; that of Annabil Stuart, Erippa; and that of her brother (John Stuart), Jonos.

But the most extraordinary of all the accounts in the *Sadducissimus Triumphatus* is that of the violent manifestations which took place at the Manor House of Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, when the Commissioners of the Commonwealth took up their quarters there, in order to take account of the house, park, deer and demesnes belonging to the manor. It is copied from Platt's History of Oxfordshire. Sir Walter Scott, in his novel of *Woodstock*, has endeavoured to make it appear that these disturbances were the work of Royalists concealed on the premises, but any one who reads the account, especially any one acquainted with modern spiritual phenomena, will see that this was utterly impossible.

The Commissioners took possession on the 13th of October, 1649. They had the famous old oak in the park (called the King's Oak) cut down, that nothing with the name of king

might remain. This was split up and laid in the dining room. On the 16th, the disturbances began. Something came into the room where two of the Commissioners and their servants were in bed, in the shape of a dog, which went under the beds, and seemed to gnaw the bed-cords, but these next day were found untouched, and a quarter of beef which lay on the ground was untouched likewise.

On the 17th, the noise in the chamber was such that they thought all the wood of the King's Oak was brought out of the dining room and thrown down, but it was merely an illusion; but the bed of the servants was lifted up at one end, and they pitched out of it, though no one could be seen. The next night, the warming pan was drummed upon with a deafening din, and eight great pewter dishes and three dozen of trenchers were flung about the chamber. The noise as of the falling wood was renewed, and the bed curtains were drawn to and fro.

On the 22nd, a dog that lay in the room yelped in a fright; the clothes were pulled off the beds; bricks fell down the chimney; the noise of the wood was repeated; and on one of them jumping out of bed, fearing his fellow Commissioner was killed, he found, on returning to his bed, two dozen of trenchers thrown into it, covered with the clothes.

On the 25th the curtains of the beds were violently shaken, as well as the bedsteads themselves; broken glass flew about jingling like money, though no windows were broken. On the 29th steps were heard walking about the drawing-room, the window was opened and shut, and great stones were flung about to the number of four score, some of which fell on the state-bed. There was a discharge as of forty pieces of ordnance, and the walls shook so that they thought the whole manor-house would fall upon them.

The grand climax of this devil-work came off on the 1st of November. The stones that had been left in the drawing-room were all fetched away, but were soon flung again into the room, accompanied by pieces of glass and bones of horses, with such force as to dent the bedstead and walls; the warming-pan was thrown so violently as to utterly ruin it. They made great fires and kept many candles burning, so that everything could be seen, yet in their very presence billets of wood were flung about the room; the curtains of the beds torn from the rods; the bed-posts were pulled asunder; the tester thrown down upon the people, and the foot of the bedstead cloven in two. Green and stinking ditch-water was flung upon the servants in the truckle-bed. The same night the windows were all broken by stones that were thrown, accompanied by such terrible noises that the rabbit poachers abroad that night left their ferret in the

rabbit burrows near Rosamund's Well. A candle was lit and set between the two chambers in the doorway, and the spirits were asked, in the name of God, what they wanted, but the only answer was the apparition of a hoof, which kicked down the candle, and with three scrapes snuffed it out. One of the company drew his sword, but it was immediately wrested from him, and he was stunned by a blow from the pummel. They then went to prayers, but the most frightful noises continued the whole time, and these funny manifestations continued more or less till Tuesday, the 5th of November, when the Commissioners left.

It is clear that no human means could achieve all these things in full light, and in the assembled presence of the Commissioners and their servants. Offended Royalty must have assembled all its invisible forces, and burst forth in victorious vengeance over the heads that had triumphed over it in their secular contest.

Scarcely less extraordinary were the demoniacal manifestations that took place in the family of one Gilbert Campbell, a weaver of Glenluce, in Galloway, Scotland. This account was published by Mr. George Sinclair at the end of his *Treatise of Hydrostatics*, and confirmed by Bishop Burnet, the historian of the Reformation, who had made personal inquiry into the facts, and found them well known to all the people about that part of Scotland, and thoroughly attested as true.

In this case stones were thrown at Campbell's doors and windows and down his chimney, by unseen hands; but still worse, his working instruments were broken, and the web in his loom cut to pieces as with scissors; clothes, hats, bonnets, and shoes were similarly cut and destroyed. When he replaced his tools they were snatched away invisibly, and hidden in holes and corners where it was difficult to find them. Eventually, they were compelled to quit the house. The minister of the parish, however, persuaded him to return, and seek to get rid of the enemy by prayer, but it did not succeed; the cutting and destroying went on as before; and a voice began to speak to them, and threatened to burn down the house. The spirit called the devil his father, and when they prayed to have him cast out, he replied by referring them to the 9th chapter of Mark, where the disciples could not cast out an evil spirit. Presently a hand and arm, from the elbow downwards, was seen striking on the floor till the house shook. This base spirit mixed filth with their food, as was done at a clergyman's house in Germany mentioned in the former Paper on "Stone-throwing." It not only threatened to burn down the house, but actually set fire to one of the beds. Such was the audacious violence of this demon that the poor weaver applied to the Synod of Presbyters, who appointed a meeting of the Synod at

Glenluce in February, 1656, and solemn prayers were offered for the relief of the afflicted family. The demoniacal visitation began in October, 1654, and did not cease till August, 1657, or till after nearly three years' duration.

There are some other relations of a like character in this book of the Rev. Joseph Glanvil, but none of equal importance; for instance, such as happened at the house of a Mr. Medcalfe, of Lessingham, in Lincolnshire, and at that of Sir William York of the same place. I quote these cases to make more complete the former list of such given in this Magazine. And I may add that there appears no more reason to doubt the reality of these cases than there is that of those in our own time so fully attested by many persons of unquestionable credit now living. Extremely disagreeable as are the manifestations of this species, they are only the more convincing on this account. Nobody can be accused in these cases of "seeking to the dead," so favourite an objection with many anti-Spiritualists. They came of themselves, and the afflicted parties only seek to be rid of them, often with very little success. Bad as these spirits are, they are made the most effective demonstrators of the actuality of spirit-life; and however difficult it may be to conceive them left so much at liberty to annoy and do damage to innocent people, they by that very fact dispose of the favourite doctrine of the advocates of an immediate hell whence none can again escape; for here are troops of the most disorderly sprites rollicking at will upon earth, utterly unfit for heaven and uncondemned to "the other place." They, therefore, settle the question for us of a Hades, that is, of regions neither heavenly nor infernal, where it is to be hoped, and may be confidently believed, that they will be eventually taught better manners.

W. H.

PSYCHOMETRY :

ITS ORIGIN AND SCOPE—WITH PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS CONCERNING MEDICINE, PHRENOLOGY, SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE AND FUTURE PROGRESS.

(From the *Banner of Light*.)

IT is nearly *thirty years* since I found it necessary to coin a new word to name the marvellous art or process, then just discovered, by which we are enabled to measure the mind or character of man, and to investigate by sympathetic, yet critical analysis, the interior nature of any one, present or absent, living or dead, whom we desire to know more truly or intimately than history or society can inform us.

For this investigation and mensuration of mind I found no adequate term in use, and was therefore obliged to construct from the Greek the word PSYCHOMETRY (soul-measuring) as the proper term. The currency which this word has since obtained, entitles it to be recognised as an established portion of our language, representing an established science and art known to millions, and practised by many as a professional employment.

These facts which I discovered in the winter of 1842-3, were so marvellous, that I made no publication on the subject until 1849, when I gave a full account of them in my *Journal of Man*, published at Cincinnati. Meantime, however, I had taught the art of Psychometry in my lectures in Boston and other cities, and instructed a number of intelligent pupils in the art, whose beautiful and interesting descriptions of character interested many, and gradually extended a knowledge of Psychometry to thousands who had no knowledge of its origin or principles.

As this may be read by many to whom this subject is almost or entirely new, I must give a brief explanation of it. Psychometry, or soul-measuring, implies the use of mind to measure mind, as by a rod we may measure length, or by weights and levers determine the weights of heavy bodies. Mind affects mind, and emotion affects emotion, when brought into contact. Impressibility, which springs from a higher form of sensibility, enables us to feel or receive emotional and mental impressions.

The discovery which I perfected in 1842 was substantially this:—That all substances, material or spiritual, have their dynamic sphere or range of action, and that the constitution of man is endowed with subtler faculties and organs than any previously known to physiologists or phrenologists, by which the dynamic sphere of any substance might be appreciated. The organs of these subtler senses I found at the base of the front lobe of the brain, and the anterior margin of the middle lobe near the fissure of Sylvius, appearing internally in the temples, on a horizontal line, behind the external angle of the brow; also at the lower interior surface of the front lobe, adjacent to the *falx*, which separates the hemispheres on the median line.

By the former organs we catch impressions of a physical and emotional nature, and by the latter, mental impressions which in their transcendent delicacy seem to know no limit to their subtlety and penetration.

The former organs, largely developed in the late Bishop Polk, made him so exquisitely sensitive that he never touched a piece of brass, even unconsciously, without perceiving its taste in his mouth. I found that persons with this endowment could easily recognize the taste of any substance passively held in the

hand, or could obtain the entire medicinal impression of any drug, and feel its constitutional influences, by simply holding it in the hand, even when enveloped in paper, and when they had no idea of the name or nature of the substance. To a large number of readers, this will prove to be a valuable method of using medicines. All impressible persons may medicate themselves without any danger of drug poisoning through the stomach, by quietly holding in their hands the medicine that they need, as long as its influence is desirable, and thus testing the influence of various articles until they select that which is most beneficial, with a skill which even medical science cannot equal. For more persistent effects, the medicinal package may be suspended in contact with the skin, over the roundish depression at the lower end of the (breast bone) sternum.

But the living being is as potent a source of impressions as inanimate matter. By contact with the organs of the head, those of high impressibility are able to feel the influence of each organ of the brain, and nothing could surpass the delicacy and promptness with which my pupil, Mr. Charles Inman, would feel and describe the action of every organ of the brain by its impressions upon himself. This method so far transcended the crude results of Craniology as to render the latter of little comparative value in the thorough investigation of character. Indeed, the best practical phrenologists are those who, instead of following Craniology strictly, are guided by impressions derived from contact and sympathy.

When I had established the proposition that impressible persons may feel and describe by impression that with which they come in contact, I carried it further by showing that the AURA of any cerebral organ may be transmitted through a short conductor and felt by the impressible, or might be imparted to substances held in contact with the head for a few minutes, and then recognised in that substance by impressible persons.

The inference was easily drawn, that any substance with which we come in contact may become charged with our AURA, and may convey to an impressible person a distinct idea of the impression we have made. My experiments with Mr. Inman to verify this idea were perfectly successful. Selecting four letters from persons of marked character, I placed them successively in his hands and requested him to sit passively and describe the impressions which they produced in his mind. He gave me a full description of each as correctly as he could have given it from personal knowledge—not only portraying their characters, but comparing them together and describing their relations to each other.

The impressibility of Mr. I. was so exquisite and wonderful,

that I merely placed the manuscript in his hand, as he had been trained to catch impressions in that manner. But in further investigation, I found that it was preferable, for promptness and clearness of impression, to bring the manuscript into contact with the forehead, that the impressions might reach the brain without passing through the arms. My pupils were directed to sit passively, holding a portion of manuscript lightly in contact with the forehead, just above the nose, and while watching their internal consciousness to describe whatever impressions or ideas arose in their minds. In this way, I found persons of good psychometric capacity in every class attending my lectures, and in experiments upon medicines I found forty-three medical students out of a class of one hundred and thirty, (some of whom have since been medical professors,) capable of recognizing medicinal impressions. It appeared indeed that five or ten per cent. of the entire community possessed this psychometric capacity to a sufficient extent to make their experiments instructive and interesting.

Persons of superior endowments, in this respect, would catch impressions with considerable readiness, and would gradually describe a character as a painter finishes a portrait, by successive touches, so minutely, so delicately, and so appreciatively, that none but the most intimate friends could have rivalled this portraiture of the soul.

The Rev. Mr. Pierpont, who attended my anthropological lectures in 1844, was deeply interested in this class of experiments, and regarded them as a species of mental photography of the highest import. In his famous poem on Progress, descriptive of the great developments of the century, he compared psychometry and photography, regarding the portraiture of the soul as a nobler art than the portraiture of the body; and speaking of Daguerre as having taught "Phœbus, the god of light," to paint portraits at a glance, he continued:—

But much, Daguerre, as hath thy genius done,
In educating thus Latona's son,

* * * *

Buchanan hath transcended thee as far
As the sun's face outshines the Polar star.

* * * *

Send you a note to China or the Pole,
Where'er winds blow or waters roll,
That note conveys the measure of your soul.

If this autographic Psychometry then gives us the key to all cotemporary character, and to the innumerable characters and thoughts attached to all extant manuscripts, it may be a calcium light to penetrate the darkest recesses of history, as well as a domestic lamp by which to see the faces of ourselves and friends.

It is all this, and far more! This soul-measuring process, of which the simplest application is to reveal the character of the writer of a manuscript, is capable of far more extended applications—capable of revealing the relations to man sustained by all organic and inorganic substances; capable of revealing the secrets of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms; capable of extending our knowledge out rapidly into a broad ocean of truth, on the shores of which we are now slowly crawling.

The truth of these broad assertions would have been made obvious to progressive minds long ere this, if I had presented to their ultimates the experiments that I have made, recorded the results, and given them to the world. But the stolid reception given to as much of Psychometry as I thought proper to publish, destroyed, for the time, my desire to enlighten the great world without its consent and in opposition to its strongest prejudices.

Yet this field has not been entirely neglected; practitioners of Psychometry have made its power familiar to progressive minds; and I would express my thanks to Professor Denton for his valuable labours in this field, as shown in his interesting volume on the "Soul of Things."*

At some future time I shall make good the broad assertions just made as to the power of Psychometry; but at present I propose merely to make a practical suggestion as to its utility in aid of spiritual intercourse, the presentation of which was my first motive to this essay.

There are many who have not the capacity to be mediums for spiritual phenomena, who have, nevertheless, interesting and valuable psychometric capacities. If such a one could retire to a quiet situation and hold upon his forehead a piece of manuscript (resting his head upon a table), with an intelligent friend near by to question him and draw out his impressions, he would find a surprising coincidence between his impressions and the true character of the writer, or the mode in which he wrote. If his psychometric capacity is good, he will gradually enter more and more fully into the sphere of the writer, feel as he felt, and understand as he did his relations to society, and his entire physical condition. It will become apparent whether the writer is living or dead, whether his manuscript yields the strong physiological impression that belongs to animal life, or only the calm influence of spiritual consciousness. If the latter, there will soon be a *rapport* or sympathy established with his spiritual life. It will be apparent, perhaps, that he does not look upon the affairs of this life as he did whilst he was in it—that he has higher, kinder and truer views, and perhaps regrets something

* A full account of this work is given in the article on "Psychometry" in the *Spiritual Magazine* for September, 1864.

in his earthly life as not according with his present gentler and less passionate emotions. Thus may sympathy be established and spiritual intercourse be opened by many who at present would not believe themselves capable of ever reaching forth their hands to that supernal sphere in which departed friends have found a home.

There are so many mistakes in our intercourse with the spirit-world, and so much difficulty in the positive identification of spirits, that I would strongly urge the propriety of using the autograph of the friend with whom we wish to hold communication. Let a sheet of his manuscript be cut in pieces, and let each one in the circle hold a piece upon his forehead. All who are impressible will then be brought into sympathetic relation with him, and communications or impressions then received may be better relied upon, as coming from the proper source; at any rate it will speedily and surely establish the communication and insure the desired presence.

The present period is but the pale and shadowy dawn of a new era of intellectual progress. My discovery, in 1841, of the hitherto unknown organs in the brain, by which man holds communion with a higher world, and by which, in this life, he realises that marvellous insight into nature and destiny which belongs to angelic beings, gave a solid philosophic and anatomical basis to the dreamy hopes of philanthropists for a nobler condition of humanity, toward which these faculties are to be our pioneers. Psychometry was but one of the many diamonds then gathered in the rich Ophir of Anthropology, which it then seemed to me unnecessary to display in the dim twilight of thirty years ago.

But the development of systematized spirit-intercourse, which occurred a few years later than my own discovery of the method of direct mental intercourse, has advanced mankind already more than a century in progress, and rendered it possible to teach the higher truths of Anthropology to millions who have been awakened from the torpor of ages by the dawning light of to-day.

Ere long I shall resume the long-neglected duty of completing the grand exposition of man's triune constitution—mind, brain and body—in which we find the Divine laws of his being—correlated with and analogous to the laws of the universe—laws which are the perfect guide of life, which point to the perfect reconstruction of society, and guide the individual to heaven here and hereafter.

JOSEPH R. BUCHANAN.

Syracuse, N. Y., May 5th, 1872.

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE following, slightly abridged from the *Spiritualist* of July 15th, is a narrative of

SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN BRISTOL.

"In the experiments I am about to describe, you will find a great part of the evidence required exists in the registered results, and does not altogether depend upon the testimony of witnesses to one or more of the experiments.

"I will now give the history of these experiments, and how I was led to make them. I was convinced by the American evidence that there was truth in the statement that photographic impressions had been made through the instrumentality of invisible, intelligent beings. We generally find, if credence be given by many people to a statement, it may, nevertheless, contain much falsehood; but it must have had some root in truth. A falsehood wholly as such, cannot live, unless it draw nutriment from some hidden truth.

"I resolved to try if any result could be obtained in my own experience. I called upon an intimate friend (Mr. Butland), a good trance-medium; his duties allowed him but little time, nevertheless, I was successful in getting him to try the experiments with me. Two other gentlemen, Dr. Thompson and Mr. Tommy, agreed also to assist me.

"I next went to Mr. Josty, a professional photographer, and arranged with him for the use of his studio, glass, instruments, and such assistance from himself as we might require. The studio is lighted from nearly north. The camera takes three pictures or exposures on one plate, 8 inches by 5 inches in size; lens, Ross's, $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in focus; all other conditions as usual, only, *no dipping bath used, but a flat porcelain tray instead*, with a lid to it, called by some, a developing tray. Time of day 6 p.m.; light 'well curtained,' and lens stopped down to lengthen the exposure to about two, and sometimes four minutes. The background was a common one used in everyday work, dark brown in colour, *and standing close against the wall*.

"The medium sat with his back to it, with a little table in front of him, Dr. Thompson and Mr. Tommy sat at one side, and I, during exposure, at the other.

"First *séance*—nine exposures and no result. Second one, a week after, on the ninth exposure; * if nothing had then taken place, we were resolved to give the matter up. We were pleased,

* The first manifestation was, therefore, on the eighteenth exposure.

however, to find, on the developer *touching* the plate, that an appearance *leaped out at once*. After long discussion, we found that the effect could not be classed in any category of ills that photography was heir to. This induced us to make farther trials. Let me mention that Mr. Josty, up to this point, was laughing at the mere idea of the experiments, although the result in the second *séance* had staggered him a little. In our third sitting, on the first plate no result, on the second plate a manifestation on each exposure; the first two like a luminous bust, with the hands crossed and raised; in the third the same form, but the figure elongated; above and in front of the figure is a strange angular form, differing in size and position in each exposure on the same plate. In the next the figure changes nearer to the human form, and the other image above has grown like a star. This seeming evolution goes on for three more exposures, until the star assumes the outline of a head. While we were exposing one of this series, Mr. Josty uncapped the lens, and was sitting by the camera on a chair. We heard the cap of the lens fall out of his hands; on our looking he was in a deep trance, from which he awoke greatly excited and frightened. After he calmed down a little, he said the last thing he saw was a white figure in front of us, like his wife. After that took place, for the rest of the evening, he could not be induced even to touch the camera or slide, he was so superstitiously afraid. He did not laugh any more that evening.

"In the third series of experiments, the results took other forms more wonderful. First, we get a cone about three-quarters of an inch long, with a shorter cone above it; both like sections of a wax candle. In the second, these forms radiate light laterally; in the third, the cone is changed into a form like a Florence flask, and the short one into a shape like a star; on the fourth the same forms appear, with a duplicate of the star given in addition. On the fifth, the effect is exactly as if an ignited magnesium wire had been dropped into each; the star is now like an illuminated flying bird, and the flask shape has burst into light.

"At our next *séance* we had eighteen exposures and no result; but the day was very wet. Then on Saturday, the 15th, we had most strange effects both physically and spiritually. I will try my best to give a truthful description. Twelve exposures, and no result. Then Mr. Butland and Mr. Josty were both entranced, and from that trance Mr. Josty never entirely recovered for the whole evening. He kept saying, 'Fat is dis? I feel queer! I am *tied*!' (we smiled at the expression) Fat you say in England when you too much beer?' In fact, he felt the stupid sensation of semi-trance. On the next exposure his

duty was to uncap the lens. When he had done so, he walked quickly and stood behind us, at which we were surprised. When the time was up, he ran and replaced the cap. Observe—on this one came out a white form in front of him, just leaving his head exposed. Now, to this hour, he will not believe he went and stood there; he evidently was guided to do so in the trance state.

"Next experiment, Mrs. Josty sat with us, and Dr. Thompson uncapped the lens. During the sitting, Mr. Josty said, 'I see what looks like a London fog.' On the next part of the plate going on, he said, 'Now I see nothing—all white,' and he stretched out his hands to convince himself we were there. On the third part of the plate going on for exposure, he said he saw a fog again, and Mr. Butland said, 'I see a figure before me.' Now, *observe, these statements were made during the exposure.* When I touched the plate with the developer, the result was most, nay, inconceivably, strange. The first came out covered by an equal semi-transparent veil, and the natural images neutralised, or destroyed; not only was an effect produced, but one prevented. On the next one was complete opacity. On the third a thin veil and figure, as seen by Mr. Butland.

"Next *séance*, only one result out of fifteen exposures. A figure like a dragon: I can attach no meaning to it. This was followed by an interesting session, in which the plates were covered with strange flames, in each case minutely described by both mediums as to number, position, and brightness during the exposure. One last trial on the 22nd, Mr. John Jones from London present. Mr. Josty was suffering from a severe headache, and Mr. Butland was much fatigued by other duties. Twenty-one exposures, and only three results: one a luminosity only, the other two forms like trusses, well rounded, with a clear line in front, and light radiating from behind.

"In this report I have given as well as I can a sort of skeleton of these experiments. During their progress much occurred that required to be seen and heard. The experiments were undertaken for our own satisfaction only. We closed every door from which there was the remotest suspicion of wrong getting entrance. Having done so, we commenced our work earnestly, hopefully, but truthfully. The results have well repaid us, even if we get no more. I enclose you for inspection a set of these results. I am sure you cannot fail to see their immense value in a scientific sense. During the whole of our experiments we have had explicit directions given us as to light, time of beginning and stopping of the lens. Before we begin our work, the table comes round and individually salutes us. I do all the photographic manipulating. The

images jump out at once, long before the normal images, and this shows the great energy at work. The negatives require no intensifying, a wash with iron solution being all that is required. The invisible friends never know whether they have been successful or not until we tell them. They often express great disappointment at there being no result, saying they tried their best.

"These experiments, if they have been rightly conducted, in my opinion tend to prove that the luminous substances, said to have been seen by sensitives arising from magnets, crystals, shells, &c., have a positive existence in an objective sense. These substances when condensed exert powerful chemical force; and the energy thrown off from them strikes the plate with an impact equal to that of strong solar light. These substances are taken up by invisible intelligent beings, and moulded into shapes, like clay in the hand of the artist, which shapes, when exposed through a lens, can be photographed, whether they be likenesses of human beings or otherwise. By people whose retina can be impressed by these forms, they can be described exactly, before they are made visible to the common eye by development.

"I may be wrong, but I again repeat that these things have a value not easily described. To the purely physical philosopher they reveal a mode of action confirming his notion of the subtle nature of force. And if the doctrine of the unity of force is true, then this is but another mode of the manifestation of force. To the Christian and spiritual philosopher the experiments confirm their leading idea of the persistence of life, and the existence of unseen intelligent beings, who, though freed from material bodies, are yet working with and for those they care for on this plane of earth.

"JOHN BEATTIE.

"Westbourne-place, Clifton, Bristol."

In a private letter to us, Mr. Beattie remarks:—

"The photographs ought to be seen in the series to be fully understood; it is the process of growth that is so strange.

"There is no doubt whatever, taking all into consideration, these pictures—or more correctly speaking, manifestations, for they are not pictures—are the strangest that have occurred. They may be imitated but never would be conceived of."

Mr. Beattie is an ex-photographer, and for twenty years one of the most skilful and successful in the profession; and his articles on "Spirit-Photography in Bristol," in recent numbers of the *British Journal of Photography* and the *Photographic News*,

have led to an extensive and lively correspondence on the subject. He thus concludes a letter in the *Photographic News* of August 2nd:—

“All that has been proved in my case is simply the following, as well stated by your correspondent:—That there is a fluid or ether in nature which, under conditions, becomes condensed, and in that state becomes visible to sensitives; and when its radiations strike a sensitized plate, the swing of its vibrations is such as to set up powerful chemical action, such as would be due to the most strong solar influence. My experiments go on to prove a little more, namely, that there are individuals whose nervous texture is such as to act as a cause (I use the word cause here in the secondary or physical sense) in the production of the phenomenon, and that in their presence forms are produced in such a manner as to prove the existence of unseen intelligence.

“It must be seen that this question in your pages is strictly a physical one, whatever the control may be. While photographing a group of persons there was impressed upon the plate nebulous forms of definite shape and character. They indicate length and breadth and thickness; they are self-luminous, and cast no natural shadow; the forms indicate purpose; they are such as could be imitated easy enough, but such as no one would conceive of as initial.

“Such are the facts, and I would suggest further experiment by those who have time and the opportunity; but let experimenters be careful. In fact, an individual who has not been a careful student of natural science, and well accustomed to weeding out liability to mistake, will not, I fear, have the qualities of mind necessary to conduct such experiments to a successful result.

“I hope, on my return home in autumn, to continue these experiments, and to hand you the result.”

SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

Mr. Russell and Mr. Champernowne, of Kingston-on-Thames, have also been successfully experimenting in spiritual photography. Mr. Champernowne writes:—

“Last Sunday (August the 4th), Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. Herne, and Mr. Clifford Smith visited some friends here.

“My friend Mr. Russell has for some time past been making experiments with the view of obtaining photographs of spirits; and he has succeeded, as upon a photograph of one of his relatives a spirit-figure appears in a crouching position. On

Sunday, however, extraordinary results were obtained, and in such a way that there can be no possibility of deception. The visitors had not previously entered or even seen "the studio," and Mr. Russell did not after their entrance leave them, except for the short time that he was in the developing room after each sitting. The plates used were purchased by Mr. Russell at a shop in the town, and he kept them in a place known only to himself, so that by no means could they have been tampered with. The experiments were conducted by the spirit "John King," speaking in the audible voice; and on one occasion the cap was taken off the camera without human intervention.

"In experiment No. 1, Mr. and Mrs. Williams sat, and Mr. W. appears on that plate nearly hidden by the mist or soul-substance spoken of with reference to the Bristol soul-photographs. No. 2 is a photograph of Messrs. Herne and Williams and Mr. Clifford Smith, with a bright hazy cloud like a halo surrounding Mr. Smith's head. No. 3, a photograph of Mr. Herne, still with a hazy cloud, but which has taken the shape of a spirit-form close behind Mr. H., the skirt of a dress being clearly seen. In experiment No. 4, in which Mr. H. again sat, the spirit-power seems to have attained its maximum, and a full-length spirit-form, draped in a white robe, and with the head turbaned, is standing to the left of the sitter; unfortunately, however, the plate is disfigured by a streak across it, caused by a double film of collodion. In this photograph I may mention a very curious phenomenon which seems to bear upon the question of double exposure, and serves to show how careful persons ought to be before they bring charges of imposture against others. *The plate appears as if double exposure had taken place, as the pattern of the carpet in the studio is seen through Mr. Herne's legs; but it was only exposed once, and that when Mr. Herne's photograph was taken, and the spirit-figure described appeared.* In No. 5, the last photograph, Mr. Williams is again surrounded by spirit-force, so powerful as to be brighter than any part of the picture. Before leaving the subject of these photographs, I would again dwell upon the fact that the plates had not since Mr. Russell purchased them been touched by anyone but himself; and during the experiments he did not leave the studio but to enter the developing room, and then for so short a time that it would be almost impossible for any photographer, however expert, to tamper with anything; and that Mr. R. would not be likely to use any deception himself, because he is conducting the experiments for his own satisfaction, and he conducted these under test conditions."

OTHER EXPERIMENTS.

Among others who have experimented successfully in spiritual photography, have been Mr. Slater, optician, Euston Road, and Messrs. Reeves and Parkes, York Road, King's Cross; the latter entirely under spirit directions, they knowing nothing of photography. We have examined a book in possession of Mr. Reeves, containing fifty-one spirit photographs; they are very striking and curious, altogether different in character and effects from any others we have seen.—The series includes several known and recognised portraits, but the description of them here would occupy too much space.

Mr. John Jones, of Enmore Park, is getting spirit-photographs in his own house at South Norwood, with no stranger present. One of the pictures contains "doubles" of some of the sitters, impossible to be accounted for by accidental shifting of the camera, the attitudes and positions being altogether different, and he states that the glass plate employed had never been used before. It may be remembered that in his letter in our June number, Mr. Jones laid it down that the only proof we could have of the genuineness of spiritual photographs was that they must be "clear, undoubted portraits of deceased relatives; such only ought to be produced." It is to be hoped that critics will not be so uncharitable as to test the photographs produced by Mr. Jones by his own severe canon of criticism.

Mr. Taylor, editor of the *British Journal of Photography*, in company with Mr. Guppy, have also been conducting an elaborate series of experiments, not yet completed. It has however leaked out in print that though unsuccessful when experimenting elsewhere, they have succeeded at Mr. Hudson's studio. The experiments there were conducted with extreme care. Mr. Taylor brought his own plates, chemicals, etc., and prepared the plates and carried out the whole operations. Draped figures and distinct spirit-forms appeared on the plates when Mr. Hudson took his place among the sitters; he however not entering the dark room, where Mr. Taylor alone was the operator. But in the absence of Mr. Hudson no such figures appeared. We await with much interest the publication of Mr. Taylor's report.

On the Continent, too, spirit-photographs are being taken. As stated in our June number, Chevalier Kirkup has been very successful in obtaining them at Florence; and we have just seen a series of six taken at Vienna, in which in the midst of luminous cloudy appearances—like those on the photographs taken at Bristol—are seen well-defined human faces. These photographs seem to be in a more advanced stage of development than those taken by Mr. Beattie.

THE CHARGE OF IMPOSTURE NOT SUSTAINED.

The insufficiency of the evidence relied on to prove the charge of imposture against Mr. Hudson and Mr. Herne is forcibly pointed out in the following letter which appears in the *Medium*.

Sir,—I have perused Mr. Harrison's letter in the *Medium* with much surprise. Although he denounces Mr. Herne and Mr. Hudson, he does not give the slightest evidence in support of his conclusions. His letter is full of such phrases as these: "It was pretty certain that many of the Holloway pictures were shams"—"it is now clear that Mr. Herne helped Mr. Hudson in taking sham pictures"—"there were good reasons for supposing most of the pictures to be spurious"—"much has oozed out in various ways," &c. If Mr. Harrison cannot adduce better evidence than such vague statements as these, I think he is not justified in traducing any man's character in the way he has done. The only facts he names, and for which he does not vouch in any way by adducing names and addresses, are that "several of the persons who have been helping him (Mr. Hudson) in the manufacture of sham ghost-pictures are known," and that "several photographers condemn them as spurious." If the so-called ghosts have been recognized, what authority has Mr. Harrison for the assertion? By whom have they been recognized, and, if known, why are their names and addresses not given? I think it is anything but creditable for your correspondent to rush into print with a letter containing the most serious charges, unsupported by anything but vague statements.

As to the photographers' opinions, it simply comes to this—that, according to their experience, certain appearances are inconsistent with their knowledge of single exposure, and they do not see how they could occur excepting the plate had been doubly exposed. Well, according to the experience of most photographers all spirit-photographs are impossible; but Mr. Harrison admits that a few real spirit-pictures *have* been produced, and therefore it seems that he is "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel."

Most Spiritualists believe in doubles. If Mr. Herne were entranced, what would be more likely than that his spiritual body might be temporarily disconnected and appear as a separate photograph. There is nothing wonderful in this. Indeed, Miss Houghton, in the *Christian Spiritualist*, describes the same thing as having occurred with her.

It will be quite time enough to denounce Mr. Herne and Mr. Hudson as impostors when Mr. Harrison identifies the persons he says are known to have stood for the "vast multitude" of sham photographs. I had one taken in which the face (not recognised) is so distinct as to be easily capable of identification; and seeing that the ghosts are almost all different, it is certainly surprising where the "vast multitude" can remain concealed, and how Mr. Hudson, out of the paltry sum charged by him, could have procured his models without fear of discovery. I shall be happy to send my ghost-photograph for identification, and if Mr. Harrison can discover who she is, the value of his testimony will be much better appreciated by—Yours truly,

Manchester.

F. A. B.

In connection with this subject see also the statement of Mr. Andrews, page 386, and foot-note, page 387, in our present number. We have much pleasure in presenting the following paper by one who for twenty years has been a diligent and close observer of the spiritual manifestations in their entire range, and careful in drawing conclusions from them.

ON THE ENQUIRY INTO SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHY.

WHEN we were first informed here that an American photographer, Mr. Mumler, was under prosecution for uttering pretended spirit-photographs, how surprisingly fast the intelligence was circulated! And how slowly has been circulated the other piece of intelligence, that the prosecution failed through evidence coming forward that Mr. M. *did* furnish photographs of spirits recognisable by friends and relations. The former intelligence reached the editor of the *Photographic News* surely and rapidly enough, while the latter has not done so even to the present time—three years after the affair—and living in the very focus of the world's news! Let us hope that some of our readers who have access to him, will benevolently exert themselves to let this needed ray of light into the "dark room" of the editorial mind. It will not be too much for him now, seeing that he can bear the relation of Mr. Beattie's experiments at Bristol, and promises to report further upon them. But of the "London Suburban" photographs he will have none at present. When better advised, however, as to the American, he may be brought to agree with his friend, the editor of the *British Journal of Photography*, that by some of the "London Suburban" work a case really does seem to be made out for scientific enquiry. The editor of the last-named journal has already engaged himself in such enquiry, and in due time the scientific world is to be informed of the result of experiments he has made at Mr. Guppy's private studio. From thence we are told an adjournment has latterly been made to Mr. Hudson's—the "London Suburban" studio itself. To have accompanied Mr. Guppy there at the beginning might have been better. But it is never too late to mend one's course.

The earlier work of Mr. Mumler in spirit-photography commenced ten years ago, and a full narrative of it will be found in the volume of the *Spiritual Magazine* for 1863; and in that for 1869 will be found the evidence on which he was legally exonerated from the charge brought against him at the instigation of American photographers. Since then he has continued his work undisturbed. It is worth remembering, too, that it was a Spiritualist who—in the *Banner of Light*,—first rang the loud bell of alarm against Mr. Mumler.

Our contemporary, the editor of the *Spiritualist*, who approaches the subject of spirit-manifestations on the scientific side, also published, if we remember rightly, in one of its numbers, the facts in relation to Mr. Mumler's work, and stood well by Mr. Hudson until "signs of double exposure" appeared

upon some of his prints, when he inferred—as had been inferred in the case of Mr. Mumler—that they exhibited evidence that the photographer and others had been confederating to deceive. The editor of the *Spiritualist* then, hastily dropping the photographs, took up his pen and used it sharply against all assumed to be in the confederacy. But still he thinks, as we understand, that those photographs which do not exhibit marks of two exposures may truly represent a spirit. In the meantime his attention has been drawn to the works of Mr. Beattie. We have to see how they will get on.

Our weekly friend, the *Medium*, inclines to the inference that the marks of two exposures on a print imply a “make up,” but admits correspondence claiming the spirituality of the impressions on Mr. Hudson’s plates. He also, more than liberally, admits letters which throw no light upon the subject, telling us at great length that a certain photographer can make a ghostly appearance upon a plate by a process which he communicates only under promise of its not being told to others. Mr. Guppy, the introducer of Mr. Hudson, writes that the signs of “double exposure” being brought under his eye he withdraws his sanction from all Mr. H.’s photographs excepting the first five, and some others which he does not particularize. Various Spiritualists write to say that they infer, from likeness and other data, that their photographs and others which they have seen, show portraits of spirits; but—carried away by the assumptions that have been set afloat,—join Mr. Guppy in saying that some are “make-ups.” And thus it is currently said by one to another, “Hudson’s photographs are shams, some of them at least.”

For a “make-up,” Mr. Hudson must have a person in collusion to represent a spirit; but for many of his photographs there must be several such persons, for some of them exhibit two and even more figures besides the sitter. Can they be found and brought forward? When supposed to be found and accused, do they acknowledge or deny? Does Mr. Hudson deny? To those who speak to him he does. But those who do not know him think that he allows judgment to go against him by default, until he affirms in print that the appearances on the plates are naught but those of spirits. But may we not suppose Mr. Hudson may shrink from encountering a photographic storm, as Mr. Mumler did, in a police court? There was a muttering of thunder in this direction some weeks ago—British photographic thunder; it may have startled the nerves of Mr. H., and he may have thought it judicious to take shelter in the open of silence.

Mr. Williams has written an emphatic denial in answer to

the imputations against him ; and Mr. Herne, on his return from a journey, has done the same, Mr. Hudson endorsing his vindication. So, as the case stands, the denials are equal to the accusations.

Of course there must be participators in the production of spirit-figures on photographic plates, but not necessarily those assumed by Mr. Hudson's accusers. Spiritualists have, before and after going to him for a photograph, in many cases received communications verifying the manifestation upon their plates. Physical and other manifestations have taken place while the work has gone on, in the studio, outside the studio ; manifestations of various kinds, showing interference or participation by spirits in the operations. We find the same observations recorded wherever spirit-photographs are attempted with mediums ; Mr. H. Dixon, Albany-street, tells us it is so in his experiments. Mr. Hudson is a medium ; he has been moved from one part to another of his operating room ; his camera and its stand have been moved about by unseen agency. Mr. Hudson's part is to take the picture of a sitter ; is it not the part of an invisible operator to produce the picture of the spirit who seeks to appear on the plate with the sitter ? May not such participation and coincident action cause, for focussing, the moving of the camera ? If so moved, either laterally or by tilting vertically—one I have seen gives evidence of lateral tilting—even a very little, might not all the debatable signs of two exposures be caused on the plate ? Photographers will say that proof of that would appear upon the picture of the sitters ; but as a spirit can, in the sphere of some mediums, change the modes of material substances, can a spirit not also, in such sphere, so modify light that the picture taken by him shall not interfere with that of the sitters taken by the photographer ? That it is possible for spirits to render, in the sphere of certain mediums, some things invisible—render them non-reflectible to light—is known to many. All the Spiritualists whose names appear against the *bona fides* of Mr. Hudson are known as having witnessed movements of objects by spirits, and other phenomena, which might, upon reflection, suggest to them the possibility, nay the probability, of the hypothesis here suggested. Mr. H. says that some of those spirit-photographs which sitters look upon as tests, from resemblance to deceased relatives, are to him the most noticeable for "two exposures."

We have been told that Mr. Hudson's house was uninhabited for above a year before he occupied it in consequence of its being reputed to be haunted, and that he and his numerous family were disturbed by noises until the erection of his operating room in the garden, and that since then the house has been undisturbed. If this be so, what a fine field for some of our clever

friends exercising their detective faculties! What a triumph if, calling seeing mediums to their aid, they could expose a photographing ghost at work! This would indeed, be a case of "double exposure!"

The truth of the matter will be apparent in the end. In the meantime manifestations of spirits upon sensitized plates are being made elsewhere, encouraging us to persevere in experiments with photographers as to the conditions, on our side, requisite. But, in carrying on these experiments, let us remember that there is a psychical or spiritual as well as a physical side of the process, and that those who go into the subject, as experimenters or as critics, will have to do so simply as enquirers, and with some other light in the mind than that afforded merely by photographic science.

July 15.

J. D.

P.S.—Since the above was written I have seen letters by Mr. Champernowne, of Kingston, in the *Medium*, in which he tells us that his friend Mr. Russell has taken several photographs exhibiting proofs of spirit-action, one among them showing "double exposure," only one exposure of the plate having been made. Mr. Russell, he writes, is making experiments for his own satisfaction—under test conditions—at his own house, the mediums included in his experiments being, from motives which may be appreciated by generous minds, Mr. Herne and Mr. Williams; a method of proceeding in this matter better than any other. Mr. C.'s description of the drapery of the spirit-figure on the plate showing "double exposure" corresponds with that of those on Mr. Hudson's plates. That spirits can present themselves in the sphere of these mediums in such drapery—and mediumship may be special in this—Mr. Russell knows, as may be seen by his very striking letter in the *Medium* of August 9, in which he gives particulars, most correctly, as I, having been present, can testify, of a *séance* under test conditions. At this *séance*, by the aid of light produced by the spirit Katey, all present saw her features, her arms and hands, and the drapery covering her form, and which, by permission, we all handled. The face and drapery, which we all saw, seemed to me to be the original of the guardian spirit in the photograph of Mrs. Guppy and her son, one of the early ones taken at Mr. Hudson's. Not only were the minds satisfied through the senses of sight and touch of all, but also through that of hearing, for Katey approached and talked to each with animation, seemingly pleased at her success in making this long-promised manifestation. Our own satisfaction was of the highest, and only damped by the thought that they were absent who had been longest looking

forward to it. Did the evidence end here? No. Katey said she hoped we should all be able to see some spirit whom we knew. And so it was. I saw the original, with sufficient distinctness, of the spirit of my son, which appears on the photograph of myself and wife by Mr. Hudson, and which has signs of "double exposure," if not treble, and I saw his speaking lips as I heard his words. And each of the circle saw and was addressed by one or more spirits who were recognised, and in draperies similar to those in which they present themselves in the photographs taken by Mr. Hudson.

August 15.

CONTEMPORARY MIRACLES OF HEALING.

LETTER OF A FRENCH PHYSICIAN.

THE following letter by M. Lelievre, Doctor of Medicine, of the Faculty of Paris, has been published in the French papers. It is addressed to a gentleman of the same profession:—

"My dear Friend—You say that the reality of a miracle cannot be asserted in medicine. You no doubt mean that in medicine we can scarcely ever assign the exact share which the physician and the means employed respectively have in working a cure in any given case. But to affirm that the Physician cannot assert a miracle, is to put us below the level of the uneducated. The people believe in miracles, and they are right. They believe that He who made man, knows man better than you and I, with all our anatomy, physiology, and pathology. It would surely be absurd to deny to Almighty God the knowledge and the power requisite to work a cure. But you will say, 'When we treat a patient, we do not know whether the cure is the result of our treatment, or of the intervention of Providence.' Now, then, we have two distinct cases to consider.

"1.—There is a patient who has a white swelling in his knee. He has kept his bed for several years, and is utterly unable to move. If you attempt to bend the diseased joint, you produce acute suffering. You know what mischief is produced in the soft parts of the knee; in the synovial cartilages, and even in the bone itself. In the majority of cases, the most favourable termination we can hope for after long and painful treatment, is the ankylosis of the limb. Too often the cure is hopeless. Have you in some instances ventured to promise a radical cure? Well, I will grant you that perhaps you have obtained a complete cure, in some very exceptional case. But after how

long a time? Can you promise a patient the recovery of the use of his limb, and the restoration of his general health and strength, in the course of six, or even of twelve months? Admitting, however, that you can; still, I say, you have not wrought a miracle.

"2.—But here is a young woman of 21, with a white swelling in her knee, and with tubercles in her lungs. She has been bedridden for three years. The best doctors in Paris have done all they can for her; but still the disease makes alarming progress. More than that, a new disease now sets in, more serious even than the original one, peritonitis—putting all chance of recovery apparently out of the question. Her medical attendants give her up. She is at the point of death. The last sacraments are administered; no one has the least hope, except the poor girl herself; she keeps on praying with firm faith. Now the free-thinkers are about to sneer! She prays to a dead man—to Father Olivant the Jesuit—to him whom some other free-thinker had made prisoner and shot, by way of a scoff at God, and at religion. One morning they carry her, very quietly and unobservedly—for some of the Commune are still at large—to the Jesuits' Chapel, in the Rue de Sevres. The poor girl wished to touch the dead Jesuit's coffin. Look! There she is on her knees! There she is now, standing upright, and walking behind the coffin, which is being carried to the church. When the ceremonies are ended, she walks home; her home is in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs. She is cured. Every morning, for nine days, she walks to the same place, to return thanks to her benefactor, and she walks home again. Now, my friend, there is a cure such as you have never dreamed of and such as cannot be found in any of your books of pathology. Materialists will take no note of the soul, because they have never found proofs of it under their scalpel, or by their microscope. Nevertheless, they may safely assert the reality of this cure; because they may see it with their eyes. It is not the result of medical treatment; science had pronounced it impossible. *It is then an exception to the ordinary laws of nature; that is to say, a miracle.*

"I remain, &c.,

"LELIEVRE, M.D., of the Faculty of Paris."

RESTORATION OF A DYING MAN.

Another case of healing, that would certainly in former times have been called a miracle, is thus related by the late Rev. Dr. J. B. Ferguson of Nashville, Tennessee:—

"June 1, 1855,—I was called upon by the brother-in-law of

Mr. J. H. Compton, a native of this county, and well known to a large circle of city and country acquaintances, to see him in his last moments. He had been suffering for weeks from an erysipelas affection, which had been succeeded by typhoid fever. His brother, a young physician, and two others of eminent reputation, had pronounced him dying, and his friends had gathered to bid the last farewell. I was sent for as a minister to offer the expected religious consolation. I found him to all appearance dying. . . . Every member of his family anticipated the termination of his earthly life that night. The night passed in refreshing sleep, and the morrow came with another positive statement from Mrs. F. that he still lived and with proper care could be restored. Living some distance from the patient, I paid no further attention to his case till we arrived at church. There I learned that he was dying and had 'been dying all night.' This statement seemed to confound Mrs. F., and she made no further reference to him until the service at night was over, when she proposed that we should drive by and see him. We did so, and so certain was I that he was dead, that I left her in the carriage saying, 'If he is dead, it will not be necessary for you to go in.' I went in; found him to all appearance gasping his last. He was cold in all the extremities of his body; the dew of death was upon him, and it was almost impossible to recognize a pulse. Mrs. F. came, in, looked at him with evident doubt in her thought, and after a moment or two took hold of his hands, while he grasped hers as with a death-grasp. Such was the impression of his manner of grasping her hand that one of his friends made an effort to release it, but was moved back by the medium. She remained in that condition thirty minutes, he seeming to breathe by the power of her lungs, and all the time, to all appearance, unconscious. . . . She visited him the next day, and the next, in company with another medium; and then persuaded Mr. Champion to visit him, who afforded him direct and permanent relief. And we have the pleasure of now recording his entire recovery. I hesitate not to say that we have seen a dying man restored contrary to every opinion and appearance, and we rejoice that God has indeed visited his people."

CASE RELATED BY DR. J. B. DODS.

The following case is condensed from an account by Dr. John Bovee Dods, a well-known writer and speaker in America, and at one time distinguished as a leading opponent of Spiritualism. The lady healed was a Miss Betsy Cook, of Provincetown, Massachusetts. She had been a great sufferer from

neuralgia, and tried various physicians and remedies without obtaining help. Mr. Cook, the husband of the patient, was not at the time a Spiritualist, but he endorsed the statements given of the cure by Dr. Dods, who writes:—

“ I tried to produce upon her a psychological effect, but entirely failed. And this being all I was sent for to attempt, and their last hope of relief, I left her bedside, and her husband in tears. . . . On Monday morning, February 16th, I awoke as if with the touch of some hand, and heard the clock strike *three*. Suddenly the room was lighted with a yellowish blue light. The spirit-forms of my father, mother, Joseph Atkins, and Charles Parker appeared. Also the spirit-form of Mrs. Cook's father, mother and brother. The latter two I had never seen in the flesh, but I was informed by my father who they were. I was directed what to do to entirely effect her cure—every particular was stated, which I took down in writing and most faithfully pursued. According to instructions given me, I called upon Mrs. Cook on Monday forenoon, and stated the circumstance of my vision. She remarked that she had no faith in spirit-manifestations, and that I must be mistaken as to her having a brother in the spirit-world. I described his appearance, and said that he seemed to be about thirty-five years of age, and described also the appearance of her mother, which she granted to be correct; but again said she had no brother in the spirit-world. Her husband said: ‘Yes, Betsy, you had a little brother who died in infancy when you were but a child.’ This proved to be correct. At this instant her father, mother and brother appeared to me at her bedside, and continued to be her guardians till she was taken into the Hall.

“ That Monday evening I announced to the audience, as I had been directed to do, that Mrs. Cook would be healed on *Friday evening*, and walk the streets a *cured woman*. . . . But during those five days, you may ask, was she not improved? Certainly she was, and scores, to their surprise, knew it. It was no secret. But how was it done? I answer: From beginning to the end, the *whole* was done under *spirit-direction* and by *spirit-skill*. I only followed out to the letter what I was requested to do, and so far as medical skill is concerned, I had no lot nor part in the matter. . . .

“ After she was carried into the Hall, and near the close of the ceremony, (which was a written one) I used these words: ‘Betsy, in the name of the great Master Medium of our race, *be whole of your infirmities. Arise and walk!*’ And she did arise in *health* and walk in *strength and firmness*. The death-blow to all her diseases was that moment struck by an immortal hand. She declare herself free from pain and weakness, and

her step was firm and elastic. At nine o'clock she left the Hall and descended a long flight of stairs with rapidity and ease. She walked home in a storm, and sat up discoursing with her friends till after ten o'clock. The next morning she walked about a quarter of a mile, spent the day at Mrs. Gifford's, and walked home again; and continued to do so till I left Provincetown."

We cite the foregoing cases as they were published at the time and place of their occurrence, and were attested by well-known persons of character and intelligence. Similar examples are known to experienced Spiritualists everywhere, many have appeared in journals and other fugitive and ephemeral publications, and a still greater number are never published. Some of these it would be useful to collect and preserve in permanent form for future reference. A selection from those wrought by Dr. Newton alone would fill a volume.

GERMAN PHILOSOPHERS AND MAGNETIC PHENOMENA.

WHAT ought to be the attitude of candid and reasonable men towards the class of phenomena of what, adapting Madame de Staël's expression, we may call the "night-side of Nature," has long been doubtful, and of late has become especially perplexing. The credulity that oftentimes masks itself under the Shakespearian quotation, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy," is only less irrational than the hard dogmatic disbelief common to the scientific mind. It is surely evident that however much we may confide in the regularity of the ordinary course of nature—which means the order wherein it has been customary to observe the occurrence of things—there must be a point at which the accumulated testimony of credible witnesses will, and ought to, justify belief in the most abnormal events. Unless we are able to lay down *à priori* laws as absolutely necessary and universal, we are forced to admit that there may be such an amount of evidence for the most irregular and seemingly incredible occurrences as must be valid. Those who decline to allow this, acting on the theory of Hume with more stringency than that thinker would have ever practised except where the interests of the Christian religion were concerned, are bound to let us know what those irreversible and never-varying canons of the actual are, which

outweigh and always must outweigh the most forcible testimony of experience. Yet, as they can only themselves be founded upon experience, and every observed order of phenomena rests upon what is known by us in experience as customary and common, a conflict of experiences is the inevitable issue; because there is a possible or conceivable amount of testimony which it would be utterly contrary to and inconsistent with all precedent observation of facts to believe to be either designedly false or unconsciously deceived. It is therefore impossible to find any general rule or regulation applicable in such cases. Nevertheless, it would obviously be of advantage to be in possession of a theory which in any way, not wholly irrational, would enable us to admit the possibility of such phenomena as are brought under notice in connection with magnetism, and, later, of Spiritualism; for the two are evidently akin. In the hope that we may perhaps contribute towards this end, we shall here briefly indicate the attitude and the views regarding such occurrences of the two great German thinkers, Schelling and Hegel.

Those who remember the keen interest with which in our own country the late Sir William Hamilton investigated mesmeric and magnetic phenomena, will not be surprised to learn that the philosophers we have named were far from being indifferent to them. In the case of Schelling, the fact will doubtless to many seem only natural. For was he not all his life something of a mystic, and in his later years was he not altogether given up to unintelligible speculations in theogony and theosophy? His brother Charles made magnetic experiments a special subject of research and study, and he himself, with his vast but vague generalizations in his *Naturphilosophie*, always attributed the highest value and importance to magnetism. With Hegel, however, it might have been supposed it would be different. There was no love for or tendency towards mysticism in his rigidly rational nature. His life was devoted to systematic effort to explain and elucidate all facts and laws in the light of a precise, though often excessively rarified and refined logic, in which the lines of thought sometimes seem to disappear altogether. The dimness and mystery of feeling itself, from its lowest to its loftiest manifestations, were translated by Hegel into terms of philosophical thought. Surely, then, it might be fancied, the absurdities of clairvoyance and somnambulism, the follies and pretensions of visionaries claiming capacities of "second-sight," power to annihilate space and time and to know the distant and the future, together with the whole brood of crude and repulsive deceptions resultant from animal magnetism, must be disowned and denounced by the apostle of absolute idealism, if he should ever refer to them at all. The facts, however, are otherwise.

Schelling has indeed in many of his works expounded principles that may easily be employed in explanation of magnetic phenomena. And in one, at least, of his later works he has incidentally spoken of the magnetic sleep in terms that exhibit the very great moment attached by him to such states. But it is Hegel who, as is his wont, sets himself, after a quite systematic fashion, to explain all such occurrences and incidents, accepting as real the most extraordinary facts of the kind alleged to have taken place. While three or four pages in his *Weltalter* are all Schelling directly devotes to the subject, we have about forty pages of Hegel's *Philosophie des Geistes* entirely occupied with a classification of the several kinds of remarkable phenomena of this character, which he seeks also to explain in harmony with his own philosophical views.

To Schelling the human spirit was a veritable battle-field on which the struggles of the most terrible forces of the universe were fought out. While there was a lower power of selfness tending to drag man down, there was also in him a higher power inciting him to rise to the possession of an ever fuller freedom in harmony with the Universal Will. Only by separating himself from himself, by, as it were, developing himself out of himself, could man attain the greatest spiritual elevation to which he was called, and which was indeed his birthright. Only thereby could he restore the Jacob's ladder of heavenly forces by which he might ascend to the true home of his spirit. In nature, as in spirit, there are forces that operate alike in the constitution of what is external to man and within his own physical system, and it is by the subordination of some of these and the elevation of others, that that separation or "crisis" is brought about by which the highest order is ensured and disorganization excluded. It is because the more external force has obtained the mastery that man is subjected to pain, and its suppression or subordination occasions, on the other hand, that complete painlessness and that feeling of delight which accompany the separation referred to. Sleep is the outer appearance or manifestation of this "crisis," and, in the view of Schelling, the magnetic sleep is nothing but an intensification of the ordinary. In the magnetic, he says, there are three grades or steps of the inner life, in each of which the spirit is freed from the limits of matter, and (though in differing degrees) is brought in contact with the spiritual nature which is the root and the source of all harmony and health, or by still greater intensification of the spiritual element in man, is made to discern the hidden things of its own inner essence. There is a third grade, says Schelling, which must be sought in relations lying beyond the ordinary human, and regarding which he cautiously adds it is better to be

silent at present. He deems it possible, however, for the human spirit to obtain insight into the deepest essence of natural objects and existences, but reserves further explanations of these "great secrets" to another occasion,—which never came.

In this somewhat mystical and mysterious manner does Schelling indicate a belief in the capacity of the human spirit, in certain states or conditions, to penetrate to the heart and hidden roots of existence, and to gain experiences by means of the magnetic sleep of a higher stage of spiritual enlightenment than is usually attained on earth. Hegel is on these points more intelligible, and grapples with his subject with more thoroughness of purpose. To him the facts of animal magnetism in modern times have made manifest in actual experience "the substantial unity of the soul and the might of its ideality," and have greatly helped to dissipate the notion that the spirit can only cognize the conditions of the laws or categories of the logical understanding,—that is, in the relations of cause and effect, and under the forms of space and time. Instead, however, of regarding the magnetic condition as an elevation of the common life of the self-conscious spirit, as Schelling did, to Hegel it was much more a state of sickness, a retrogression or sinking down of the spirit below the state of ordinary consciousness, inasmuch as in the magnetic state the spirit surrenders its own self-active thought to nature. And yet in the phenomena of magnetism he believed there was a release of the spirit from the limitations of space and time, and from all merely external or finite interconnections in which there was something in affinity with philosophy, since by actual facts it confounded the scepticism of the logical understanding. And it is only to speculative philosophy that magnetism is no unintelligible and inconceivable mystery.

In proceeding to remark in more detail upon the strange facts brought to light by magnetism, Hegel flings a passing sneer at those who, firmly fixed in their *a priori* understanding, will neither believe the testimony of others nor their own experience, because (he says) they are imprisoned within the categories of the understanding, or the lower and merely logical thinking. The characteristics of the magnetic condition he seeks to make clear by analogy. Just as there is sickness in the body when any one organ asserts its own individual independence by ceasing to contribute to the harmony of the whole individual life, so also is there sickness of the soul when the merely psychical element of the organism freeing itself from the authority of the spiritual consciousness, claims to exercise the functions of the latter. Then occurs the separation of the psychical from the objective (healthy) consciousness to which

the world is always an external, manifold, and necessarily interconnected whole, of which we have knowledge through definite organs of sense. When the separation takes place, knowledge becomes possible after a purely subjective manner, and the phenomena of vision are, for instance, recognized without the mediation of the eye and of light. This kind of immediate knowledge, or perception by feeling alone, is of many kinds. There are men, for instance, says Hegel, who have been able to discover the localities of hidden metals or of water by means of feeling. Then there is the state of somnambulism in which the sleep-walker sees, though the eye is fixed and rigid, the soul operating with undivided force only in and through the sense of feeling. Thirdly, there is the state of vision of things far distant in space and future in time, for space is a property of external nature, and not of the soul, and when consciousness sinks down to the condition of the merely feeling or sensitive soul, the subject is no longer in bondage to either space or time. In connection with this point, Hegel instances the "second-sight" of the Scottish Highlanders as a prophetic faculty, in whose reality he entirely believes. In the fourth state, which is attained in magnetic somnambulism, there is a recognition of the condition and experiences of another's individuality, as if it were one's own; and in the fifth and highest degree of *inwardliness* and intensity, the subject knows not only *of*, but *in* another, sees and feels all that affects the other as if it were his own experience. All these phenomena, though occurring sometimes naturally, may also be induced of set purpose, and in that case we have animal magnetism proper. The characteristic of both is, however, the same; there is a gulf or breach between the psychical and the waking being of the individual, between the sensitive natural life and the mediating intellectual consciousness, and the former seeks to discharge the functions appropriate to the latter, in consequence of which the individual ceases to have power to resist any external influence, and becomes entirely subject to it. The person magnetized therefore descends into his own natural life, and beholds his individual world no longer outside, but inside of himself. His own intellectual consciousness also then becomes to him as that of another person. We may add that Hegel asserts strongly his belief in the cures performed through animal magnetism, of which he says there have been in modern times so many testified to by men worthy of all credit, that it is impossible to doubt the fact of its healing force.—*Spectator*.

SOME *SÉANCES* WITH MR. HOME SOME YEARS AGO.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

IT seems to me that some remarkable *séances* at which I have been present, and as remarkable manifestations that have been experienced by me, and which have not yet been recorded, ought to be so. I therefore proceed to note down a few of these.

In the summer of 1862 we went to take leave of the first Mrs. Home—then not expected to live long, at the house of Mrs. Parks, in Regent's Park. Mrs. Home in a weak state yet was present, being laid on a sofa, by which was placed the table at which the *séance* took place. There were present, Mr. and Mrs. William Wilkinson, a foreign gentleman whose name I have forgotten, Mrs. Parks, Mr. Home, my wife and myself. After tea we sat down at the table near Mrs. Home. It was by full daylight. We had not sate long when something fell behind me with a great crash. "There," I said, "Mrs. Parks, some vase or something of the kind has fallen." "Don't trouble yourselves," she replied, "it is only an Indian idol that the spirits have thrown down; it is of bronze, and won't take any harm. The spirits are fond of throwing them down and knocking them about."

I looked behind me, and saw a chiffonière on which was ranged a number of bronze idols, which Mrs. Parks had brought from the East Indies; but already we heard the one thrown down being rolled about under the table, and presently it was rapped out, "Tread on it; that is the way to treat idolatry." Then commenced a screwing, or rather an unscrewing. "They are the spirits," said Mrs. Parks, "who are unscrewing the idol, which is in three pieces, and it is curious that though the Indian screws run the opposite way to European ones, the spirits know that, being Indian spirits who do it." Presently I saw a small brown hand putting up the head of the idol betwixt myself and my neighbour. I took the head from this small brown, no doubt Indian, hand, and laid it on the table; it was a head of Mahadeo, with the head of a cobra capella expanded over it. It seemed to me to weigh three or four pounds. After it had been examined by the different members of the company, it was put down again, and the same, or a similar little brown hand took it. There was then a screwing heard and soon the idol was rolled out from under the table compactly put together again.

After this, Mrs. Home asked the spirits to give, through her, some small thing or other to each of the persons present as a

souvenir of the occasion. Immediately, flowers were put into her hand by the spirits, which she handed to her friends sitting round the table. Nobody saw the flowers or sprigs of plants come, with one exception—a carnation that flew across the room from a vase of cut flowers in a far corner, and fell before Mrs. Wilkinson. This drew attention to the vase, and then it was discovered that the flowers secretly conveyed to Mrs. Home had been taken from this vase.

To Mrs. Howitt had been given a sprig of the cut-leaved geranium, so common in bouquets on account of its scent. I took it, and said I would plant it on the principle of a man who once came to a *séance* of the Davenports, at the Hanover Square Rooms. This man, on returning home from a previous *séance*, related the wonders he had seen, when he found himself only laughed at, and told that the things he thought he saw never took place; that he had simply been biologized, and made to fancy he saw them. To satisfy himself on this head, the man appeared at the next *séance* at the Hanover Square Rooms, and, producing a black porter bottle, said he wanted the spirits to break it, and then he would take the pieces home, and if they remained in the cupboard where he should lock them up, he should know that he had not been biologized—it was all real. The spirits complied with his wishes, and the bottle was dashed upon the floor repeatedly by invisible hands, and was finally broken to pieces, but not without difficulty, for the man seemed to have selected the thickest bottle he could find. He carefully picked up the pieces into his handkerchief, and carried them off, and if he be living, I have no doubt has them and shows them now.

Following this sensible fellow's good example, I planted the sprig of geranium, which grew famously, and in the course of twelve months was become a bush of at least half a yard high. And this now connects itself with another *séance*, which took place at Mrs. Gregory's, in Grafton Place, Bond Street. It was nearly twelve months after the *séance* at Mrs. Parks. As I recollect there were present at it, Ladies Paulett and Gomm, Mrs. Cowper, Home, Ruskin, Mr. Ellis, a clergyman, Colonel (then Captain) Drayson, Mrs. Howitt and myself, and our hostess.

During this *séance*, Mr. Home recited a poem, called "The Entrance of Southey, the Poet, into the Spirit-Land," as dictated by himself to an American medium. As he repeated it the table rose with two feet into the air, and with the other two beat time to the rhythm of the poem on the floor. At a particular passage, with words to this effect, "And when I opened my eyes, a thrill went through me," the table gave such

a thrill and shake, that even Home started back, and said, "If it acts so violently, I can't go on."

At the conclusion of the recitation, Mr. Ruskin asked whether he should recite a poem, and he was begged to do so. Whose the poem was I do not know, but it began with words to this effect, "O Christ, save my soul, if thou think'st it worth the saving." The table, as Mr. Ruskin commenced his recitation, reversed its action. Mr. Ruskin sat on the opposite side to Mr. Home, and the table, rising on the opposite feet, beat time to the rhythm of this poem, too. When it had ceased, I asked whether any one had noticed a peculiar beating of the time, besides that of the table feet, namely, one with a metallic sound, as of a small bar of steel struck upon metal. "Yes," said Mr. Ruskin, at once, "I know the meaning of that sound. It is descriptive of the state of my mind when I committed that poem to memory; when the earth was as iron, and the heavens were as brass to me."

This was a very remarkable *séance*, but it led to one still more remarkable—one connected with the sprig of geranium, now become a bush. As we were about to take leave, Mr. Home said, "I am coming up to Highgate on the 7th of July." I said, "But we shall not be in town then." "Yes, you will," he replied, "or the spirits would not send me." "Very well," I said; "if we are at home, which I don't believe, we shall be glad to see you." However, something had prevented our leaving town, as we had fixed, and duly in the evening of the 7th of July, Mr. Home made his appearance, accompanied by Mrs. Cowper and Mr. and Mrs. William Wilkinson.

On entering the room, where tea was set out, Mr. Home noticed the bush of geranium, which was placed in its pot, in the centre of the table. I do not think any one had mentioned the growth of this plant to him, and we meant to surprise him by it. But he said immediately, "Ah! I see that is the geranium that you planted after the *séance* at Mrs. Parks'." "How do you know that?" we asked. "Because," he said, "I see starry lights all about it."

During tea this bush was shaken by invisible hands so strongly that it diffused the odour of it throughout the room. I believe the day was the anniversary of the decease of Mrs. Home. After tea we adjourned to the library, the next room, lying at an angle with this room, but with a wide open doorway. Mr. Home pushed a round table near to a window looking into the garden; the geranium in its pot was placed in the centre of this table. Immediately Mrs. Howitt asked that sprigs of this geranium might be broken off by the spirits, and one presented to each of the persons present. Assent was instantly rapped out,

and we all saw the branches of the shrub bent down on different sides as by invisible hands endeavouring to break sprigs from them. Mr. Home, Mr. Wilkinson and Mrs. Howitt, all declared that they saw two beautiful hands and arms as belonging to a lady, but seeming as of alabaster internally suffused with light. The rest of us only saw the agitation of the shrub. The hands were supposed to be those of the late Mrs. Home.

As there was a strong evening light coming directly through the window from the west, the attempt to break the shrub did not succeed, and at once the pot and its bush rose from the table and descended between it and the window seat, where there was deep shadow. We then heard the boughs of the shrub snapping and cracking, but unsuccessfully. I then said, "Ah! I see you don't know everything in that world of yours. You must slip off the sprigs at the joints." The advice was immediately adopted, and one after another sprigs of the geranium nicely slipped off were put up to the rim of the table by a hand, and were distributed to the several persons present.

This done, the table began to be shaken as by laughter, the alphabet was called for, and a spirit said he wanted to ask a favour of Mrs. Howitt. She replied that she would grant it if she could. He then said, "I want Mrs. Howitt to give that geranium to my mother." Mrs. Cowper (who said that the spirit was that of her nephew, then about six months departed to the spirit-life) said, "No, George, that cannot be; the geranium must remain here where it was planted." On this the table renewed its extraordinary motion as if made by a person laughing, and the spirit said, "Oh, I only wanted to see what Mrs. Howitt would say."

Immediately the table rose from the floor, was suddenly turned with its top perpendicular and facing the window, the large flower-pot and its projecting bush remaining as if screwed to the surface, and two gold rings which had been laid on the table also remaining as if made fast to the surface. This was surprising enough, but to enhance the wonder, the table in this position was jerked forward as if with the intention of pitching the flower-pot and its contents through the window. All, however, remained fast and unmoved, and the table was then turned four different ways with the top perpendicular, and the same jerk each time repeated. Then the original position of the table was resumed, and it was gently let down to the floor.

Scarcely, however, was this effected, when the table once more rose up, and this time so high that only Mr. Wilkinson could reach its top. The rest of us were entreated to hold it by the feet, and in this manner it suddenly and rapidly sailed away into the next room, and placed itself over the table on which we

had taken tea. There it remained, and I observed, "I suppose the spirits are resting themselves by setting the volant table on the other;" but on feeling at the feet we found them at least two inches above the surface of the tea table. The table with the flower-pot upon it was in fact suspended in the air, where it remained some minutes, and then, as suddenly and more rapidly, sailed back again to the library, leaving me sticking between the tea table and a sofa, and only able to hurry after it to see it depositing itself in the middle of the room in the most easy manner.

Here we assembled round it in a state of astonishment which may be imagined, but our wonder was not at an end. As we thus stood, we observed the chairs from the different sides of the room, as if self-moved, advancing towards the table. An easy chair on castors came very blithely bowling along, and the rest glid over the carpet like autonomic or spirit-instinct ones, such as we dream of in some distant day of spiritually enlightened science, when all the troubles of servanthood will end in a revolution of autonomic maids, and cooks, and valets, who will fly at your slightest commands, evince an almost heavenly pleasure in obliging you, and give no warnings except that the dinner waits or some friends have called; that the children are all put by the autonomic nurse to bed—a nurse graceful as a fairy and gentle as a zephyr, having the most admirable hinges and joints in her limbs, and a head working out thoughts and cares by the most exquisite psychic force, or what Mr. Oliphant, in his *Coming Race*, would call "vrrill."

But to return from the pleasant dreams of future mechanical development under the guidance of ghostly science, to present reality. Having seated ourselves on the chairs thus politely handed by the invisibles, a book was suddenly put over a lady's shoulder, which being opened, proved to be one of Captain Maryatt's stories, with a leaf turned down somewhere in *Jacob Faithful*. Wondering for what purpose such a book could be selected by the spirits, "Oh," said Mr. Cowper, "that is George again. Captain Marryatt was, of all authors, his favourite; no doubt the leaf is turned down at some incident that has greatly amused him." The book had been taken from a shelf behind, in which the books were particularly tightly wedged. It was put back to be examined at leisure, but it was found the next day, on referring to it, that the folded leaf had been again put straight.

It was now announced by the spirits that the *séance* was at an end. Several of the party heard, as it were, a bird whistling near the ceiling, and all was over.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

A NEW AMERICAN MEDIUM IN LONDON.

MRS. JENNIE HOMES has recently arrived in London from the United States, and held several *séances* at her residence, 50, Great Cumberland Place, Hyde Park. The manifestations through her mediumship are chiefly of the Davenport type; the principal novelty being that while her hands are grasped a welded iron ring, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, or a wooden tambourine ring is passed over her arm or over that of the person holding her hands. These rings have been carefully examined before and after the operation. The weld of the iron ring was found perfect, and when suspended on the finger and struck the sound had a clear perfect ring in it. The company also satisfied themselves that there was no ring or apparatus concealed about the medium, no substitution rings, no confederacy; that in fine it was a genuine phenomenon, and one which, with the other incidents of the *séances*, would puzzle the collective wisdom of the British Association for the Advancement of Science to adequately explain.

REMARKABLE LIGHTS.

From 8 to 11 o'clock on June 8, writes a correspondent of the *Madras Mail*, the plain to the east, north, and north-east of Nandidroog, was covered with remarkable lights, which have been observed occasionally in former years, and given rise to a variety of conjectures as to their origin. To the north-east they presented the appearance of a large city brilliantly illuminated. Through a good telescope the individual lights seemed smaller than they did to the naked eye, but were more distinct and intense, each one being a pure steady flame, with well-defined edges. In one direction the scene, through a binocular glass, looked like a view of part of the starry heavens; each flame being like a star. It is no exaggeration to say that many thousands of them were visible; and as many of them were from 10 to 15 miles distant, each flame must, I imagine, have been 5 to 6 feet in length, in order to be seen by the naked eye in such brilliancy. Some of the natives who were questioned regarding the lights, called them fire-spirits, or ghosts, or demons. Others said they were the torch-lights used by the villagers, who went out at night, after rain, to collect the winged white ants. But it was abundantly evident that no torches such as natives use, would have been visible to us at that distance, and through a telescope would have looked altogether

different. Then, the number of lights was so great, that the entire population of the surrounding districts could not have produced them; besides which, these lights were not moving about but quite stationary, or only agitated a little by the wind. To set this question at rest, however, it has been determined to have a number of villagers with torches sent out at night from Chota Bellapoor, that their appearance may be seen from the Droog, which is only 5 or 6 miles distant. Meantime, it appears to me that these very remarkable lights must have been a species of *ignis fatui*, caused by the ignition of some inflammable gas escaping in jets from the surface of the earth.

DO FORCES SPEAK?

The idea of Serjeant Cox I understand to be that the origin of spiritual phenomena is mundane, not intermundane, and is a force connected indeed with mental operations, but yet material. I myself, when I first observed these phenomena, inclined to that opinion. But what might be deemed a trifling incident one day turned the scale. It was in Naples, and with a lady, non-professional, who had but recently discovered her power. She asked: "If there be a spirit present will it give its name?" I said, "Oh, don't ask that. Ask what force moves the table." "What matters the form?" was her reply, and she asked again, "Will the spirit give its name?" It began to spell *d, o, f, o*. We both supposed it was the beginning of some name we had never before heard. But when the sentence was complete, we found it was no name at all, but a question "Do forces speak?" I was not able to answer that question in the affirmative then, nor ever have been to this day. If it had been addressed to Mr. Cox, I think it would have puzzled him.—ROBERT DALE OWEN.

DR. BARROW AND BISHOP BULL ON VISIONS, APPARITIONS, AND SPIRITS.

The sermons of Barrow and his works are selected not only because he was a man distinguished for vigour of mind and compass of knowledge, but more especially because he was a man of science, the preceptor of Newton and foremost among the founders of the Royal Society. Barrow, in one of his sermons on the creed, speaks of apparitions, visions, intercourse and confederacy with bad spirits. "All these things," he adds, "any man who shall affirm them to be mere fiction and delusion, must thereby with exceeding immodesty charge the world with vanity and malignity, worthy historians with inconsiderateness, and a vast number of witnesses with the greatest malice or madness—all which have concurred to assert these matters of

fact." In a similar strain, Bull (Bishop of St. David's) ventures while defending Scripture to assert—"In our own age we have had some unquestionable instances of persons possessed by evil spirits."—DUKE OF SOMERSET.

AN ECSTATIC IN CEYLON.

An ecstatic girl has been discovered, recently, in the Isle of Ceylon, as appears in the *Ceylon Catholic Messenger*. Her name is Helen, and she has or had periods of ecstasy weekly,—on Thursdays and Fridays. The Bishop of Medea has watched the case, and believes it to be genuine.

LEIGH HUNT'S FAITH.

We shall all see one another in another state—that's the great comfort; and there too we shall understand one another (if ever mistaken), and love and desire nothing but the extreme of good and reason to everybody. Nothing could persuade me to the contrary, setting even everything else aside, were it only for the considerations, that the Maker of Love must be good, and that in infinite space there is room for everything.—*Letter to J. R. Planché on the Death of his Wife in 1846.*

A WISE REMARK.

Science has always been ready to despise the instinctive observations of the multitude; whereas, if it had a proper appreciation of the greatness of even untaught human nature, it would gladly follow and learn to explain its utterings, no matter how incoherent may be the sentences and strange the language. . . . We must learn to have more respect than we show for the results arrived at by the unaided senses of man working for ages; they have been able to penetrate secrets which individuals in a lifetime can scarcely understand.—*Dr. R. Angus Smith, F.R.S.*

Correspondence.

SENSITIVE AND CONSCIOUS NATURES.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—We are continually hearing of the need of psychological investigations in relation to Spiritualism, but no progress has been made—the subject is always dropped again—the spark is extinguished for want of the susceptible natures to take the fire. The believer in the agency of spirits seems to rest content in that belief, whilst those whose prejudices lie the other way, are indolently disposed to drop the matter altogether—if not altogether incapable of truly estimating the value of the facts let the real solution be what it may; and

I think that no one theory will be found to cover the entire range of such diverse phenomena as are ranged under the term Spiritualism, and either as regards to the living man or as to the appearances of the dead.

Now, at the root and beginning of the science of Psychology, we have to note the sensitive nature as distinguished from the conscious nature; yet in a measure it is equivalent. You tread upon a worm, and by its motion you see how sensitive it is, but of which you do not suppose it to be conscious. You touch the sensitive plant and here again find a sensitive nature, apart from consciousness. And when you come to man himself, you find that he, too, possesses a sensitive nature acting to an end, independent of his conscious nature. A piece of dust in the eye, and the eye closes, and the hand is raised and the finger is rubbing it before there has been time for consciousness to act. Tread upon the toe, and the foot will be withdrawn by what is called reflex action, independent of any conscious direction, and so with all our unconscious actions and attitudes, which have been called natural language.

Then it occurs to one in speaking of "a conscious intelligence directing force," whether it would not be more correct to speak of the conscious accompaniment of the directing and instinctive energy, and as the force of light acts objectively in darkness, which as we have seen may act without that conscious accompaniment; and this brings us to another question, whether mind, as the phenomenon of the consciousness, has anything whatever to do with the direction in any case, and whether we regard the action as purely cerebral or purely spiritual, or as in some way the joint product of both brain and soul?—for be the primary source cerebral or spiritual, it is perfectly clear, as Sir William Hamilton affirmed—and, indeed, as must be obvious to all—that the conscious state—be it as will or design, or as the sense of any impulse or feeling, or of a memory—is born, as it were, out of an unconscious condition, just as light proceeds from darkness and fire from fuel; and which brings us to the following question: as to whether mind, as a state of the consciousness, can be either free in its nature, or a power or directing instrument in any sense whatever; and whether the belief that it is so is not a mere illusion?—as much so as that the sun moves and is in itself a shining body independent of any mind that has the perception? I will not pursue the question further than to say, that of course we must not "confound conditions with causes;" but neither can we separate them—whether the condition be of matter or of a spirit, and the mind which directs is, in either case, itself directed and determined by the cause so conditioned, and must so be regarded in the sense of the universality of laws, even in "the realm of mind."

H. G. A.

LADY TOWNSHEND.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The statement in the *Spiritual Magazine*, for December, 1871, respecting the skeleton discovered at Rainham, is curious, especially when read in connexion with the statement in the first volume of this Magazine, respecting the appearance of Lady Dorothy Townshend, widow of Lord T., who died A.D. 1726. She was a sister of Sir Robert Walpole, and much connected with the political world in the time of King George I., having, doubtless, many enemies. Lord T. was a notable agriculturist, and introduced the cultivation of turnips into Britain.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

London, 15th July, 1872.

CHR. COOKE.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

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CONCERNING MIRACLES.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

"Absolutely speaking, in the strict and philosophical sense, either *nothing* is miraculous, namely, if we have respect to the power of God; or, if we regard our own power and understanding, then almost *everything*—as well what we call natural as what we call supernatural—is in this sense really miraculous; and it is only usualness or unusualness that makes the distinction."—Dr. CLARKE *On the Attributes, &c.*

"God's miraculous interpositions may have been all along, by general laws of wisdom." "There may be beings to whom the whole Christian dispensation may appear as natural as the visible known course of things appears to us."—BUTLER'S *Analogy*.

"Miracles imply no suspension of the laws of nature . . . The interposition of superior power implied in a miracle, too, may be entirely natural."—Dr. PRICE, *Four Dissertations*.

"A miracle may be said to take place when, under certain moral circumstances, a physical consequent follows upon an antecedent which general experience shows to have no natural aptitude for producing such a consequent; or, when a consequent fails to follow upon an antecedent which is always attended by that consequent in the ordinary course of nature."—SMITH'S *Dictionary of the Bible*.

THE recent correspondence on Miracles in the *Spiritual Magazine* is but one of many illustrations which this subject presents of the truth of the statement of the late Professor De Morgan, that the greater part of the controversies of mankind are due either to ambiguity in the use of terms or to the assumption of certain "first principles" adopted as self-evident truths. Indeed, it not infrequently happens, as in the subject of the present inquiry, that these too fruitful sources of misunderstanding and of error run into each other; that the common term is used in different senses by different writers because in truth it does not simply represent an alleged fact, but the philosophy, theory, or belief which those writers severally entertain concerning it. Hence, there are writers who, like Mr. Atkinson,

recommend that we should abandon the term "miracle" altogether. The suggestion, however, apart from all other considerations, is impracticable; the term is too deeply rooted in our thought and language to be voted out of use. It is true that, after all the controversies on this question, no common agreement has been reached as to what constitutes a miracle: it is vain in this matter to appeal to the authority of lexicographers or to begin by defining terms, for the term is the symbol we use to express the outcome of the whole matter as it finally presents itself to our minds; nor, as it seems to me, can we all use the same term in the same sense, and in no other, so long as our conclusions on the subject designated by it are so widely different.

Must then all attempt at agreement be abandoned as hopeless? Must this confusion of tongues ever prevail, so that, like the builders of Babel, we may not understand each other's speech, and when we ask for brick receive a stone? I hope we are not so shut up in this dilemma, but that some way out of it may be found. Suppose that instead of defining our term at the outset, and implying thereby a foregone conclusion, we in the first instance consider whether or no there is reasonable ground for believing that as a matter of fact any such events as have been called miracles have taken place, apart from any theory or inferences, or reference to the question whether they should be called miracles or not;—questions to be reserved for subsequent consideration.

And I suppose it will be generally conceded, and even insisted on by the unbelievers, that we should if possible test the question by reference to facts of the present, rather than those of the past; as the former are more open to investigation: living witnesses can be confronted and cross-examined, their qualifications ascertained, and their evidence compared and sifted. There is also this further advantage, that whatever may have been the case with regard to past ages, the present is certainly not marked by excessive credulity on the subject, but is by comparison scientific and enlightened. How are facts of this class to be determined? How are any facts of which our knowledge depends on the senses to be determined? First, by observation (which may include experiment), and secondly, by testimony. All possible evidence of such facts may be comprised under these two heads; the former is evidence at first hand, and can be had only by those who were present at the time and place where the event took place, or could be witnessed. Their statements on the subject is testimony, and though this second-hand evidence is inferior to the other, it may be so strong as to leave us without reasonable doubt—so strong indeed, that the life or death of men is determined by it.

The evidence of modern "miracles" is of both kinds, and of both in the strongest degree. Take, for example, the recent *Report of the Committee of the London Dialectical Society*. This Committee report that they received evidence from 33 persons who described phenomena which they stated had occurred within their own personal experience. The Committee further received written statements relating to the phenomena from 31 persons. These phenomena include nearly the whole range of what is called "spiritual manifestations," and which need not here be enumerated. No exception can be taken to the witnesses, among whom are persons of high social standing, members of the learned professions, and men who have achieved marked distinction in literature and science; and their testimony is corroborated by the Committee, who state that "a large majority" of their members "have become actual witnesses of several phases of the phenomena without the aid or presence of any professional medium, although the greater part of them commenced their investigations in an avowedly sceptical spirit."

And this evidence is but a small fraction of the entire body of evidence relating to the phenomena which has been pouring in without intermission from every class and every land for the past quarter of a century. In short, as Professor Challis has said, "the testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous that either the facts must be admitted to be such as they are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by testimony must be given up." So far as concerns the facts in question, the last alternative is indeed adopted by the sturdy, thorough-going sceptic, for he feels truly that it is the only consistent ground left for him to take. Why does he prefer to occupy so extreme and desperate a position, rather than admit the alleged facts, supported as they are by the testimony to like facts of men of every age and creed? The answer is, that to admit them would be to admit the existence of "miracles," and that miracles are impossible. If we ask why impossible, we are told that they are contrary to the Order of Nature, that they are a violation of the laws of Nature, that these laws are proved by the constant and uniform experience of mankind, and that they are never departed from.

Here we approach the heart of the question, the alleged facts are rejected, not because of the insufficiency of the evidence, but because it is thought they conflict with a preconceived theory of the Order of Nature. Let it be shown that miracles, or spiritual manifestations, belong to this established "Order;" that like the winds and tides and seasons they are subject to the operation of natural laws; that, in fine, they are only a branch of natural science, and the philosophy of our time would lay down its

weapons of attack and welcome this wide extension of the domain of science.

In this temper of mind, however, we see only the illustration of that fallacious principle of reasoning pointed out by Professor De Morgan, of testing alleged facts not by their proven evidence, but by their supposed harmony or disagreement with assumed "first principles," or "self-evident truths;" a principle always arrayed against every new and great advancement of human knowledge, for in every age men have regarded the established theory of the universe as the Order of Nature, and as a consequence have held that whatever could not be brought into harmony with such theory must be false. One would have thought that in these days when the inductive philosophy is so extolled, that its practice would not be so widely departed from as it is when the evidence is presented of facts which run counter to existing theories. The sceptical philosophy of our time will not even entertain the discussion of a "psychic force," still less of an invisible intelligence from behind the veil which controls and governs it; in its view Spiritualism is a strange portentous apparition, and our philosophers will not "as a stranger give it welcome," lest they should "entertain an angel unawares." Miracles, angels, spirits, these are terms the sceptical philosophy would banish from its vocabulary. The belief in these, and especially as having any place or part in our midst now, is regarded as a vulgar superstition which science has exploded, and philosophy is in no hurry to confess its mistake in this respect and to read its recantation.

But here, to the wise caution given by an inveterate sceptic to distinguish carefully between facts and inferences, I may add that it is unphilosophical to reject any fact because of the inference to which that fact may lead. The first essential to determine is whether the alleged occurrences are truly facts; and until this point is decided any question as to their cause or as to the name by which they should be designated is premature, and confuses the enquiry.

And if, divesting our minds for the time of all other considerations, we limit our enquiry to this single issue, the point is surely not difficult to determine. The motion of heavy bodies and the production of sounds without muscular contact or mechanical contrivance, and the employment of these as a code of signals by which questions are answered and communications spelt out, facts correctly given wholly unknown at the time to any one present; the elevation of the human body, and its suspension or movement in the air without visible or tangible support; the introduction of fruits, flowers, birds, ice, snow, and other objects into closed rooms previously searched and

locked; the appearance of hands not appertaining to any human being in the flesh, but life-like in appearance and mobility, and which have been grasped by some of those who witnessed them; the application of red-hot coals to the hands and heads of persons without pain or scorching; the elongation and contraction of the human body; the playing airs on musical instruments with no person touching them; the speaking fluently in languages utterly unknown to the speaker; the information of future events, which have taken place at the very hour and even minute that had been foretold; the production of writings and drawings without human intervention, and "in so short a time and under such conditions as to render human agency impossible;" these things and much more of the like kind are none the less matters of observation because they are unusual. It requires no great scientific training to see whether a table is in motion or at rest; whether a man is standing on the ground or in the air; whether in a closed room some object (say for instance a cocoa-nut, as happened to the writer of this article), is at your request placed in your hand, and which you know was not there before; and though we have the testimony of an F.S.A., a barrister-at-law, and other witnesses, that burning coal was placed on their heads and hands without scorching or pain; yet we suppose Hodge the ploughman could as well testify to such a fact if it occurred in his experience as could the President of the Royal Society.

Now, whether these things are true is not a matter of speculation to be settled on *à priori* grounds by a consideration of probabilities; the typical instances enumerated are not hypothetical; they are all affirmed in evidence before the Committee of the Dialectical Society, and as stated by the Committee, "many of the witnesses of the more extraordinary facts are of high character and great intelligence;" and in this respect they are representatives of hundreds of witnesses to facts of the same kind all the world over. Moreover, many of these facts are demonstrable, because reproducible.

In what other way can such facts be proved, nay, what kind of proof can be imagined as applicable to them, save that of observation and testimony? If this kind of evidence be not valid, to what other court can the appeal be made? Am I referred to the "Laws of Nature?" What are these laws but simply observed facts which, as we are told, "a uniform experience has established," and which it is further said "are never departed from?" This, indeed, is the standing philosophical objection to miracles and to Spiritualism. But if observation, the evidence of the senses, and the testimony founded thereon are impugned as delusive and untrustworthy, what reliance can we place on these "Laws of Nature," which

rest on the same foundation? If it be replied that in this case the evidence is so much stronger than the other, the principle of our argument is conceded. It is then a question only of degree; and if there is any insufficiency in the evidence, or any fatal flaw in it, let it be pointed out after careful review (as far as practicable) of all the evidence in the case. Till this is done, I feel justified, both from many years' personal investigation and from careful survey of the evidence, in considering these startling facts of our time as fully proved. At all events in reasoning with Spiritualists (for whom this paper is chiefly written) I may without further reference assume them as the basis of my argument.

The "Laws of Nature"—this phrase, so constantly dinned into our ears,—is again a term used with such difference of meaning, and with such difference in the ideas which underlie it, as to cause much misunderstanding in controversies on this question. What do we mean by Nature? I do not ask what is Nature? that is another question. I remember in my youth to have met with a hymn to Nature in a Socialist hymn-book, which began with the couplet:—

What Nature is no mortal knows,
And, therefore, none can tell.

But I suppose even our logical poet would admit that if we employ the term Nature we may tell what we mean by it. "Oh, we all understand well enough what we mean by it," says the simple reader. Don't be too sure of that, my friend. I know of no term more elastic or more variously employed in philosophical discussion. It is the master-word; understand clearly what a writer means by it and you have a clue to his whole system of philosophy; it is the key-stone of the entire edifice. This whole question of miracles, I am convinced, turns upon the conception we entertain of Nature, and all our talk about its laws and order, and about what is possible and impossible, is so much beating the air until we arrive at some common understanding on this point.

In particular there are two widely different conceptions of Nature, with of course corresponding differences of signification in their employment.

There are many, and even some Spiritualists, who by Nature mean not alone the physical universe with all that appertains to it, its solids, fluids, gases and ethers, its minerals and metals, its flora and fauna, its elements, products, forces and phenomena, however widely extended and variously distributed, which is the conception of Nature commonly entertained, but who in their idea of Nature include all existence, all being, all that is or can be; natural law with them means only that all things act according to their own nature and constitution, whatever these

may be. Of course in this view there can be no miracle, nothing supernatural: all is Nature—Nature is the all.

Is there, then, no God? Or is God only a part of Nature? Are the lines of His being (so to speak) parallel and conterminous with it? Is His existence so bound up with Nature that were it not, He, too, would cease to be? Or, while imminent in Nature does He infinitely transcend it; Nature being only the theatre of His operations, the one actuality shaped by Him out of an infinite range of possibilities, and its laws but the methods of His eternal wisdom?*

The whole question of Atheism or Theism is involved in the enquiry. The former language is that of Atheism or of Pantheism, and in no other sense can it be intelligently and consistently employed. Those who inconsiderately adopt it should at least understand what it implies and whither it is drifting them. Far from placing Spiritualism on better terms with science and philosophy it is alien to both, no less than to religion, and to the genius of Spiritualism itself.

On the other hand the acknowledgment of God is the admission of the supernatural, the cause and source of Nature,

* This is finely rendered by Mr. Palgrave in his poem, "The Reign of Law," quoted by Dr. Hooker in his Presidential Address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science. I give the concluding stanzas:—

To matter or to force
 The All is not confined;
 Beside the law of things
 Is set the law of mind;
 One speaks in rock and star,
 And one within the brain,
 In unison at times,
 And then apart again;
 And both in one have brought us hither
 That we may know our whence and whither.

The sequences of law
 We learn through mind alone;
 We see but outward forms,
 The soul the one thing known:—
 If she speak truth at all,
 The voices must be true
 That give these visible things,
 These laws, their honour due,
 But tell of one who brought us hither,
 And holds the keys of whence and whither.

O shrine of God that now
 Must learn itself with awe!
 O heart and soul that move
 Beneath a living law!
 That which seem'd all the rule
 Of Nature, is but part;
 A larger, deeper law
 Claims also soul and heart.
 The force that framed and bore us hither
 Itself at once is whence and whither.

its root and stay. Were Nature eternal and self-sufficient,—a self-existing, self-adjusting machine, evolving its laws and forces from itself as a spider spins its web out of its own bowels, and with nothing superior to itself, a miracle were impossible; but if it be derived and dependent, a divine picture-writing, a manifestation of the Great Creative Spirit, a vesture woven in the loom of Time by which we visibly apprehend Him who is invisible, and if miracle is an outbirth from the supernatural, an action originating from a sphere beyond and above the range of natural law,—then Nature is a perpetual miracle, and in this respect the type of all miracle.

So much will perhaps be generally conceded, but there are some who find the miracle not in the cause, but in the effect; to them miracle is simply a synonyme for marvel; thus Carlyle, in a burst of admiration, speaks of the human hand as "miraculous," and Mr. Atkinson insists that "all Nature is miraculous," which it truly is in this sense also as in the other. Indeed (still speaking in this sense), we may add that the common miracles of Nature are more miraculous than any other. Moses saw a bush that burned with fire and was not consumed, but in this glorious summer time *every bush* burns with a divine fire and is not consumed. Jesus fed a multitude with five loaves and a few

We may not hope to read
Or comprehend the whole
Or of the law of things
Or of the law of soul;
E'en in the eternal stars
Dim perturbations rise,
And all the searchers' search
Does not exhaust the skies:
He who has framed and brought us hither
Holds in His hands the whence and whither.

He in His science plans
What no known laws foretell;
The wandering fires and fix'd
Alike are miracle:
The common death of all,
The life renew'd above,
Are both within the scheme
Of that all-circling love;
The seeming chance that cast us hither
Accomplishes His whence and whither.

Then, though the sun go up
His beaten azure way,
God may fulfil His thought
And bless His world to-day;
Beside the law of things
The law of mind enthroned,
And, for the hope of all,
Reveal Himself in One;
Himself the way that leads us thither,
The All-in-all, the Whence and Whither.

small fishes; but what is this to Nature's daily miracle of feeding all the countless multitude of men and the cattle on a thousand hills? The germination of seed, the growth of plants, the building up of the human body from the almost invisible nucleated cell, life and death, birth into the natural world, birth into the spiritual world, we may call these the most miraculous of miracles. Think of it; with every beat of the clock a child is born, a man dies! What is the raising of a dead man in his natural body to the resurrection of the spiritual man out of the natural body, which occurs at the death of every man? Were it not that custom dulls the fresh eye of wonder, every green blade, every leafing tree would be a miracle. Goethe forcibly expresses this when he represents Mephistophiles tapping wine from a table, with the exclamation to Faust:—

Wine is sap, and sap is wood,
The table yieldeth wine as good;
Have faith, and here's a miracle.

In the absence of experience both would seem equally miraculous. To the untutored savage a balloon, a comet, a steam ship, an eclipse, are miracles. Are we, then, to conclude with some that the miracle is simply the extraordinary and unexpected, and of which the cause is to us unknown? If so, the miracle lies not in the outward fact, but in ourselves. It is relative only, a synonyme for ignorant wonder. That which is a miracle to-day may be no miracle to-morrow; as soon as we understand it it ceases to be a miracle; so that beginning with finding miracle everywhere, we may end by finding it nowhere. Or, without pushing our conclusion so far, shall we take the middle course, and say that a miracle is only the marvellous and exceptional—that which so far transcends common-place as to excite astonishment, as when we say that the Apollo Belvidere is a miracle of art, or Shakespeare a miracle of genius? The bolder conclusion seems the more logical and consistent, but neither is satisfactory; both alike empty the miracle of all significance; but we may take the hint which they suggest, and see if we cannot find in human nature a key which may unlock the mystery.

Man stands as the middle term between God and Nature; by his body he is allied to Nature, by his spirit he claims kinship with God, for God is Spirit. In him the two worlds of matter and of spirit meet and blend. Hemmed in by the limitations of his physical nature, subject to the laws of matter and the conditions of time and space, he yet infinitely transcends them. In vain does Nature oppose her barriers of mountain and of wave; in vain hide her secrets in farthest star or deepest mine; he sails the wave, pierces the mountain, and links together islands and continents. Mightier magician than

Prospero, he bids his faithful Ariel fly, and she outdoes the boast to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. The old earth unrolls for him the record of her history; the sunbeam yields its secret; Orion and the Pleiades are known to him. Higher than wing of bird ever soared, deeper than plummet ever sounded, reaches and pierces the aspiring, penetrating mind of man. He is the divine vice-gerent on earth: Nature's lord and king. Even the grave holds not from him her secrets; he studies the laws of intercourse with the spirit-world and holds converse with the mighty dead. Is he not then essentially above Nature—*supernatural*? In this inquiry he and the laws of his being must be taken into the account. In conquering Nature by his so potent art does he violate her laws, or does he harmoniously co-operate with them? In fine, is not man a free intelligence in Nature, comprehending more and ever more of the elements and forces around him, unharnessing them, yoking them together, varying their combinations, arranging, directing, controlling them; knowing what they can do for him, and making them do it? We do not, however, call this miracle, for he is still operating from within the realm of Nature. But, now, Nature asserts her claim over all of him that belongs to her, but even in this her final victory man gives the crowning proof that he is not her thrall. Liberated from the bondage of Nature and mortality he is now the free citizen of a higher world, a member of that glorious company of immortals whom no man can number. Of the laws of that spirit-country whither he has migrated; of the new powers he is able to wield; of the new possibilities that lie before him, we can know but little; it may not be in our power to realise them, till we, too, enter on our glorious inheritance. But this we know, that he is free from the infirmities and limitations of the body; from the illusions of sense; from subjection to those laws of space and time which had chained him down to earth. Even while a denizen of Nature, his achievements were all of the spirit, the body simply being his instrument and organ of communication with his fellows and with the outer world: the true man, acting from behind the mask of clay, being invisible; the spirit being known to us, as spirit can be alone known, by its manifestations. How puerile, then, the objection that spirit cannot act upon matter, when in every act and movement of the body the contrary is demonstrated. The subtle links between spirit and matter are indeed but imperfectly apprehended, but from daily experience we know that they exist, and many of us have like evidence that such links may be established when the spirit is no longer a tenant of the mortal form.

Everywhere Science finds traces of the reign of law: in the

winds and tides, in the spinning, weaving and building of insects, in the flight of birds, in the path of comets, and of cosmic orbs. She

Looks through natural forms,
And feels the throbbing arteries of LAW
In every pulse of Nature and of Man.

That the laws of Nature are universal and uniform in their operation, that like causes produce like effects, are propositions that need not the elaborate apparatus of argument and illustration sometimes employed to set them forth. No one for example disputes that oxygen and hydrogen always form water when combined in certain proportions, and in none other. What merchant would engage in foreign trade unless assured that his ships would swim? What husbandman would sow were he not certain that every seed brought forth fruit after its kind? If the food of to-day might to-morrow be poison, what an agonising uncertainty would be our daily life! If we are faithful to Nature, Nature is faithful to us. But does this beneficent constancy of Nature preclude the agency of those who have passed beyond Nature—an agency analogous to our own? How is the Order of Nature hereby infringed? What law of hers does this violate? Let us bear in mind that the laws of Nature are not all on one common level, but move on different planes of action, at different elevation, and by gradual ascent—the principle or law which governs these laws being that the lower is ever subordinate to the higher. Thus the law of mechanical cohesion is overcome by the higher law of chemical affinity; and chemical affinity which resolves the human body into its constituent elements is held in check by the law of life, which maintains the physical structure in its integrity; and as we have seen in man, the animal is subordinate to the spiritual. It is this which constitutes him the roof and crown of things, in apprehension so like a God. Our treasure, however is contained in earthen vessels; we here, as in a glass, darkly see only the shows of things, but in its own proper realm, emancipated from the body and from the bondage of sense, the spirit discerns things as they truly are: it is in the world of essences and causes. With larger knowledge, clearer vision, freer movement, Nature lies below it; it deals with the laws and forces of a higher world, and to which all laws of physics are subordinate; so that, working on the secret affinities and hidden springs of Nature, with subtler chemistry, more potent magnetism, with elements and forces at command, beyond our grasp, Nature becomes plastic to the regulating and formative power of spirit; it dominates matter, produces in it changes and transmutations so confounding to previous ideas as to constitute what has been called “The Despair of Science.” Operating on lines

of causation inaccessible to us, and forming new conjunctions of causes, what we find impossible may be easy to the spirit, and effects familiar to the scientists of the inner world, when manifested in the material sphere, be as strange, startling, inexplicable to us, as are the highest exploits of science to the untutored savage.

If I am told that this is contrary to the Order of Nature, or at all events a deviation from the ordinary course of Nature, I shall not contest the point, which may prove only a question of the nature and fitness of terms. A universal and consentaneous testimony might be cited to show that at all events it is not contrary to all human experience, not even in this enlightened nineteenth century, and that therefore it must be accepted as a part of that larger Order of the Divine Economy of which Nature is but a subordinate member, and in which Nature and the Supernatural are included.*

If on the other hand, as some contend, miracles lie within the Order of Nature, then we must so extend our conception of Nature as to comprehend in it at least all ranks and orders of created beings, including the great realm of spirit with all its laws

* The folly of dogmatising on the laws and possibilities of Nature, of which we know so little, and assuming that these laws are a finality, is humorously illustrated by Mr. Kingsley in his *Water Babies*, which I cite for the benefit of those "land babies" for whom this charming fairy tale was written:—

"And Tom?

"In fact the fairies had turned him into a water baby.

"A water baby? You never heard of a water baby. Perhaps not. That is the very reason why this story was written. There are a great many things in the world which you never heard of; and a great many more nobody ever heard of.

"'But there are no such things as water babies.' How do you know that? Have you been there to see? And if you had been there to see, and had seen none, that would not prove that there were none.

"'But a water baby is contrary to Nature.' Well, but my dear little man, you must learn to talk about such things, when you grow older, in a very different way. You must not talk about 'ain't' and 'can't' when you speak of this great wonderful world around you, of which the wisest man knows only the very smallest corner, and is, as the great Sir Isaac Newton said, only a child picking up pebbles on the shore of a boundless ocean. You must not say that this cannot be, or that is contrary to Nature. You do not know what Nature is, or what she can do; and nobody knows; not even Sir Roderick Murchison, or Professor Owen, or Professor Sedgwick, or Professor Huxley, or Mr. Darwin, or Professor Faraday, or any other of the great men whom little boys are taught to respect. They are very wise men; and you must listen respectfully to all they say, but even if they should say, which I am sure they never would, 'that cannot exist; that is contrary to Nature.' You must wait a little and see; for perhaps even they may be wrong.

"Wise men are afraid to say that there is anything contrary to Nature, except what is contrary to mathematical truth, but the wiser men are the less they talk about 'cannot.' That is a very rash dangerous word that 'cannot,' and if people use it too often, the Queen of all the Fairies is apt to astonish them suddenly by showing them, that though they say she cannot, yet she can, and what is more will, whether they approve or not."

and forces and modes of existence and operation; a startling innovation, and leading to ambiguity and confusion. But if we conceive of the spiritual world as discrete from Nature, constituting another and a higher Order, then we are justified in applying the term supernatural to that other-world Order, and to miracles as acts proceeding from it; this being not only the more conformable to common usage in thought and speech but also the more correct and philosophical. Bushnell, confirming his definition by reference to the etymology of the terms in question, says "Nature is that created realm of being or substance which has an acting, a going on, or process from within itself, under and by its own laws, . . . or, a scheme of orderly succession, determined from within the scheme itself. . . . That is supernatural, whatever it be, that is either not in the chain of natural cause and effect, or which acts on the chain of cause and effect in Nature from without the chain. Thus if any event transpires in the bosom, or upon the platform of what is called Nature, which is not from Nature itself, or is varied from the process Nature would execute by her own laws, that is supernatural, by whatever power it is wrought."

Our investigation then has conducted us to this point, that a miracle is the intervention by supernatural agency in the ordinary sequences of Nature producing effects which would not otherwise have taken place. It is not, therefore, an effect without adequate cause, but only of a cause operating from beyond and above Nature, possibly by laws and through links of connection with which we are either imperfectly acquainted or wholly ignorant. As remarked by an eminent mathematician: "A miracle is not necessarily a violation of any law of Nature, and it involves no physical absurdity: As Brown well observes, 'the laws of Nature are surely not violated when a new antecedent is followed by a new consequent; they are violated only when the antecedent, being exactly the same, a different consequent is the result;' so that a miracle has nothing in its nature inconsistent with our belief of the uniformity of Nature. All that we see in a miracle is an effect which is new to our observation, and whose cause is concealed. The cause may be beyond the sphere of our observation, and would be thus beyond the familiar sphere of Nature: but this does not make the event a violation of any law of Nature. The limits of man's observation lie within very narrow boundaries, and it would be arrogance to suppose that the reach of man's power is to form the limits of the natural world. The universe offers daily proof of the existence of power of which we know nothing, but whose mighty agency nevertheless manifestly appears in the most familiar works of creation. And shall we deny the existence of

this mighty energy, simply because it manifests itself in delegated and feeble subordination to God's omnipotence? . . . If we define a miracle as an effect of which the cause is unknown to us, then we make our ignorance the source of miracles, and the universe would be a standing miracle."*

From this view some important consequences would seem to follow. It brings the whole question of miracles, past and present, under one general and comprehensive view, and supplies their law on general principle. It enables us to understand how they may be associated with different and even conflicting religious faiths. Able and learned men have thought it necessary to show (often in spite of evidence to the contrary) that Roman Catholic and Pagan Miracles must be spurious, because it has been thought that miracles were evidence of the Divine authority of the worker or visible agent, and of the truth of all his doctrines and teachings, or at least of the general truth of the system in attestation of which the miracle was considered to be wrought. But we may now see that miracles furnish no such evidence. Were Pio Nono suddenly endowed with the power of speaking in unknown tongues—say in the Chinese language—what evidence could that be of Papal infallibility, or of the dogma of transubstantiation? Were a Hindoo philosopher to walk upon the sacred Ganges as upon dry land, what proof could that be of the metempsychosis? What miracle could prove two and two to be more than four, or less than four? Or how could it effect any belief we may entertain as to the duration of the world, or the origin of species, or any theory either of physics or of metaphysics to which it does not stand in immediate relation? What proof or confirmation of ethical or religious truth could we derive from witnessing a miracle except in so far as it proved the reality of spirit existence, or was in some way related to that belief? Could any heathen miracle make it right to offer human sacrifices to appease the anger of the gods? Or could any miracle make the parable of the good Samaritan more true, or endow it with more persuasive efficacy? The Bible itself exemplifies this: it shows that miracles in themselves are no evidence of divinity or of truth, but only of power: that they may be magical, demoniacal, and even diabolical, as well as divine. The first miracle it records—that of the talking serpent—was satanic, and one of the latest visions the New Testament records, is that of unclean spirits working miracles. If Moses and Aaron wrought miracles before Pharaoh, "as the Lord had commanded," "Pharaoh also called the wise men and the sorcerers and the magicians of Egypt; and they also did in like manner with their enchantments." Nor does it

* *Passages from the Life of a Philosopher.* By CHARLES BABBAGE.

affect the point that in this trial of strength the wise men, the magicians, and the sorcerers were ultimately vanquished. If "the spirit of the Lord caught away Philip," it was "the Devil" who took up Jesus "into an exceeding high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them."* The Evangelist who records this, represents Jesus as saying, "There shall arise false Christs and false Prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders, inasmuch that were it possible, they shall deceive the very elect," and Saint Paul speaks of "Him whose coming as after the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders." If, then, miracles are no certain credentials of a divine authority, no infallible test of truth, what purpose do they serve?

The New Testament speaks of miracles as "powers" or "mighty works," "wonders," and "signs." The latter is the more common and characteristic term. Miracles are the sign of a presence and a power that is not of earth, of a world beyond Nature, of a life beyond the present; they evidence that we are indeed—

Moving about in worlds not realised.

Phenomena, otherwise the most trivial, acquire deep significance when we realise them as spirit-manifestations, tokens and greetings from those who have o'erleaped this bank and shoal of Time, and thus—

Shame the doctrine of the Sadducees.

They are voices of the night, messenger-birds that come to us across the deep sea of Time, from the further shore, and tell us of that miracle country—that spirit-world whither we are bound. Miracles may have also other significations which we need not here consider, but this I take to be their main, primary, universal signification; and especially is this their chief value and significance in our day of doubt and denial as to all spiritual things.

Miracles are not the special product of any clime, race, creed, or period; they are not governed by considerations of geography, or of ethnology. We cannot put up a fence anywhere and say, "This sacred enclosure is a magic circle in which miracles were once common, but they have never occurred since, and never have occurred, and never can occur outside it." The spirit-world underlies Nature, and overlaps it; and wherever at any time there are suitable conditions may sensibly manifest its presence. We are now living in the midst of those experiences in which the infant religions of the world were cradled. Trances,

* Whether these narratives are or are not historical does not affect the present question. In any case they illustrate the Bible view of miracles—the only point for which they are here cited.

visions, healings, converse with spirits, communications from the invisible world, and manifestations of supernatural power:—these are familiar and avowed experiences in our time, as in past ages. Their correspondence with those of the primitive Christians is admitted even by those who believe in neither. Renan in his *Life of Jesus*, says:—"For nearly a century the Apostles and their disciples dreamed only of miracles." "The disciples deemed it quite natural that their master should have interviews with Moses and Elias." "The compilers of the Gospels were living in this respect in a world analogous to that of the 'Spiritualists' of our time." Of, course, M. Renan does not believe in any such world. In a later work, *The Apostles*, he tells us, "It is an absolute rule in criticism to deny a place in history to narratives of miraculous circumstances. Such facts have never been really proved. All the pretended miracles near enough to be examined are referable to illusion or imposture. If a single miracle had ever been proved, we could not reject in a mass all those of ancient history, for admitting that many of these last were false, we might still believe that some of them were true." That is just the contention of "the Spiritualists of our time," who from their own experience know that all miracles are not "referable to illusion or imposture;" and who find that their experiences in the nineteenth century illustrate those of "the Apostles and their disciples" in the first century, that the present and the past shed light upon each other.

"A miracle in Paris before experienced *savans* would put an end to all doubt," says Renan. I more than doubt it. To say nothing of the Apostolic miracles, even the lesser marvels of Spiritualism in our own day, attested by such *savans* as Alfred Russell Wallace, Professor De Morgan, and half-a-dozen Fellows of the Royal Society, backed by a crowd of witnesses from the learned professions and from all ranks of society, and from every civilized land, does nothing of the kind. Were an indubitable miracle to take place before a company of the most experienced *savans* of Paris, as M. Renan suggests, what would happen? Simply this: that the Members of the Institute, the Fellows of the Royal Society, and other learned bodies, would tell them plainly it was all imposture or delusion. If it were a miracle of vision it would be an hallucination; if one of hearing, they would be told it was probably a disease of the auditual nerve, or the miracle would be explained as a nervous epidemic, or automatic cerebration, or past ideas renovated, or possibly as due to hypnotism, or electro-biology. They would be reminded that anyhow it could not be a miracle, because a miracle is impossible, and not to be established by any amount of testimony. Finally, it would be insisted

that if the miracle was to be believed, it must be done over again, and as often as might be required, and under such test conditions as the more experienced *savans* should impose. When M. Renan tells us "miracles never happen," he may be right if he means only that they never happen before some collective body of "experienced *savans*," for they never place themselves in the way of their happening; and if brought before them by one of their number they refuse to even listen to such matters, as did the American Association for the Promotion of Science when invited by Professor Hare and the Spiritualists of Washington, and as the Royal Society has done more recently in refusing even to hear a paper on "Psychic Force" read before it by Mr. Crookes; but if M. Renan means that no experienced *savans* in our day testify to such facts as were formerly called miracles, then he manifests an ignorance of the subject that would be strange in so learned a man, were it not, alas! so common.

Dr. Littledale, writing in the *Contemporary Review* for August, 1872, on "The Rationale of Prayer," in reply to Professor Tyndall, says on this point:—

"I employed myself some time ago in speculating as to what would be the practical result on modern unbelief of a public revival of miracles. I have put before me the hypothesis of my being myself invested with a supernatural power of healing, and have asked myself what would come of it, assuming that the number and notoriety of the cures forced the physicists to take the matter up and inquire into it, instead of dismissing it with contemptuous incredulity. And I became satisfied that unless the power were universal and persistent in me, that is, that no case failed under any conditions, its evidential value would be superciliously disregarded. The objectors would insist on God's working so as to please them. They would require a variety of specified conditions to be fulfilled in every instance, bargaining for the nature and duration of the disease, the character and number of the witnesses to be present, the uniform repetition of the cure under carefully diversified circumstances, and the like. Then, if God did not choose to submit Himself to such critics, or withdrew after a time the power conferred, they would look to the cessation of the miracle, not to its previous persistence, and reject it accordingly as a mere abnormal phenomenon not deserving of serious attention. While, on the other hand, even if it did continue, they would, I am convinced, ascribe it to the discovery on my part of some hidden pathological law, and would deny the existence of any superhuman causation. The Evangelists are careful to let us know that the miracles they ascribe to Christ were so far from converting His chief opponents

that they merely embittered their hostility. And I consequently do not believe for a moment that even if the proposed experiment (a ward in an hospital to be specially prayed for) were one which is lawful for a Christian to try, if it were carried out to the letter as suggested, and if the tabulated result exhibit an enormous percentage of cures in the favoured ward, that the hyper-dogmatic asserters of the impossibility of miracles would be convinced. They would whisper about that one of the physicians had got a secret specific somehow, and was in league with the parsons to palm off his success as theirs. And they would probably point their remarks by showing how very conceivably that trick might have been played when chloroform was discovered but not yet currently known."

In terms almost identical with those of Renan, Strauss assures us, "There is no right conception of what history is, apart from a conviction that the chain of endless causation can never be broken, and that a miracle is an impossibility." But, now, are we quite sure that miracle is a breach in the continuity of causation? Do we know the whole chain from end to end? or, Do we see only a few of its lower links, the higher, invisible to mortal ken, reaching, it may be, beyond the realm of Nature, and producing effects we term miraculous? Büshner sneeringly asks, "Do not the table-spirits belong to the order of miracles?" and in a very different spirit, Cudworth argues, "Though all miracles, promiscuously, do not immediately prove the existence of God, nor confirm a prophet, or whatsoever doctrine; yet, do all of them evince that there is a rank of invisible, understanding beings, superior to men, which atheists commonly deny." The sneer of the atheist, and the argument of the philosopher might alike suggest to the brilliant Frenchman and the learned German that their objection to miracle is based on an entire and fundamental misapprehension of its nature, that it is not a synonym for a break in the chain of endless causation; and with the rectification of that fatal error their objection to miracle disappears: it has no longer a foothold on the earth.

The supernatural is as much in harmony with law as is the natural. The intervention of spiritual agency in Nature, acting upon forces and in ways unknown to us and thereby producing effects contrary to common experience, as when what we call solid matter is made to pass through solid matter, is no mere a violation of law, or a break in the chain of endless causation, than when man intervenes in Nature and employs the electric current to transmit a message to the Antipodes.

That mistrust and doubt, especially when these are of the will, rather than of the understanding, are real powers of

hindrance in all spiritual working; and that such powers are intensified by union and brought to a focus, is certain. Even the Master Miracle-worker, in the midst of a sceptical community, "could do no mighty works because of their unbelief." So far were His miracles from being acts of omnipotence, that He expressly insists on their limitations, and on the conditions—spiritual and physical—necessary to their performance,—faith, prayer, fasting, unity, harmony. No doubt it was to the observance of these divine laws, to His habits of solitude, meditation, and prayer; His perfect trust in God, and His oneness with the Father, that He was able to perform those beneficent mighty works that were indeed a sign to that faithless and perverse generation. Doubtless there was also conjointly in Him what may be called an organic fitness—a harmony of the entire nature, an openness to the highest influx, the natural body itself being pre-eminently a temple for the Divine Spirit; so that both spiritually and physically, and in an especial manner, He was thus constituted the living organ and medium of its communication and power. And if now, as we are told, "such things never happen," let it, among other things, be remembered that such a personality is never found, that such a life is never lived. When our "experienced *savans*" are thus open to influx from the Heavens, and attain that moral and spiritual union with God which Christ exemplified, and to which His true disciples aspire, they may realise the truth of His words, "The works that I do shall ye do also, and greater than these;" and of His promise to be in the midst of those who were gathered together in His name; and understand how the great Pentecostal outpouring occurred, when "the disciples were all with one accord in one place."

To our "experienced *savans*," however, I am aware such language is like talking in an unknown tongue. Spiritual insight indeed is rarely found in men profoundly penetrated with a sense of their own learning and wise in their own conceit. It is true now, as of old, that spiritual mysteries are often hidden from these wise and prudent persons and revealed to fishermen, and even unto babes. Scholarship may teach us of the past, and science of the facts of Nature and her methods, but spiritual arcana are beyond their province. Philology and mathematics will not help us to any knowledge of the laws, forces, and relations of the spiritual world, and the most experienced *savant* may be stone-blind to the simplest facts concerning it; as indeed he is when he seeks to test and gauge those facts by the laws and methods of purely natural science, except in so far as they relate to phenomena and effects of spiritual action within the range of physics.

While we contend that there is no antecedent impossibility in miracles; that, like other facts, they may be established on sufficient evidence; that they violate no law of the Divine Order, when we take a comprehensive view of that Order as including both the natural and the spiritual universe with which they may be coeval and co-extensive; they at the same time become divested of that false and superstitious character which in a scientific age has so impeded their reception.

I trust that the time is not far distant when this whole subject will be reconsidered on larger grounds than those on which it is now generally discussed, and apart from any bearings it may be supposed to have on theories and systems on either side. It may be that our definitions may have to be corrected and our theories revised, and that our systems may be found partial and incomplete; but let us take all facts into the account and resolve to follow Truth whithersoever it may lead us, and I apprehend we shall be on the high road to a better understanding of the *rationale* of miracles, past and present.

NOTE.—I have abstained from direct discussion of the New Testament miracles (to which, in consideration of this subject, our thoughts naturally revert) as their adequate discussion would demand much fuller treatment than is here possible. I would, however, recommend the reader desirous of prosecuting this enquiry to Trench's *Notes on the Miracles*, especially to the Introduction, which gives a historical and critical review of the objections to them. It is a pity this Introduction is not published as a separate essay in a cheap form for more extensive circulation.

In reply to Hume and more recent objectors to miracles, see an able paper by Alfred Russell Wallace, read before the Committee of the London Dialectical Society, and published in *The Spiritual Magazine*, No. 3, Vol. VII., New Series.

SOME "MEMORABLE RELATIONS."

A LADY writing from Lucan, County Dublin, has communicated the following "memorable relations:"—"I have been lately reading cases of insensibility to fire related in the *Spiritual Magazine*; my husband can bear witness to a case of the same kind in this neighbourhood. Within a mile from this place, my husband has seen a man who worked at the blacksmith's forge in the village, take a red-hot bar of iron from the forge out of the furnace and lick it, all present hearing his tongue upon it sound as if frying; and he would take live coals in his hands, receiving thereby no injury, his skin remaining without any trace of fire having passed over it."

The spirit of a suicide is described by the same lady as

lately to have appeared in their neighbourhood under the following circumstances:—She says, “A man committed suicide the other day by cutting his throat. He was unmarried, and had a sister who lived close to his house; but I do not know whether she lived with him. On the day of the funeral, when she returned home, she went into a shed for his spade and shovel. They were standing in a corner. When she entered she saw a cloudy form between them and the wall. She became alarmed and ran out, but gathering courage ran in again, upon which the spade and shovel attacked her as if they were in a man’s hands. She ran out terrified, and after a little while she asked a man (who knew nothing of what had happened to her) to get for her the spade and shovel. He went in and brought them to her without their showing any hostility to him. But immediately upon their being brought into her presence they attacked her furiously, and she had to fly for her life.”

In a later letter received from this lady, she says that the cottage of the suicide is now empty, no people being found, however poor, willing to live in it, owing to this disturbance caused by the uneasy spirit.

Writing, June 14th, 1872, our correspondent tells us of another haunted cottage in her neighbourhood. She thus writes:—

“We live close to the Grand Canal, at the 12th lock from Dublin (that is how we reckon here). About twelve years ago there was a lock-keeper who lived in the lock-house, which stands about 12 yards from the lock. There are sluices in the gates which are like wickets drawn up by an immense key that works like the key of a barrel-organ. I need not say how laborious the turning is of this key; and if it slips off, which it sometimes does, the person turning it generally falls into the water, and not unfrequently is drowned. At the time I speak of, the lock-keeper was a man of the name of Michael Dunn. He was a quiet, decent man, with only one fault. He occasionally took a dram, and then he drank in fits; for months he would drink nothing, then take to it again and drink incessantly for a week at a time. He was married to a heartless, vixen of a woman, who completely ruled him. They had three or four children, the eldest of whom was a boy named Isaac, who was an unusually smart, intelligent, amiable lad. The unfortunate father at the time I speak of, the summer of 1860 or thereabouts, in one of his drunken fits, was lying on his bed sleeping off his drink, when a boat was seen coming up to the lock. Poor little Isaac was ordered by his parents to prepare for the entrance of the boat. The child cried bitterly and besought that he might not have to empty the water out of the lock, for that very

morning the key had slipped, and but for the presence of a bigger boy who assisted him, he would have then been thrown into the water. His entreaties were in vain, the father stupid with drink and drunken with sleep, drove him off with curses. In a moment the heavy key once more slipped from the child's weak hands, and the child was driven through the aperture by the violence of the water and hurled to the bottom of the lock, his back-bone being broken by his having been forced through so small an opening, not more than two feet square, or so. The wretched father was sobered by this horrible accident, but appeared as one stunned so as to scarcely understand what really had occurred. At length he was roused by the curses and screams of his wife, who from that day forth never for one moment ceased calling him the murderer of her child. One morning about ten days after the tragedy, the wretched father, driven wild by his wife's reproaches, fled from the house like a madman, and, about half a mile away in the fields smothered himself.

There is at the present time a lock-keeper, together with his wife and his little son, living in the house by the lock; and his wife's sister, a decent young woman, a dress-maker, who sleeps in the room formerly occupied by Michael Dunn. For a considerable time, the dress-maker has seen lights and heard voices. Lately she has constantly seen the figure of a little boy with bare feet and head, with a kind of cloak, however, partly drawn over the head and concealing the face. This figure would walk from her room to her sister and brother-in-law's bed-room. She bore this as well as she could, telling the priest of it, who only laughed at her account. Four mornings since (this is written, as we have already said, June 14th, 1872), she saw the boy, instead of passing on without noticing her as usual, turn and look up in her face, and the poor girl has been in a dreadful state of mind ever since.

Since writing the above, our correspondent sends us word that she learns that during the miserable eight days of his life after the death of little Isaac, the father used every night at eleven o'clock to say he should go to the lock, as Isaac had promised to meet him there. And there for an hour he would be seen pacing up and down, as though conversing with some one.

THE DARK *SÉANCE*, AND COLOURED LIGHT.

By CAPTAIN CASEMENT.

DURING my early investigations of the spiritual phenomena in North America, commenced in 1851, I happened to be at New York, on one of my visits to that country, in the Spring of 1853 or 54, and shall never forget the sensation produced among Spiritualists and others there, on the introduction of the *spirit-voice* and accompanying manifestations by the spirit of "John King," at a spirit-room, built to spirit-order, in a very secluded spot among the mountains of Western New York, by a Spiritualist named Koons.

I was prevented then from paying a visit to Koons' spirit-room, as I had arranged to do, but I heard Mr. Charles Partridge, the publisher of the first modern spiritual newspaper, the *New York Spiritual Telegraph*, relate his experiences at the spirit-rooms in question, avowing the extremely satisfactory character of the manifestations taking place there, which were *free* to the public, and visited by persons from the most distant parts of the country, he having met one gentleman there, who had actually come through 11 degrees of latitude, expressly to witness those extraordinary manifestations. I had, however, once crossed the Atlantic previously, chiefly to investigate the wonderful case of Andrew Jackson Davis, and I may add that I never regretted it. As to the reason why "John King" had selected such an out-of-the-way spot for his astounding manifestations, much curiosity existed, for it was near no town or village, and part of the journey was fatiguing, the mode of locomotion being arduous and difficult during the latter stages.

In reply to queries put, it was explained that the magnetic and electric emanations of that district, influenced as they were by the peculiar geological formations underneath, produced *conditions*, which in connexion with the mediumistic powers developed in Koons' family, enabled the spirits operating to give the peculiar manifestations then and there exhibited. It may be asked, how is it that the same "John King," with his spirit-assistants, are able to afford to us now, in the heart of London, manifestations equal, and in some instances far superior, to those originally given at Mr. Koons' spirit-room? The explanation is simple yet instructive, as pointing to that great law of *progression*, which controls all things seen and unseen, animate and inanimate in the universe. For since the time

when the spirit of Benjamin Franklin accompanied by a few German spirits sympathising with him in his researches and aims, made the first experiments which resulted in the electrical vibrations at Auburn and Rochester in Western New York, according to the communication made by Franklin to Davis, recorded in his *Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse*, the spirits have been themselves evidently making great progress, by the aid of numerous experiments, in opening up a tangible intercourse with mankind on our earth, in a great variety of modes, so that what could only be effected at first in certain localities, and with one or two mediums, may now be produced almost anywhere, and in presence of a great variety of mediumistic persons, while the phenomena continue to increase, though, with the exception of spirit-photography, probably not in much greater power or variety yet than in times long gone by.

The intense delight experienced by the inhabitants of the progressive rudimentary spheres, on becoming acquainted with the success of Benjamin Franklin and his *confrères*, in discovering this telegraphic mode of communication with earth, which words could scarcely convey an idea of, was not the least interesting point to which Franklin's communication directed attention.

It would appear that throughout the world's history, whenever fit recipients could be found or developed for the influx of spiritual mediumistic influences, during periods of intellectual advancement, as in the days of the Greek republics, and when local electrical conditions suited, as at Delphos, spirits have always shown extreme readiness to avail themselves of such conditions and opportunities, for the drawing up of men's minds heavenward. And now, as in the words of one of the Reverend Mr. Harris's spiritual poems, it may be well said, "the gods on earth renew their bright career."

Among all the various phenomena which I have witnessed, none have appeared more demonstrative to me than the conversational spirit-voice of "John King," now so common at such *séances* as those where that indefatigable spirit superintends the proceedings. The spirit-faces and figures have been recently added at several of his *séances*, as well as at a few others, including Mrs. Jennie Holmes's, which very greatly enhance the value of the conversational manifestations, and I am perfectly convinced that if investigators would only take the hints which "John King" and his daughter "Katie" have now given recently on two occasions, as to the great advantage of using a faint coloured light at his *séances* and similar ones—a plan which I am most desirous of calling attention to—very soon such a system of

happifying and purifying social spiritual intercourse might be generally reckoned upon, as would supersede altogether the dark *séance*, except in cases where exceptionally powerful physical manifestations were required.

At a private *séance* in June last, at Manchester, in presence of the mediums Messrs. Herne and Williams, a small hand was perceived by the company present to be waved round the red spark of the candle on the latter being blown out. This led to inquiry, and "John King," explained that if the sitters could manage some permanent red light of a similar character, visible results would be obtained. A small piece of thick red ribbon was then placed over the bullseye of a very small lighted lantern, when the musical instruments, &c., in the room were *seen* floating about, as well as the lantern itself, without any hand touching it. This was a very successful experiment, and not so primitive either as Franklin's famous one with a boy's kite, which has brought such grand results to the world.

During the present month, a second and superior illustration of the principle involved in the use of *coloured light alone*, at spiritual *séances*, was displayed at Kingston-on-Thames, in Mr. Russell's private photographic studio, which I have examined. Here there is a single red pane of glass, admitting coloured light freely, and in a small enclosed space attached to this room, similar to a cabinet, "Katie King" and her father showed themselves quite unexpectedly, in the presence of Mr. Russell and some members of his family, during an unexpected visit from Mr. Herne. "Katie" walked out into the centre of the red lighted room, and in direct voice, was very particular in asking that all *white* light should be excluded, as it was a great obstacle to such manifestations. Her lips were seen to move in speaking, and her dress was felt and handled. "John King" put his arm out of the cabinet, but said he would have to practise more, as Katie had done, before he could walk out into the coloured light.

Eventually it may be discovered that some particular colour, or combination of colours, may be preferable to all others. A small piece of coloured glass inserted in a folding door, allowing the *white* light from gas, oil or wax, in the outer room, to penetrate through it to the inner or *séance* room, might prove a suitable mode of experimenting, care being taken to prevent any *white* light from stealing in through crevices; *whiteness* in light in these experiments being prejudicial.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MRS. JENNIE FERRIES HOLMES.

HOW JAMES GORDON BENNETT AND PROFESSOR HALLER GOT
MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR.

DURING the winter of 1865, and while travelling through New York State, I received an invitation from Mrs. James Gordon Bennett to make a visit to her country home at Washington Heights, on the Hudson, for the purpose of holding *séances* for the benefit of herself and a few friends at that time visiting the family. Mrs. Bennett was a firm believer, but Mr. Bennett was very sceptical on the subject of spirit-phenomena, and as an offset to Mrs. Bennett and myself, he invited Professor Haller, the celebrated "magician," who was at that time giving exhibitions in New York City, and pretending to expose Spiritualism. So confident were Mr. Bennett and Professor Haller of making an *exposé* of me, that they were quite elated and very jubilant over their prospect of an easy victory, and a good joke on Mrs. Bennett and myself.

I invited Mr. Bennett and his friends to form a circle. He declined. He did not believe in circles or anything of the sort. I then invited him to go into the room alone with me, while the rest of the party guarded the doors and windows. Mr. Bennett then went into the room alone with me, he holding both of my hands firmly. We were no sooner seated than he was touched by spirit-hands—his face slapped, his hair pulled, and the iron ring which he was holding down on the table with his elbows was put on his arm. Mr. Bennett called for a light, and wanted me to get one. I firmly declined to let go his hands, but requested him to go with me to the door and ask the friends to get one for us, which was done, when Mr. Bennett related his experience to his friends, just as everything occurred, and expressed himself satisfied for that night. Mr. Bennett observing that Professor Haller looked rather astonished and incredulous about the matter, told him to investigate the phenomena for himself. Mrs. Bennett was highly delighted at Mr. Bennett's discomfiture, and urged Haller to try his hand with the spirits. Professor Haller finally consented to sit alone with me; everything being arranged as before, and to the entire satisfaction of all present. The manifestations instantly commenced on taking our seats, and Professor Haller was treated in the same manner as Mr. Bennett, *only more so*. Professor Haller made quite a little speech to the party assembled, and admitted that he could do many wonderful things which were very deceptive to the

senses of sight and hearing; but with his hands held he could do absolutely nothing. He expressed himself satisfied of the presence of spirit-power while getting the ring test, as he held both the medium's hands firmly, also holding both of her feet and knees between his own, and at the same time was repeatedly touched by hands, some large and some small, and three and four at a time. *Séances* were held nightly, Mr. Bennett being in attendance each time. He also received many private communications—a full and lengthy account of which was written by himself, and published in the *Herald* at that time.

MANIFESTATIONS AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

During my stay in New York, I gave many cabinet *séances* at the Cooper Institute, under the management of Dr. Fitzgibbon. One night the hall was filled to overflowing, and we did not get a single manifestation. The spirits, for some cause best known to themselves, would not even rap. I was terribly annoyed and expected to be mobbed, but the Doctor spoke to the audience and quieted them, and invited everyone to come the next evening, which they did, and we found it impossible to accommodate one half that tried to get in. That night the manifestations were perfectly furious. The sceptic element that had been so delighted on the evening previous went away more confounded than ever. The result of our labours in New York was the organisation of a Progressive Society and a Lyceum. The same results were obtained in Brooklyn, where I afterwards went, and held many private as well as public *séances*. We went to Philadelphia from New York, where I met Emma Hardinge, who was doing a noble work from the platform. She lectured and I held *séances* alternately for the benefit of the poor. While delivering one of her inspired lectures she described how the ring test was done at my *séances*.

HOW A POOR GIRL WAS RESCUED.

During the last four years I have been professionally engaged in New Orleans, La, U.S.A. I went there a perfect stranger, and found but very few Spiritualists, and that few very despondent. I left there last May, when the Society of Spiritualists, under the presidency of Hon. A. Alexander (who was made a Spiritualist at my *séances*), numbered nearly 3,000 members. During the latter part of July, 1870, I was located at No. 190, Buronne Street, where an event happened to me that caused considerable emotion throughout the city, and gave a new

impetus to our cause, instigating many to investigate who had hitherto held aloof. One evening while engaged at my toilet, preparatory to the *séance*, a scene came up before me in my normal state, that for the moment quite startled me, but soon passed out of my mind, as many others of like import had on previous occasions. The second evening the scene came again, but in a more convincing and startling manner. The apparition appeared for the third time. I saw a sick girl, whose pitiable situation excited my compassion; the room in which she stayed, its furniture, the exact likeness of the inmates, and the appearance of the house; the threatening manner of the old hag who seemed to have charge of the poor miserable creature, who was pleading for mercy, and begging to be sent to the hospital. The fiendish-looking old woman, standing over the trembling girl, told her "if she did not die that night, she would find a way to make her; she did not intend to be bothered with her any longer."

So forcible an impression did it make upon my mind that I called in several of my lady friends, and stated to them that this vision had appeared to me on three separate occasions. I told them that this girl appeared to me in an attitude so beseeching that my sympathies were excited beyond restraint. Looking at her and her surroundings attentively, I perceived that the woman having the girl in charge was actually engaged in making grave clothes, while yet the patient lived; also that she had prepared a bath in which, even before life was extinct, she was to be immersed preparatory for the tomb. Interested at this information, the ladies determined to visit the house and make inquiries. The residence was so accurately described by me that it was impossible to miss it, and on arriving there, they inquired if a sick lady occupied one of the rooms of the house. They were answered in the affirmative; and on being shown to the apartment, found everything as I had described it, and the old hag actually standing over the girl, gesticulating and repeating the very words I had heard in the vision, the information being correct in every particular. The girl was there, sick, wretched, and apparently dying; and in the same room was the woman engaged in making her shroud. Of course, such a condition of things could not be tolerated. They at once informed the police, and steps were immediately taken to have the girl conveyed to the Charity Hospital. The heartrending story of her flight from home and parents, and finally her ruin and present sickening condition, was learned from her own lips.

The New Orleans *Picayune* gave a full and detailed account of the whole affair, closing with the following paragraph:—

"Whatever may be said of mediums in the abstract, Mrs.

Ferris has illustrated in this instance a kindly Christian charity which has rescued a human being from death, and built up in her heart a longing for a purer life, which if it does no more, will cherish at least this single virtue."

Afterwards I made frequent visits to the hospital to see the girl; and as she grew stronger and realised that she had really escaped from her tormentors, and was safe from further persecution, she related to me the story of her ruin, with all details up to the time of her rescue. Suffice it to say that it was the oft-repeated tale of man's inhumanity to woman.

MR. FRANCIS GALTON ON THE STATISTICS OF PRAYER.*

By R. M. THEOBALD, M.D.

MR. GALTON has taken up the subject that Professor Tyndal introduced in such an extraordinary fashion. The professor suggested a method of testing the efficacy of prayer by experiment. Mr. Galton now asserts that the experiment has been tried and failed. It is proved that prayer is not efficacious. The proofs are already at hand, and they are such as these:—Medical men never attribute the recovery of their patients to prayer:—"The universal habit of the scientific world to ignore the agency of prayer is a very important fact. All royal persons are prayed for, that their lives may be preserved, yet the average duration of their lives is rather below than over the usual average of persons in affluent circumstances. Clergymen are not so long lived as lawyers and medical men, nor are they specially favoured in the worldly matters which enter into their prayers. Missionaries have no immunity from casualty and death, even when their work is scarcely begun. Children who are prayed for do not live longer than others. Every day the prayer is offered that the nobility may be endowed with 'grace, wisdom and understanding,' but the upper classes are especially liable to insanity. Men who have made the most mark in their times have not been conspicuously devout, often the reverse. Religious men are often bad men of business, unskilful and unpractical, and bring failure to the concern they manage. Insurance companies do not inquire into the devotional habits of those who present themselves for insurance, but are guided by quite other considerations. If these reasons are sufficient to

* *Fortnightly Review*, August, 1872.

convince Mr. Galton of the futility of prayer, we do not wonder at his assertion that "the efficacy of prayer seems to me a simple, as it is a perfectly appropriate and legitimate subject of scientific inquiry." Doubtless it is a very simple matter if you begin by determining that all conceptions involved in the words "efficacy" and "prayer," shall be as shallow and narrow, and human, and limited as any of the smallest questions of political economy.

The fact is that the phrase, the "efficacy of prayer," is a sort of formula, a string of words that are, as Hobbes says, "counters to wise men and money to fools"—words that have no meaning at all till the entire realm of spiritual facts to which prayer belongs has been brought into view. These physical philosophers are really playing with words and phrases, while the realities which these words only dimly suggest are never present to their consciousness at all. "Efficacy" they understand in the sense in which the word is used when applied to drugs or mechanical forces, or the expedients of committees and Parliaments. "Prayer" is a word that means a definite request which can be formulated and put into schedules. Prayer is efficacious when its terms are complied with, when the good (or goods) requested have been duly received and the transaction settled. All noble words of this class dwindle as soon as these *savans* use them.

Can anything be conceived more ridiculously unphilosophical than this method of measuring infinite facts by the two-foot rule of statistical computation? The latest exponent of cynical philosophy is not altogether mistaken when he remarks, "Your pseudo-philosopher, who will always think he has plumbed the ocean with his silver-topped cane, is a great bore sometimes."

It is remarkable how invariably scientific men, when they pretend to investigate supernatural facts, make the facts attitudinise to suit their convenience. Here is a very subtle piece of attitudinising:—

There are two lines of research, by either of which we may pursue this inquiry. The one that promises the most trustworthy results is to examine large classes of cases (such classes he means as the number of still-born babies announced in the *Record*—babies presumably prayed for—as compared with those announced in the *Times*) and to be guided by broad averages; the other, which I will not employ in these pages, is to deal with isolated instances.

He selects exactly those cases which he can manipulate at pleasure, which every one knows can produce no satisfactory result, while he politely bows out of court the cases which do not admit of manipulation, which present some of the most curious and difficult problems that the human mind can be exercised upon—the cases in which prayer is apparently answered in an exact and literal way by an act of supernatural intervention. We need not discuss such cases in these columns—we merely claim that

they should have special attention when the question of the efficacy of prayer is investigated. And this not merely on their own account, but because they illustrate a very usual method of Divine working. The deep and obscure ways of Providence are intended to be interpreted, or, to a limited extent, illuminated, by the more intelligible acts. It may be that petitions for spiritual and universal blessings are as really answered as George Müller's prayers for daily bread and daily cash (assuming his case to be really one of repeated providential interference, as he describes them.) But prayer for general rather than individual benefits may be answered in quite inscrutable ways: by the birth of a child or a thought, by some apparently chance word or event which contains the infinitesimal germ of the intended result. Indeed, it is quite possible that the answer to any prayer may be involved in some event outside the limits of this planet, the effects of which will not reach us till after an indefinite lapse of time. The Christian conception of the solidarity of the universal realm of God, in all worlds and ages, compels us to admit the possibility that such links of connection may exist between earth and the heavens, between time and eternity. Now it is plain that if this is the only way in which prayer is answered, the strain put upon faith would be beyond human endurance. Prayer may, however, vary infinitely in its range, from a crust of bread to the eternal welfare of the whole human race, and the answers may be small enough for even a physical philosopher to appreciate, or beyond the ken of the loftiest created intelligence. It may be that the answers which we can understand are selected, typical, and on the whole exceptional cases, intended to assist our faith when we can see no answer at all, and that it is as unscientific to investigate the question of the efficacy of prayer while these cases are left out, as it would be to study the atmosphere of the sun before we have found out what are the properties of the oxygen and nitrogen of our own atmosphere.

We make bold, therefore, to deny in *toto* Mr. Galton's assertion that the efficacy of prayer is a "simple, appropriate, and legitimate subject of scientific inquiry." In a very limited sense, it is a subject for science; but only where the inquiry has been so restricted that it becomes almost useless. It is doubtless true that in Mr. Galton's sense prayer is *not* efficacious—it will not yield any definite percentage on the time and energy spent upon it; it is not a transaction whose value can be expressed in any known currency. But this only proves that its value must be gauged by quite other considerations. Physical science and statistical inquiries must necessarily concern themselves with the phenomena of time and space. So far as prayer has reference

to this class of conditions—and it has doubtless a very important reference to them—science may, with some success, investigate its results. But let science do so with due modesty, and not think it has scaled the heavens merely because it has worked out a problem in book-keeping by double entry. The grandest results of prayer do not belong to the phenomena of time and space at all, and therefore are only the subject of scientific investigation if there is a science which can emancipate itself from these sensuous conditions, and grasp infinite realities. Any competent metaphysician knows this, if Professor Tyndall and Captain Galton are not aware of it, and make stupid blunders in consequence.

It is not our fault if we are constrained thus to expose the ignorance of eminent men of science on these elementary questions of psychology and metaphysics. It would be very delightful to render homage to the depth of thought, accuracy of reasoning, and the keenness of insight of men who are deservedly respected for their sagacity and soundness in the investigations of physical science. And it is proportionally humiliating to find in these same men the shallowest thinking, the most fallacious reasoning, and the most confused perceptions when they attempt to deal with matters that lie beyond the region of sense and sight, though they are not beyond the discernment of any plain man whose spiritual vision has not been dimmed and distorted by pseudo-scientific sophistication. Alas! alas! What a fantastic compound of littleness and grandeur is presented by some of our greatest men! As a small compensation, we smaller folk may be delivered from the tyranny of great names. There is no one so unskilled in science and philosophy who may not take up the words of Elihu, "I said, Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Great men are not always wise, neither do the aged understand judgment. Therefore I said, hearken to me, I also will show my opinion."

THE *SPIRITUALIST* AND SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

OUR contemporary, *The Spiritualist*, appears angry with other spiritual journals, and with this Magazine in particular, because they are unable to confirm its conclusions in regard to the spirit-photographs taken by Mr. Hudson. We wish to employ our space to better purpose than self-vindication, and have no desire to be drawn into a controversy with any spiritual journal on differences of opinion arising out of investigations of new

phases of phenomena in which difficulties may naturally be expected, especially when they are of so subtle and delicate a kind as in spirit-photographs; and as to which differences of opinion may be honestly entertained. We, however, observe with regret, that our contemporary continues to reiterate imputations against the *bona fides* of Mr. Hudson and the mediums in whose presence the majority of these spirit-photographs were obtained, which we cannot but regard as unsustained by any thing like sufficient evidence. If, indeed, loudness of tone and confidence of statement could be accepted as evidence, it certainly would not be found lacking in the columns of our contemporary. We should not be at all surprised to learn that it is quoted as the latest illustration that the assumption of infallibility is not limited to either the Vatican or the Royal Institution. It will, however, be found on careful examination that the greater part of what it is pleased to call "the facts of the case," are only its *opinions*, *inferences*, and *fancies*, and we respectfully decline to take these as current coin for facts, partly because we have made more personal inquiry into the subject than our contemporary gives us credit for, and still more, because those inferences are in conflict with a large amount of direct unimpeachable testimony, and with the statements of spirits whose forms appear on Mr. Hudson's plates, and who exhibit facts which attest and confirm the truth of their statements on the subject.

We cannot receive as decisive the judgment of those who look on these pictures with a merely "professional eye;" were we to do so, we should have to give up as spurious *all* spirit-photographs, including those the *Spiritualist* admits to be genuine; nay, for that matter, all spiritual manifestations so regarded would come under and have come under the same condemnation. When professional photographers are as familiar with the laws and methods of spiritual photography, as the more scientific members of the profession are with those of common photography, their opinions on this question will be entitled to greater weight. Perhaps by that time they may have learned that phenomena of spiritual agency are not to be wholly judged by those narrow canons of professional criticism which apply well enough to phenomena of purely physical and mundane origin.

To follow our contemporary in detail, to correct its misrepresentations, exhibit the wrong constructions it puts on facts, and point out its false premises and fallacious reasonings, would lead to long trivial discussions and to personal references, perhaps irritating—certainly wearisome—and probably attended with but little profit. As spirit-photographs are better understood they will vindicate themselves, they are

already doing so. The effects so confidently regarded as indubitable proof of double exposure, it has been shown appear on plates where certainly only a single exposure has taken place, and on plates where recognised portraits of departed friends and relatives clearly appear. Facts are also coming into view which explain the resemblance which the spirit-portrait sometimes bears to the medium. Some facts of this kind were given in our last number, and in the same number of the *Spiritualist* in which the editor flings about charges with so free a hand, there is an article, apparently also by the editor, on "The Systematic Appearance of Spirits;" giving an account of manifestations through the mediumship of Miss Florence Cook. Speaking of the spirit-faces seen, he says, "The first face which appeared, and which called itself Katie King, was much like her own, to her great annoyance. . . . The spirit Katie said she could not help being like her medium." Now, if this face had been photographed at Mr. Hudson's studio, would not its resemblance to the medium at once have been set down as conclusive evidence that it was the medium who had here personated the spirit, and had acted in fraudulent collusion with the photographer to palm off upon credulous Spiritualists a sham spirit-photograph; or what our contemporary calls an "artificial ghost picture made by double exposure of the plate, the said plate being first exposed on the person dressed as a ghost, then preserved in a wet state, and afterwards exposed again on persons who come for spirit-photographs."

A little further in the same article we read, "The spirits say they *manufacture* the faces more or less perfectly, and that the life in them is derived from the medium, who is usually in a deep trance all the time. The sides, tops, and backs of the heads are covered with white bandages. The heads have been felt, but only in total darkness at present; in some cases they have been hollow at the back, just like a wax doll with the back of its head pushed in. They are all living faces, with sparkling eyes and mobile features. When the power is weak the eyes are more fixed than at other times, and the spirits say they cannot see out of them." Again we ask, if this spirit-head like that of a wax doll had been photographed by Mr. Hudson, would it not at once have been denounced as "a dummy ghost picture," or "make up?" Is it not strange that our contemporary does not apparently perceive even the force and bearing of its own facts?

It is greatly to be regretted that our generally intelligent and careful contemporary has not in this matter acted with its usual discretion; that, instead of following those who looked at these photographs with only a "professional eye," the editor

did not possess his soul in patience, wait for more light, and take counsel with Spiritualists whose longer experience might have made him more cautious and been a safer guidance. He would not then have so hastily occupied the seat of judgment, and, deceived by fallacious appearances and facts he did not properly understand, have defamed the character of men on whom no breath of suspicion had blown, and whose good faith and extraordinary mediumship he had himself attested. He has made certain serious charges; it is his duty either to substantiate or withdraw them. At present, he has done neither. His plain duty in this respect is not to be evaded by reference to other persons who, he alleges, are in possession of evidence. It is his duty to produce that evidence, not ours to go hunting after what we believe to be mare's nests. The testimony on the other side, which has come to us unsought, has been neither "anonymous," nor that of "letters dropped into the office from anybody;" but of experienced Spiritualists, well known and respected as such long before our contemporary was heard of. To this mass of evidence we have much pleasure in adding the clear and decided testimony of Mr. William Howitt, which will be found on another page.

It was our simple duty to point out, as we have done, the inconclusive nature of the evidence on which accusations of imposture and fraud had been based, and to publish rebutting evidence on the other side. We hope the able editor of the *Spiritualist* will yet see reason to abandon the untenable position hastily taken up by him. When he does so, we are sure that Spiritualists will readily condone the wrong he has unwittingly done, in consideration of his good intentions and past services, and that if he learns the salutary lesson which this experience should have brought him, he will furnish no occasion for a "double exposure."

Since the foregoing was in type we have received the following:—

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—In consequence of having seen statements in the issue of the *Spiritualist* of the 15th instant, I beg to inform you that I called on Mr. Benjamin Pycock, of Brooke's Hotel, 33, Surrey Street, Strand, yesterday, the 20th September, and showed him the statements referred to in the *Spiritualist*. He expressed to me the greatest astonishment, and denied the matter *in toto*, saying that he had never made any such communication to Mr. Harrison, neither had I made any such confession to him. I simply give this as it comes from him, and I think it needs little more denial of Mr. Harrison's insinuations

against me; one false statement proved throws doubt on others. I shall answer the matter more fully elsewhere, as I do not wish to occupy too much of your space. Mr. Pycock has expressed his willingness to corroborate what I now say. The other statements made with reference to me are equally unfounded.

I remain, sir, yours faithfully,

C. E. WILLIAMS, Medium.

RESURRECTION OF THE BODY, NOT PHYSICAL BUT SPIRITUAL.

From a Discourse by the Rev. JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

WHY has it been thought necessary to advocate the resurrection of the *body*? If we can only understand this, we shall be far on the road towards understanding the error itself and the remedy for it. First, it is said that the body must be raised because it is necessary that the body in which man has sinned shall *suffer*. But this notion grows out of the gross and earthly view of life which goes not beyond our present physical sensations and our present knowledge of material things. But how poor and unworthy this idea appears when we once come to understand that the body is only the instrument of the spirit,—the medium which it uses to put itself into communication with outward things, and that the body is only what it is, as a sensitive organization, simply because it is connected with the spirit by mysterious and subtile laws, which are, nevertheless, not *necessary* to the spirit's being, but which are temporary as necessary only to our existence here. He who can once master the thought that the spirit is the centre of all life and the real recipient even of our present sensations, will be at no loss to understand this great truth, that under new conditions of being, the spirit, without such a body as we now have, may receive sensations which, whether of bliss or pain, are not to be compared with those which it now duly receives through the present body, that really hinders sensation and deprives us of more than it bestows. Besides, the absurdity of the notion that the body is raised in order that its sins may be punished in itself appears, when we consider that during a life-time a man changes his entire body many times. Thus John Locke puts it as against the Bishop of Worcester,—“A sinner has acted here in his body (say) a hundred years: he is raised at the last day, but with what body? The same, your lordship says, that he acted

in, because St. Paul says he must receive the things done in his body. What, therefore, must his body at the resurrection consist of? Must it consist of all the particles of matter that have ever been vitally united to his soul? If so, then it follows that many bodies must arise or be united to the soul, since in many bodies sin, in a long life, has been committed."

Second, it is also said, that the body must be raised that personal *identity* may be preserved. But this again grows out of the same gross and earthly idea as the last, that the body and not the *soul* is the real man. Let any one see that personal identity is something which depends upon the spirit, and that, however the body may identify us to the *outward* eye, it is no more necessary to our individuality than the clothing we wear, and the truth will shine out as clear as a sunbeam, that when we bid farewell to this husk of the body and blossom out into the new life, we shall not only not need the earthly body to preserve our personal identity, but we shall find that the body hid us more than it manifested us, and did more to keep us from the knowledge of ourselves than to help us to possess ourselves. But that our personal identity does not depend upon the body, must be plain to any one who will consider what we have just said,—that the body is in process of change from year to year; and yet that personal identity remains. I feel and know that I rule behind this body,—that it is only my servant, and that out of it, I should probably know myself better and be better known. The body necessary to personality! Why, what is personality? Is it a collection of features and limbs? Or is it not rather the vitality that moulds the features and uses the limbs? I spurn the animalism of finding my personality in my flesh! My loves and hatreds, my aspirations and discontents, my thoughts and affections, these are more to my personality than the eyes through which I look, or the hands with which I work. Why, if we could all escape from the body this moment we should probably know ourselves and each other in a way that would startle us. Do not fear: you will not need the earthly body in that beautiful new world; you will know yourselves and be known well enough. Thus it is only our want of light that leads us to cling to this rudimentary form of life,—to cling to this body as though our personality depended upon it. Let it go! this mortal must put on immortality; and when we are *so* clothed we shall never need to take up the cast-off dress of time again.

Third, it is further said by those who affirm the necessity of the resurrection of the body, that without the body our future existence would be an unreal or imperfect one. But this, again, grows out of the same poor, gross idea, that the body as we know it now, is the living reality: hence it is that we fancy we

should be spectres without a home, if we were without the body. That only comes of our earthliness,—of our poor grovelling ideas of life—of our low and imperfect knowledge, nay! of our dense, dark ignorance respecting the reality and the true substance of the spiritual world. But reflect upon it. They say the body is necessary in order that life in the other world may be *real*. Are other substances there, then, physical and sensuous also? They ought to be: for if the physical body is raised, it surely must be to tenant a world adapted thereto. Is Heaven, then, a material world like this? But that is what they make it who say that this body is to inhabit it.

If, moreover, the body must be raised hereafter that life may be real, then those who are gone before us are still unblest, lingering in a desolate, houseless, impersonal condition,—mere spectres, hapless beings bereft of something they need to give them personality and a real existence,—beings who have not progressed but retrograded, and who, before they can be real existences again, must come back to some old forgotten grave to take up the cast-off garments of the flesh. Do you believe it? Is it not time that this hideous, grotesque nightmare of the Churches ceased? Can you believe it? If you do, you must think it a wretched thing to bid good-bye to the body, you must conceive of the other world, not as a better, but as a far worse one than this, you must give up the great and beautiful law of progress, you must shiver to think of those who have crossed the river, not to enter into life but to leave behind that which gave them personality, you must dwell beside the sepulchre and make your Heaven in the tomb. Nay! but turn from such old-world dreams to the divine idea that the history of a life is the history of a beautiful progress, that we are in a material body now only for the temporary purpose of putting the soul into communication with a material world, that change of worlds is change of conditions of life, and change, therefore, of the body; the new life being not such a life as needs the old body of a past imperfect state, but something altogether different, yet as real,—nay! more real. Grasp the glorious idea that when we have done with the body here we have got beyond it, never to need it more; and that when we leave this world as to the flesh we shall never have need to return to it, to linger for ages beside some dreary grave till, on some far distant day, the poor lost body shall return to give us “a local habitation and a name!”

But then they tell us that the Bible teaches us the resurrection of the body, and that St. Paul has a long argument in an Epistle to the Corinthians to prove it. I think this is a mistake. St. Paul clearly enough argues for the resurrection of the *dead*, but he nowhere seeks to establish the resurrection of the *body*.

In that great chapter in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, the whole argument is directed to the very reverse of the ordinary theory; it is, in fact, a great argument to prove that the body is *not* raised. "Flesh and blood," he says, "cannot inherit the Kingdom of God, neither can corruption inherit incorruption." The "thou fool" of St. Paul in this great chapter refers to the man who fancies that the risen man needs the material body;—some poor earthly creature who says—"But how can there be a life hereafter at all, since the body perishes in the grave?" "Thou fool!" replies the Apostle,—*"Thou fool!"—what?—Thou fool! God will raise the body up again? No: but—Thou fool! the body is not needed: for there are many kinds of bodies, bodies celestial and bodies terrestrial,—all of them diverse in their glory and uses. Thou sowest what is corruptible, but that which is raised is incorruptible. Thou sowest what is earthly, but that which is raised is not earthly. Thou sowest a natural body, but that which is raised is a spiritual body.* "Yes," he emphatically repeats, *"for there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."* Here, then, is the secret! There is a *natural* body; that is one thing: and there is a *spiritual* body; that is another thing. The first is weak, and corrupt, and dying, and of the earth; the second is strong, and beautiful, and immortal, and of Heaven. The first is committed to the kindly grave for ever; the second rises to enlarged life. Thus it is as much opposed to Scripture as it is to common sense to go on believing in this dreary mistake of the resurrection of the *body*.

Note, also, that the same Paul, in another place, seems to spurn the idea of the body being necessary to him in the after-world: "We are willing," he says, "to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord." No fear, with him, of being St. Paul no longer if the poor worn-out husk fell from him; but with him to be "absent from the body" was to be "present with the Lord." And the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews confirms the glorious truth when he tells us of some who endured martyrdom, "not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection;" that is, they sacrificed the body to save the soul, they gave up the body of the flesh and rose triumphant with the new and glorified body of the enfranchised spirit.

Believe, then, not in the resurrection of the mortal body, for that we shall get far beyond presently, but in the resurrection of the spiritual body; for we walk in darkness, we are the victims of time and sense, we are slaves of earth, we are defrauded of the true spiritual idea of the life to come, so long as we think of the body as necessary for the high employments and blest activities of Heaven. We lift up our hearts, then, with thankfulness to the Lord of all life; we bless Him for the resurrection

of the glory and beauty of the earth, the witness to His unfailing love and care; we bless Him for bringing life and immortality to light, for the precious words that fall on our ears like the distant music of another world—"He is not here, but He is risen." Yes, He is risen, He Himself, and so are your dear ones and mine: for when they left us they blossomed into life; and, thank God, so shall we!

THE WORLD OF LOVE.

It is sweet as we journey through life,
 So darkened by sorrow and sin,
 So full of unbrotherly strife,
 So far from the goal we would win—
 To know that a bright world of love
 Surrounds us in every land;
 To know that the angels above
 Rejoice to be ever at hand
 To "lift up the lap of this dark
 And speak clearer" of that which they know;
 To kindle the heavenly spark
 Which brighter and purer shall glow:
 To comfort, to counsel, to warn,
 To lighten the burden of care;
 To point to a happier morn,
 To banish the gloom of despair:
 To give bread to the famishing soul,
 And freedom to those that are bound;
 And still as the ages unroll
 Spread "more light" to the nations around:
 To speak of our Father in Heaven,
 To speak of our brothers on earth
 Of the penitent sinner forgiven,
 Of death, as the spirit's new birth
 In a world more divinely fair
 Than foot of man ever has trod:
 No sorrow, nor trouble, nor care,
 In that glorious city of God.
 O, 'tis sweet to hold converse with those
 Who have gone to the world of the blest,
 Where the tree of life evermore grows,
 And the soul that is weary may rest!

T. S.

Obituary.

MR. J. H. POWELL.

ON the last day of August we received a note from Mrs. Powell, in which she says, "My poor suffering husband was released by the Angel of Life this morning at 5 o'clock." Mr. Powell, for months before his release, had been a great sufferer, and Death must indeed have been to him the Angel of Life. The story of his life as related by himself in his *Life Incidents and Poetic Pictures* is a sad one, and having personally known him almost from boyhood we know that it is an "ower true tale."

Born in London in 1830, of poor working people, who did not reckon temperance among their virtues; with scant education he was early sent to work at a paper mill; subsequently he was put to learn the business of an engineer. Marrying early, the cares of a family, combined with ill health, made life to him a constant struggle for the means of living; but gifted with buoyant spirits and a hopeful temper he maintained the contest manfully, and almost cheerfully to the last, and never allowed his time and interests to be wholly absorbed in providing for physical necessities. He took a leading part in the Mutual Improvement Society established among his fellow-workmen at the Railway Works, Wolverton. A lecture delivered by him at the Wolverton Mechanics' Institution in 1843 on "The Poetry of Feeling and the Poetry of Diction," was published and widely circulated. He had already appeared as the author of a small volume of poems, *The Three Voices*, and both at Wolverton and at Brighton, whither he removed, he frequently occupied the "Poet's Corner" in the local press.

In 1860 he abandoned his employment, in order to devote himself more fully to literature and lecturing. His career as an author may be traced in his volume, *Life Incidents*, to which we have already referred. As a lecturer, his chief subjects were mesmerism and electro-biology, and when in tolerable health his experiments in connection with these lectures were generally very successful. He had just taken his new start in life when it was our privilege to first introduce Spiritualism favourably to his notice. He at once entered on an investigation of the subject, which soon led to his entire conviction of its truth. From that moment Spiritualism became the dominant idea of his life. His friend Mr. Robert Cooper, of Eastbourne, soon after this, issued the *Spiritual Times*, the first weekly journal published in London exclusively devoted to Spiritualism. He appointed Mr. Powell the editor. The same liberal gentleman founded the

Spiritual Lyceum, which he also placed under Mr. Powell's management. In 1864, Mr. Powell published *Spiritualism: Its Facts and Phases; illustrated with Personal Experiences*. Both the *Spiritual Times* and the *Spiritual Lyceum* were a great pecuniary loss. When they were given up, some of Mr. Powell's friends, in the hope of improving his health and benefitting himself and family, raised a subscription to enable them to emigrate to the United States. The testimonial was presented to Mr. Powell at a meeting presided over by Mr. William Howitt, and at which readings were given by Mr. D. D. Home. Mr. Powell remained in America four years, lecturing, preaching, debating, and writing on behalf of Spiritualism, as occasion offered. Some of his spiritual experiences in America were published in this Magazine, in 1868. In 1869, he published at Boston *Life Pictures*, a poem in three cantos,—a handsomely got-up volume. He always regarded this as an inspirational poem.

With shattered constitution, and suffering from internal cancer, he last year returned to his native land, as it turned out to die there. As long as he was able to use the pen he was the regular London correspondent of the *Banner of Light*. Only a few days before his death he published *The Invalid's Casket*, a volume of poems chiefly written in America and avowedly issued to raise funds to maintain his family. In the first week of August he received a visit from Miss Lottie Fowler, who, with some hesitation, informed him that she had received a spirit-communication that he would not outlive the month. But the circumstance made little impression on his mind; when he visited him a fortnight after, he spoke of it slightly, said he felt better, and even talked of going in the country. A change for the worse, however, soon set in. Two days before his departure he called his wife to look at the clock; she saw nothing. "No," he said, "it is removed now, but there was a piece of black crape over the clock. I saw it quite plainly, it covered the figure four." On the last day of August, at 5 a.m., he departed this life easily and peacefully, his sufferings towards the end having greatly abated. The last time we saw him he spoke gratefully of the many friends both in England and America who had ministered to him, and to the relief of his family during his affliction. He had no fear of death. To him it was indeed a friend—a messenger of mercy—the Angel of Life.

Fluent of speech, and with the pen of a ready writer, our departed friend embraced every opportunity to serve to the best of his ability the cause he loved so well. Reader, "go thou and do likewise."

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE LATE DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS.

"ONE of the more bulky papers which he left is a species of inquiry into the so-called manifestations of Spiritualism. Without pronouncing an opinion dogmatically, he considered the subject worthy of patient investigation. "The phenomena of Spiritualism," he says, "may be the confused elements of a new chapter of human nature, which will only require some careful investigation to form a respectable addition to our stock of knowledge. Such, I must confess, is the light in which it has presented itself to me, or rather the aspect which it promises to assume." Acknowledging so much, perhaps he thought of a saying he had heard used by Sir Walter Scott, that "If there be a vulgar credulity, there is a vulgar incredulity." In his anxiety for fair play, he perhaps leant to the side of credulity."—*Memoir of Robert Chambers, with Autobiographic Reminiscences of William Chambers.*

The relations of Dr. Chambers to Spiritualism are fully set forth in the obituary notice of him which appeared in this Magazine (No. 4, Vol. VI., New Series). He was most careful in his investigation and acceptance of the facts. To his friends he did not hesitate to freely express his earnest conviction of the truth and importance of Spiritualism, which he supported both by his pen and purse; although with his habitual caution he shrunk from publicly identifying himself with it by attaching his name to these writings. It is earnestly hoped that the bulky paper on Spiritualism to which his brother refers in the foregoing extract will be published early, and without mutilation or abridgment.

CONFERENCE AT DARLINGTON.

A Conference of Spiritualists has recently been held at Darlington. Resolutions were passed to support the London Spiritual Institute, and recommending the support of public mediums, the formation of private and family circles, the holding of weekly conferences, the securing of public halls and meeting rooms, the special cultivation of healing mediumship, and the establishing of libraries and of Children's Lyceums. Public addresses were also delivered: Mr. J. Burns being the principal speaker.

THE DRUMMER OF TEDWORTH.

The famous story of the Drummer of Tedworth, referred to by Mr. William Howitt in our last number, and the leading incidents of which are given in an article "Spirit-Rapping no Novelty" in the *Spiritual Magazine*, No. 1, Vol. II., First Series, is one of the most remarkable and best attested of its class, and has often been told. Under the head of "Old Stories Re-told," it is very circumstantially related in *All the Year Round*, No. 150, New Series. The writer professes to consider it as "a very remarkable instance of a long-sustained, apparently purposeless, yet successful imposture; and a good example of the superstitions prevalent in the reign of Charles the Second; an imposture carried out by "a secret conspiracy of servants," aided by "the rats." An explanation so obviously futile and ridiculously inadequate to account for the facts on his own showing of them, as to suggest the idea that it is merely put forward to save appearances. He appends the following footnote to the passage above quoted:—

It is but justice to the modern believers in the Drummer of Tedworth to give the following communication, lately received by us from a Wiltshire correspondent: "I have known the house in question for about thirty years. I have had, therefore, a good opportunity of testing the accounts given by people in the neighbourhood. I formerly knew an old lady who, in her young days, lived in the house. I have compared her accounts given with others I obtained from other old people, and they all agree in this, that there was, in or about the house, something they could not understand. They all agree in this account, that about midnight a terrific noise commenced in the top of the house, similar to the beating of a side-drum, only much louder. This continued until near morning incessantly. The house has been repaired at different times, and occupied, soon, however, to be deserted, the people declaring they could not live there for the incessant drumming. About fourteen years ago I was working on the Tedworth estate for T. Assheton Smith, Esq., of fox-hunting notoriety. The house was then repaired, and put in habitable order, for the holding of the national school (it had been shut up for six years before this). Two sisters went there as school-mistresses, with whom I was well acquainted. They could not stay there, and in consequence the school was removed to another building. I ridiculed the assertions of these young women, but neither ridicule nor banter could turn them from their story, and it was the old one—the incessant drumming. I may further say that all those of whom I have inquired agree in their assertions that there is something supernatural in connection with the house. The house stands in a very pleasant situation in a meadow in close proximity to the churchyard. It is a brick-built house. I have been in it many times. I believe there is no more wood used in the building than there would be in ordinary buildings, the partitions, &c., being, as near as I can recollect, of brick, four inches in thickness."

THE ETHICS OF CHRISTIANITY AND SPIRITUALISM IDENTICAL.

An experience of sixteen years has convinced me that if communications from the spirit-world are sought in a fitting frame of mind, these, when they touch on religion or morals, are found to be essentially Christian. I mean that there is not a

grand truth, ethical or spiritual, taught by Christ himself, that is not endorsed, more or less distinctly, from the other side. I am speaking of Christ's teachings, pure and simple; not of Paul's, still less of those put forth by more modern commentators. To me the great proof touching the stability and perpetual sway of Christian ethics and Spiritualism is, that, in spite of all the deformities with which orthodox theology has obscured them, they still maintain their sway over the heart of the civilized world. If we are candid and just in estimating ourselves, we are bound to confess that we fall short, nationally and individually, of the Christian standard. This is not true, or but partially true, of any other teacher of morals. In proportion as we study Spiritualism reverently and intelligently, we shall become more and more convinced of this. If Spiritualism were to supplant Christianity, it would be supplanting its own very heart and essence. The grandest of all Christian principles, for example, is the principle of love. Love, according to the Christian system, is the fulfilling of the law. According to Paul, even, who had much of the theologian about him, though the influence of faith and hope be great, love is the greatest. This lies at the base of all sound spiritual philosophy. So of mercy, so of humility, so of peace-making, so of treating others as we would ourselves be treated. Spiritualism and Christianity are identical in essence; and, in their essence, not in the anomalous excrescences with which ignorance or prejudice disfigures them, both will endure for ever.—ROBERT DALE OWEN.

Correspondence.

MR. HUDSON'S SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

DEAR SIR,—I observe that my article in the last number of the Magazine, on "Stone-Throwing," went to press without my corrections, and consequently exhibits some curious misprints, such as "*Sadducissimus Triumphatus*," instead of "*Sadducismus Triumphatus*," as the title of Glanvil's book; and at p. 396, "*funny* manifestations," instead of *furious* ones, with others not quite so outrageous, and which may pass.

What I wish, however, more expressly to state to you is my satisfaction at seeing the accusations against Mr. Hudson's spirit-photographs gradually clearing themselves off. During my recent short and hurried visit to London, I and my daughter paid a visit to Mr. Hudson's studio, and through the

mediumship of Mr. Herne—and, perhaps, of Mr. Hudson himself—obtained two photographs, perfect and unmistakable, of sons of mine, who passed into the spirit-world years ago. They had promised to thus show themselves, if possible.

These portraits were obtained under circumstances which did not admit of deception. Neither Mr. Hudson nor Mr. Herne knew who we were. Mr. Herne I never saw before. I shut him up in the recess at the back of the studio, and secured the door on the outside, so that he did not—and could not—appear on the scene. Mr. Benjamin Coleman, who was with us, and myself took the plates at hap-hazard from a dusty heap of such; and Mr. Coleman went into the dark chamber with the photographer, and took every precaution that no tricks were played there. But the greatest security was, that not knowing us, and our visit being without any previous announcement or arrangement, the photographer could by no means know what or whom we might be expecting. Mr. Coleman himself did not know of the existence of one of these children. Still further, there was no existing likeness of one of them.

On sending these photographs to Mrs. Howitt in Rome, she instantly and with the greatest delight recognised the truth of the portraits. The same was the case with a lady who had known these boys most intimately for years. A celebrated and most reliable lady-medium whom they had spiritually visited many times at once recognised them perfectly, and as resembling a spirit-sister, whom *they told her* had died in infancy long before themselves, and which is a fact.

I had written a letter to state these particulars publicly, when a friend, who mixes much with the London Spiritualists, assured me that to his knowledge Hudson and Herne had played tricks. On hearing this, as I had no means and no leisure, during my short and fully occupied stay in England, of ascertaining what was really the truth, I kept back my letter, reluctant to sanction fraud should it by any possibility exist; but on all occasions I have stated that so far as I was concerned the result of my visit to Mr. Hudson was a perfect success.

It was my full intention to have made another experiment with him, but found it impossible, much to my regret. I feel it, however, only due to Mr. Hudson and to the cause of spirit-photography, to say that my visit to him was thoroughly satisfactory—that by no merely earthly means could he have presented me with the photographic likenesses which he did; and that I, moreover, feel an inward and strong conviction that he is an honest man. Were he otherwise, he would, in fact, be a very great fool, since my own experience with him is proof positive that he can and does produce realities.

I may add that the two portraits in question are the best and more clearly developed of any that I have seen, except that of Annina Carboni, obtained by Chevalier Kirkup in Florence.

Yours faithfully,

August 10,
Dietenheim, Bruneck,
Austrian Tyrol.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

DOUBLES.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—As in the June number, so now I repeat, that no alleged spirit-photograph can be accepted unless the spirit-figure is a clear likeness of a deceased friend or relative, and of which there exists no painting or photograph; and rightly so, because the experiences of professional and amateur photographers are such in the use of chemicals, admission of light, shifting of camera, &c., that perpetual phenomena arise, which may easily deceive those who are of an ideal cast of mind, on the hunt for the supernatural.

In like manner, nothing is more easy than to misunderstand an expression, if two persons have preconceived ideas as to the meaning of words. This has been evident in regard to the word "doubles," in the assault on me for exposing the manufacture of sham spirit-photographs; I using the word "doubles" in connection with one of the Bristol soul-photographs, and one in London in its true sense, that of a *double* image of the sitters, as if a mirage or reflection. To you, "double" appears to mean the ghost of the brother of the sitter, in a totally different position of body; a sense I had not in my mind.

I deeply regret your personal inability to practically examine the evidences, owing to weakness of eyesight. Others have done as I did, and found out the shams; and those were and are as true Spiritualists as any one you can name.

Enmore Park, S.E.

JOHN JONES.

[What has our correspondent to say to what he calls "The Bristol Soul-photographs," which he attests as genuine, as we have no doubt they are? But does any one of these or the one in London present a clear likeness of a deceased friend or relative? Our correspondent confounds what has been called "the doubles" with the explanation of the spirit that it was his portrait on the plate in question, therefore, neither a "sham ghost," nor the medium's "double;" the close resemblance which had led to this misapprehension arising from his being

the brother to the medium, and, greatly resembling him, a resemblance evident to all who were present at the *séance*, and who saw the spirit quite plainly.—ED.]

INSTINCT, GENIUS, AND COMMON SENSE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I think that the remark of Dr. R. Angus Smith, F.R.S., is very wise indeed, since it is all very well as an hypothesis to suppose man to be a creature of inherited experiences. But how did he exist before he had acquired these inherited experiences, since the lowest races of mankind even now are only just able to maintain existence, and certainly but a little lower in the scale and life would not be possible; surely nothing can be more certain than that. Then what becomes of the hypothesis of natural selection? Anyhow man must have originally had instinct essential to his needs, which may have, as it were, subsided in course of time as knowledge and reason became predominant. It would then not be the unaided, but the sense of man aided by experience, "working through ages" with certain remains of the original instinct that would be the source of the results referred to by Dr. Smith. But for a moment it is the pleasure of scientific physiologists to deny instinct in the vain endeavour to build up man both physically and mentally by a slow mechanical process, as the loftiest genius is only regarded as a kind of sharper common sense. But after all what is common sense but the genius of the multitude—an instinctive sense of right and wrong, by which in a very great measure the statesman and moralist is guided?

F. G. S.

"DO FORCES SPEAK?"

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I think the reply to the question of the voice to Robert Dale Owen is very clear and simple. The question was, "Do Forces Speak?" If by Forces we understand the "energies" of Nature, or potential ability, whether of matter or of spirit, it is certain that Forces do speak, simply because there is nothing else to speak, assuming of course the requisite development and conditions. The question, then, would be, Can Forces speak except by the organs of voice, or through the agency of an organised physical or spiritual being? And so far as we know or believe, the reply would certainly be in the negative, and more particularly if the speech is supposed to convey a meaning or purpose; and of course that is what was supposed by the question.

H. G. A.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

SHALL we be left forgotten in the dust,
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
 Shall Nature's voice, to Man alone unjust,
 Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
 Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
 With disappointment, penury, and pain?
 No; heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive;
 And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
 Bright through the eternal year of love's triumphant reign.

BEATTIE.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1872.

THE SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPH CONTROVERSY.

THE last number of the *Spiritualist* again repeats its statements as to a large number of these photographs being spurious, but, as before, without furnishing any proofs. And how recklessly some of these statements are made, and how little credence is to be attached to them when unsupported by proof, will be evident from one or two examples. Our contemporary says we "write critical articles about photographs we have never taken the trouble to go and see." Now, if this were true, which it is not, how could the writer know it? Is he always at Mr. Hudson's studio, or have his investigations there been limited, as we understand, to a single visit? We have not only seen, but have in our possession probably a more extensive collection of these portraits than he seems to have any idea of. Again, he says, "It is also to be regretted that he innocently goes for all the information he wants to Messrs. Herne and Williams, and prints what they tell him without investigation." So far from going to Messrs. Herne and Williams for all the information we want, we have never been to them for any information. With Mr. Herne we have had no communication on the subject, and our communication with Mr. Williams has been limited to the occasion when he called on us and left the letter published in our last number. We then asked him if Mr. Pycock would not put his statement in writing, that it might be beyond dispute; but he said Mr. Pycock had declined to do this, as the editor of the *Spiritualist* was his personal friend, but that he was willing to confirm verbally the statement he had that afternoon made to him. Mr. Pycock has now written a letter, which appears in our contem-

porary, denying that he made the statements attributed to him by Mr. Williams, and that he had determined to have nothing further to do with these charges. We leave it to Mr. Williams, when he returns to England, to settle this account with Mr. Pycock, as well as to dispose of other matters upon which it is not our business to enter.

Our contemporary repeats that "the *Spiritual Magazine* sets up the desperate defence that spirits put the many marks of double exposure on Mr. Hudson's plates." The *Spiritual Magazine* has used no such language; to say that the appearances in question are "put there" by spirits, would imply that they were placed there purposely, and by design. We no more affirm this than we would affirm that the likeness to the medium in the spirit-faces at the *séances* of Miss Florence Cook, which our contemporary reports is "put there" by spirits, though we are told that the spirit Katie says, that when they begin making these faces they are as much like the medium as pieces of jelly turned out of the same mould. So we are told by the editor in reporting a private *séance*. "A visitor present watched the (spirit) lights, and said they were carried by hands, and drew therefrom, conclusions not particularly favourable to the medium. 'This is a common mistake with enquirers, as all Spiritualists know very well that materialised spirit-hands feel just the same as the hands of living human beings.' If then it is necessary to exercise caution in drawing conclusions lest we fall into what is the "common mistake" of judging as to spirit-faces and spirit-hands, from first and superficial appearances, may not a little further experience and consideration teach our contemporary to extend the same wise caution to his conclusions as to spirit-photographs.

Here is an explanation given by one of the operating spirits themselves as to these much talked of marks of double exposure. "The appearances you see on my photograph are due to the spirit-aura. The success of our manifestations in these cases is to bring ourselves within the sphere of the sitter, and to amalgamate that sphere with our own. When rays of light pass through this mixed aura they are refracted, and often cause things to be apparent on the plate which we cannot account for. You will know better about these things by-and-bye."*

We are told by the *Spiritualist* that "the 'ghost' in the now celebrated picture of the double of Mr. Herne is not himself, but his brother 'Willie,'" is another "desperate defence set up" by the *Spiritual Magazine*. It is not our defence but that of the spirit himself, who appeared in *propria persona* to a room full of

people, and said audibly to all, "I am Willy Herne, brother to the medium. It is I who appeared on the plate." Our contemporary in this, as in the matter of "double exposure," is however better informed, and so contradicts and corrects the spirits. We are stupid enough to think the spirits know their own business best, and to prefer the explanations of those who *know* to that of those who only *fancy* that they know.

Some months ago Mr. Hudson, against whom in certain quarters a strong professional *animus* existed, was under its influence threatened with a prosecution on account of these spirit-photographs. After consulting his solicitors, Mr. Hudson issued the following notice: "In consequence of threats of prosecution for witchcraft, cheating, &c., and remembering the sufferings of Mr. Mumler, by the advice of my solicitors, I will not guarantee them as spirit-photographs; I leave the sitters to form their own conclusions. I will have no controversy." In the last and previous number of the *Spiritualist* the words are quoted from this statement—"I will not guarantee them as spirit-photographs;" the context being entirely omitted. Is this quite fair?

Dr. Ferguson, on behalf of the Davenports, constantly said at their public *séances*, "We do not say that these things are done by spirits; we do not say how they are done. We are simply exhibitors of facts, and we leave you to form your own conclusions." Yet we are not aware that even the silliest and most rabid of the opposition journals ever construed this into an admission of imposture, as our contemporary does in the case of Mr. Hudson. Surely, that gentleman is not called upon to decide for his sitters whether the photographs on which a double figure appears are produced by "spirit-power," or "psychic force," or "od force," or any other force. On these he very properly, we think, says he leaves his sitters to form their own conclusions. All that he can be expected to guarantee is that they are genuine, and if our contemporary only wants that assurance he may be easily contented. The statement that we have "guaranteed" these or any spirit-photographs is not true; we have simply pointed out that the charges of imposture in the case are not proven; and as to the value of the evidence volunteered on the other side, like Mr. Hudson, we leave our readers to form their own conclusions.

Our contemporary, in a former number, referred us to Mr. Guppy as a great authority in this matter. Accordingly we called on that gentleman to learn his *latest views* on the subject and the *grounds* of them. But though he received us with his usual courtesy, he declined to enlighten us on the point; from him we could elicit nothing. Mrs. Guppy, however, was not so

reticent; she said: "I at first was very indignant, I believed that Hudson had cheated on the authority of a person whom I now know to be utterly unworthy of credit. I am now satisfied that these photographs are genuine, and that some of us will have to eat a good deal of dirt over this business." In speaking of the alleged double exposure, Mrs. Guppy reminded us that on the plate which Mr. Slater took with him to Mr. Hudson's, and on which a "fine spirit-figure" was obtained, he taking the picture with his own camera, there were yet stronger marks of apparent double exposure than perhaps on any other. It is very well for our contemporary to call for copies of the picture obtained by Mr. Russell on which marks of double exposure appeared with only a single exposure. This plate he will see, by reference to Mr. Russell's letter, "is disfigured by a streak across it, caused by a double film of collodion." Perhaps it is on this account that copies of it have not been printed; but if the negative is preserved we venture to say it will *not* be withheld from examination." But why has our contemporary overlooked the photograph taken by Mr. Slater and the statement of Dr. Dixon, that along with an undoubted portrait of his spirit-son there are clear marks of (apparent) double, if not treble exposure? The plate is in possession of Mr. Henry Dixon, photographer, Albany Street. There are two other plates on which Dr. D. appears, and which he therefore asked to be allowed to keep, which also exhibit according to Mr. H. Dixon, "photographic" marks of more than one exposure, but which bear incontestable evidence of being genuine spirit-photographs.

We have, however, no wish to prolong this controversy which time and fuller knowledge must soon render obsolete. Our contemporary concedes the genuineness of some at least of these portraits. It says, "We know that all along Mr. Hudson has produced a certain proportion of real spirit-pictures." Similarly, spirit-pictures have been obtained by many photographers, professional and amateur, and in many lands. That is the one valuable fact for the world that will remain when all our squabbles and scandals are forgotten. For the rest we can afford to wait, and if we cannot agree, at least agree to differ.*

One feature in these photographs—the spirit-drapery—is of much interest, and that our readers might have the best information on this point, we applied to a gentleman who has given to it special attention, and he has kindly favoured us with the following article.

* In reference to some correspondence which came too late for insertion in our last number, and which now appears in the *Spiritualist*, see notices on wrapper.

SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS AND SPIRIT-DRAPERY.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—You asked me to give you what information I have been able to gather from my own experience and from what I have noticed of the recent manifestations of the spiritual drapery. I have written an account, skimming over the phenomena that I have witnessed at several *séances*, but to suit the object desired by you, I think it wise to take these phenomena collaterally with those of the spiritual photographs, obtained through the mediumship of Mr. Hudson combined with the power of other physical mediums, notably Messrs. Herne and Williams, through whom now and for some time past these special manifestations I have referred to have occurred.

The development of power! How strikingly was this shown in the first attempts at spirit-photography, until at length that beautiful figure came forth perfect in its attitude of benediction over Mrs. Guppy and her little boy! The counterpart of that photograph I have seen, touched, and spoken with; the style of the drapery being undoubtedly the same in every respect—the white band round the forehead, and the loose sleeves hanging over the arms. From this I am led to think that on the two occasions—that on which the photograph was taken and that when in the *séance* room I saw and spoke with the spirit—the operation of development must have been the same partially, simply stopping before that drapery became materially visible in the one case, but sufficiently material to act upon and reflect the actinic or chemical rays of light which it would appear from experiments that have been made since have an antagonistic power over the further progress of the manifestations. The drapery on this figure of Katie in the photo is, it may be noticed, very different from that in some photos which appeared later, and which had a much greater semblance to the conventional sheet. This led to questions being asked, why the spirits appeared in such costumes, and not in more ordinary attire? The answer given was peculiar, *viz.*, that they were compelled to gather the spiritual essence from what drapery was handy, and the blinds of the photographic studio were most handy for this purpose. Seeing mediums have told me that they have seen the spirits drawing the magnetism, or whatever force it may be called, in this manner, and so clothing themselves in the drapery so formed.

In proof of what they said, Mr. Pycock, of Brooke's Hotel, Surrey Street, Strand, was told to take some drapery with him

of a peculiar quality (silk), which he had at home, and they said that if that were left on the floor a spirit would appear in similar material. The result was nearly satisfactory. The drapery was different to that which usually appeared and seemed finer in quality, but as there was no distinctive pattern, the matter could not be said to be fully decided. As I have had a very interesting series of pictures taken at Mr. Hudson's, which bear somewhat on this question, I will shortly describe some of them. The first one, a figure, appears standing to my right; the head is covered with a hood of white which shows on one shoulder and crosses the body sash-ways; the remainder of the dress is quite dark, and barely distinguishable from the background by a scarcely perceptible line of darker shade. Whence came this dark vesture, and why chosen, is more than I can say. On another occasion, I had a distinct appointment from a spirit-friend (day and hour named) to go to Hudson's, and sit for a spirit-photograph. I asked Mr. Herne and Mr. Williams if either of them could meet me there. Not the slightest possibility, they said, as engagements were made at their home which would prevent either of them being present. I gave up the idea of going, but the influence of the spirits was so great on me as the time approached, that I was unable to rest—and thinking I would call in and see if any copies were printed of the last ones I had had taken—I wended my way to Hudson's, and found Mr. Herne had been there all the morning, and with him Mrs. Berry.

In the course of the afternoon, Mrs. Berry very kindly proposed to sit with Mr. Herne for me, and so give me the benefit of her marvellous powers. Mr. Herne, whilst I was sitting, stated that he saw a figure sitting beside me dressed in ordinary walking costume. I should state, that as I sat down, I expressed a wish to my spirit-friend that she would not come draped, but so that I could recognise her. When the plate was developed, by an accident it was spoiled—and so the greatest gem that has ever been taken at Mr. Hudson's was destroyed. When Hudson brought it out, however, there, sure enough, alongside of me was a lady sitting in ordinary attire—and with hat and feather surmounting an unveiled and distinctly recognisable face. Mr. Herne declared while I was sitting, that the spirit had drawn the power from Mrs. Berry's dress; but Mrs. Berry certainly had no such hat or feather as appeared on the plate. There is still greater interest attached to this photo, inasmuch as speaking of spurious ones, this would be the greatest instance of a (so-called) spurious negative that could be produced. And Mr. Hudson must forgive me, if I say that I believe it was owing to his recognising the fact at a glance, that it got

destroyed. I obtained, after much trouble, one print of it, unwashed, untuned. What did it present? A regular positive production of myself, but what of the second figure—the spirit? The lights were all blacks, and the blacks whites; in fact a negative exactly the reverse of what it should have been. A friend of mine, who has been carefully and scientifically investigating these matters, and who is an experienced and practical photographer, immediately he saw it, pronounced that it would, if recognised, be most wonderful, or else the most decided proof of imposture that could be obtained. It was impossible to recognise any features in this condition; I could see no resemblance at all, and yet I had as I thought distinctly recognised the face in the negative. My friend asked me to let him have the proof that he might examine it, he wanted to test it, he said. A day or two after I called to see him, and during the day he was showing me some proofs of photos he had been taking in the endeavour to obtain spirit-pictures, and casually showed me one, which I can assure you made me start, to see so distinctly the well-known face of her whose appointment it was for me to attend Hudson's on that day. My friend had utilized his early experience of photography from paper negatives, and had so reversed the picture, turning me into a black, but bringing up distinctly as a positive the features of the spirit. Can any photographer tell how this was brought about? Perhaps I may be told that the likeness existed only in my own imagination; then it existed also in the imagination of others, who did not know the spiritual origin of the picture, but who said as soon as I showed it to them, "It is so-and-so." It is certainly strange that this extra effort to appear in the manner I have described—should have produced this strange reversion. I showed this to Mr. Harrison (editor of the *Spiritualist*), one day when he was speaking about the manifest signs of imposture in Hudson's pictures—and I told him the history. He said, "Well, consider that that is a genuine one." He took no notice of the strange photographic freak it exemplified.

On another occasion I went to Mr. Hudson's and there met both Mr. Herne and Mr. Williams; we had several photos taken, at first we sat for a group—not having any distinct idea of spirit-photography—the result was peculiar, no one of the three is to be seen distinctly but myself who was seated in the centre. I am flanked by two beautiful spirits in strange costume which I cannot well describe, it is of a drab colour, or something like it, I am not good in naming colours, but that matters not much. The dress of each is exactly similar in all details; each has on a turban, with the ends hanging over the shoulder (exactly as I have so often seen it since with Katie King). There is a

distinct likeness between the two spirits, who, as I was afterwards told, were my mother and sister. I am unable to say, myself, as to the likeness, and have not received any confirmation of the statement. But as a study of drapery these spirits are peculiar. As both my mother and sister passed from earth in India, the turban would be characteristic, as in Katie's case.

I will next and lastly refer to an experiment I made after the one I referred to of the silken drapery: in my idea I wished to obtain a distinct pattern repeated by the spirit. Without naming my intention to any one, I asked Mr. Williams to stay with me over night on Saturday so that we might go quietly to Hudson's on Sunday morning. I had made up my mind what I intended to take with me, but that which I had fixed upon was not forthcoming when wanted, so as I looked round my room before starting I took up a plaid table cover, and throwing it over Mr. Williams's shoulder, made the remark, "Now if I can get a spirit to come out with this on its shoulders so, I shall be satisfied."

Accordingly we started. Mr. Hudson was out, but soon returned. We went straight to the studio. Mr. H. could never have seen the cloth nor known my intention. I had a plate taken first, nothing much came on it, but it was peculiar in some respects. I then took the cloth which until this moment Mr. Hudson had not seen, and asked him, "Will that pattern come out clearly in a photograph?" He answered in the affirmative, and proposed to try a photograph of it. I accordingly with this simple intention threw it over the back of a chair, but just as he was going to take the picture I was impressed to ask Mr. Williams to stand near it, but out of the field of the picture, being hidden behind a curtain; I watched the cloth, which remained on the chair, the result was a spirit-form draped in white, the face scarcely recognisable through the drapery, but *the* feature was, that over the shoulder, exactly as I had at home thrown it over Mr. Williams, there was a fac-simile of the table cover, the pattern distinctly shown, far more distinctly seen on the spirit than it could be upon the chair, and yet it was on the chair, visible the whole time.

This was a decided proof of the power of spirits to give a distinct similitude of the material given. There is much in this to me suggestive of an explanation, at least to a slight extent, of the "double" theory. My reason for so thinking is this: that in the *séance* when there is a lack of the harmonic conditions—which are always necessary, in order that the spirits may retain their individuality—the manifestations, as a rule, become confined within the spheres of the medium. The voice (if such mediumship be present) exhibits a similarity to the voice of the medium,

and what I more particularly would draw attention to, the spirit will appear to be really a distinct person from the medium—and yet to be a fac-simile of himself in features (so far as can be judged by the organs of touch in the dark), and more than all, in dress. I have, on more than one occasion, seized the spirit-form at a distance from where I have known the medium to be seated, and the texture and shape of the garments on the spirit, were precisely the same as those worn by the medium, being in reality fac-similes of them. Is it not plain from this how easily a person may go away labouring under the impression that the medium had been playing tricks? “Why, I felt his arm, and I know it was his coat!” is a remark I myself have heard made. Once I grasped such a spirit-form (it was a most unfriendly spirit) and even struggled with it; I retained my grasp until the whole form shrunk into thin air, and was no more tangible—it was clothed in—shall I call it?—mediumistic attire.

There seems to be greater facility in the spirits manufacturing drapery (I mean now the genuine sort) than in incarnating themselves. Take the photos as an example. The first ones showed very little of the fleshy parts, and when features were shown, it was often through a thin gauze-like veil; so in the collateral manifestations, the spirits show more or less of the face and fleshy parts according to the amount of power they possess. I have seen Katie show her whole head, and with her hand through the long tresses of hair over her shoulder—but this is of the rarest occurrence—as a rule the head is surrounded by the drapery which it seems to me concentrates and holds in the magnetism. On one occasion, when John King endeavoured to show himself (this was in the red light), he made his arm and hand visible and tangible, but there was no face or head where the head should have been, in fact we saw a headless body. With reference to the texture of the drapery and other things concerning it, there is much to learn. The piece that Mrs. Fitzgerald was allowed to cut off Katie’s robe cannot be matched in England; it is apparently of the finest Indian manufacture. Peter’s is coarser; and on one occasion the spirits compared the colours of three draperies showing that one was whiter than another, and the whiteness corresponded with their spiritual plane—the higher spirits having the whitest robes. How strange it seems to have such things as our topics of conversation, seeing and hearing such marvels (as they have been lately) matters of almost daily occurrence!

The *Saturday Review*, satirising the photographs and other “spiritual absurdities,” marvels at the cuteness of the stage manager for exactly guessing how ghosts would appear when they deigned to disclose themselves to mortal eye. How strange the

reviewer's ignorance must be—and yet I presume he would not like to be told so—of the Scripture on which I suppose he founds his religion, if he has any. How often there is the white raiment alluded to, “whiter than fuller could white them!” Ah, well! times must change; the wedge is being driven in slowly but surely, and the world's materialism—solid materialism in many cases cloaked with religion—must be riven asunder. The work must progress, and will complete itself, if not in our age, when we, like those we have been writing of, are dwellers in the summer-land, clothed like them in white.

90, Offord Road, N.

H. CLIFFORD SMITH.

MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. W. TOWNS.

IN the *Spiritualist* of March 15th, 1871, Mr. W. Towns, a respectable tradesman, of 32, Lloyd's-row, Clerkenwell, and 14, Theobalds Road, Holborn, gives an interesting history of his experiences as a medium, from which we take the following passages:—

HANDS UNINJURED BY FLAMES.

Mr. Towns was in the habit of attending a circle held at the house of Mr. Jones, 34, Rahere-street, St. Luke's, and he tells us that—

“Once at Mr. Jones's circle, in the presence of more than ten people, I was made to hold my hands for some minutes in a gas flame; the skin became quite black from the smoke deposited, but I was not burnt. Mr. Jones saw this; so did Mr. James Alldis, jun., cutler, of Gray's Inn-road, as well as his brother-in-law, Mr. Tottle, the mate of a ship. Mrs. Ridler, I remember, was there, and these persons can doubtless give the names and addresses of several other witnesses. My hand divided the flames into two parts. Mr. Tottle was dreadfully nervous over it, so a spirit entranced Mrs. Towns and told him ‘not to be frightened; for if he took hold of Mr. Towns' hand, and both their hands were placed in flame, he also would not be burnt.’ The two hands were then placed in the flame together, and no injury resulted.”

PERSONATION.

“On one occasion at Mr. Jones's circle, Mr. and Mrs. Alldis were among those present, and Mrs. Richmond came in. I did not know Mrs. Richmond, and I was the last to enter the circle, because I always left my shop, at the last moment, to go to the

séances. I was entranced by Mrs. Richmond's husband, who had passed from earth-life about two weeks before, of which fact I knew nothing whatever. I personated him by tying a handkerchief round my head, and personated her action while bathing the head; at the same time everybody present cried out about a strong smell of aromatic vinegar; it was so strong that it brought the tears into some of their eyes. Mrs. Richmond then said that her husband had promised before he died to communicate with her at the first circle she attended after his death, if he were able; he had a handkerchief round his head during his last illness, and nothing gave him so much relief as bathing his temples with aromatic vinegar. Mrs. Richmond is now living at Croydon, in a cutler's shop there belonging to Mr. Alldis."

SPEAKING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

"On another evening I went to the same circle. A French spirit entranced me, and I began speaking French to a gentleman present who gave the name of Craddick, and who was a stranger to me. In my normal state I cannot speak French or any other foreign language; I scarcely know half-a-dozen words outside the English tongue. The spirit told Mr. Craddick that when he returned to Paris he would have to seek fresh lodgings, because his landlord was dead, and the house was to be sold; the name of the landlord was given. Mr. Craddick had seen the landlord only ten days previously, and did not believe the message. However, when he returned to Paris, he found that the landlord was dead, and that bills were posted up outside the house, announcing that the premises were for sale. Mr. Craddick afterwards went to a *séance* in Paris, and a spirit scolded him somewhat for not believing the message he had received through an English medium; when he returned to London, he came and told me these circumstances.

"One night I was impressed to go to one of the public spirit-circles, then held at 2, Great Coram Street, Bloomsbury. I found a great many persons present, none of whom I knew. Mr. Frank Herne was the medium. I fell into conversation with Mrs. Dixon, of 8, Great Ormond Street, and with a gentleman from Croydon. While we were talking the folding-doors were closed, and a *séance* began in the next room. We heard some foreigners beginning to talk to Mr. Herne in the next room, then I was suddenly entranced, and made to call out something in a foreign tongue to those in the other apartment. The folding-doors were then opened, and I spoke to six different foreigners present in six different languages. Mrs. Morris (the lady who played the solo on the piano at the farewell meeting to Mr. J. M. Peebles in the Cavendish Rooms)

was present; she said that one of these spirits was her mother, and spoke Spanish to her through my lips. Mr. Maurice, one of the investigating members of the Dialectical Society, was there, and he said that I must be an educated person. I said, 'I know no language but my own, and I don't come here to tell lies.' He told me that I had been speaking six different languages, including French, Spanish, Flemish, and Italian; he also said, 'I spoke to you in English, and you answered me in Cape Dutch, which is the only foreign language I know.'

"I have very often been entranced by foreign spirits and made to converse in languages I do not understand. Once at a public *séance* at St. John's Hall, Corporation-row, Clerkenwell, Mr. J. J. Morse was entranced by his Chinese spirit-guide, Tien. I asked Tien, while I was in my normal state, 'Why, if he were a Chinaman, he could not speak Chinese through the lips of Mr. Morse?' Instantly I was entranced, and made to speak a language which a ship-captain present said was pure Chinese, and my remarks were correctly answered in English by Tien, through the lips of Mr. Morse.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—TESTS OF IDENTITY.

"One evening, about two years ago, we held a circle in my own house. I became clairvoyant, and said, 'I see a man in a blacksmith's apron; he is hammering a horse-shoe on an anvil, and the sparks are flying about.' A son of Mr. Alldis said, 'I'm quite sure that's Uncle So-and-so.' Mrs. Alldis said, 'If Mr. Towns can see the mark on my brother's face, I will believe it.' I saw a mark over his eye, and I was instantly thrown violently to the ground to indicate how he received it. 'Oh, dear me,' said Mrs. Alldis, 'that is my brother,' and she was very pleased.

"About 12 months ago, a gentleman from Yorkshire called on Mr. Steele, of 36, Great Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, and asked for the address of a medium of the name of Towns. Mr. Steele sent him to me, who was a perfect stranger to him, and had never seen or heard of him. He came into my shop, said that he was a Spiritualist, and so I asked him to come into the parlour and take a seat; I walked up and down the room with the baby in my arms. Presently I turned round and said, 'I see some spirit-friend of yours, and he gives such an extraordinary name, that I am afraid to repeat it.' He said, 'Do give it.' I said, 'It's Job Wusselwick.' He answered, 'That's right all but the first letter; it should be Busselwick.' A few minutes afterwards I said, 'I see two hands over the table, and a lot of deeds. You have been writing about these deeds, but you won't get them or hear about them for two months. The deeds have reference to property; I see three seals on each of them,

one green and two red, and they are forged deeds.' Then I felt two fingers on my neck, and told him so. He said, 'And I felt two touches on my arm.' He then added that he had come 200 miles for that communication, and that he had been told through a Yorkshire medium by an Indian spirit to go to London, to Mr. Towns, to get the message. The Yorkshire medium did not know me. The medium had also told him that two fingers would be placed on the neck of the London medium, and at the same time he would have two touches on his arm. While this conversation took place I was in my normal state, walking about with the baby in my arms. He called on me several times afterwards, and received other messages through me about the deeds, and was told how certain moneys connected with the property had been paid over to particular persons under protest. I could give full details, but may not be justified in doing so, as the case is a serious one. All the information given proved to be true."

POST VISION.

Mr. Towns has the remarkable power of seeing incidents in the past lives of certain persons into whose company he is thrown, perhaps for the first time, which was possessed by the celebrated Swiss reformer and historian, Heinrich Zschokke, and by a lemon merchant of his acquaintance, as is related in Zschokke's most interesting autobiography. As an instance of this Mr. Towns personally related to us the following anecdote:

"A young man, a stranger to him, was desirous of obtaining from him some evidence of the truth of Spiritualism. In the course of the conversation Mr. Towns became entranced, and informed him of the presence of the spirit of a young lady to whom he at one time playfully attached a particular designation which was given. This he admitted, but said this was insufficient, and that he should like to have the lady's Christian name. Instantly Mr. Towns saw him and the young lady present together in a room which, with the furniture it contained, he minutely described. He then saw the young man attempt to furtively conceal a letter under the sofa pillow, but the young lady perceiving the attempt, rushed forward to seize it, which the young man struggled ineffectually to prevent. Mr. Towns told him he saw that the letter was addressed to Annie —, and added, 'Shall I tell you the contents of it? I can do so.' This, however, the young man said was not necessary, as he was perfectly satisfied, that the room, the incident, the name, all that had been described was true in every particular—it had all actually happened."

The *Spiritualist* relates a similar instance of what we may

call post vision, as occurring to Mr. Towns in the presence of Mr. Lander and Mr. Gadbury, members of the St. John's Association of Spiritualists, both of whom are known to the present writer.

SPIRIT MESSAGE VERIFIED.

Another fact personally related to the writer by Mr. Towns is the following:—Mr. and Mrs. Towns rarely held a spiritual *séance* alone, but one evening Mrs. Towns (who also is a medium) felt a strong impression that they should do so, as there was something special to be communicated. It was communicated to them through the tipping of the table, that a young man whom she knew had just died at Marseilles, through a fall from his horse; that they were to go to the mother of the young lady to whom he was affianced, and apprise her of the fact of which she would receive information by the next mail. The Monday following Mrs. Towns received a letter from the lady stating that the spirit-message was too true; that she had received a letter from Marseilles informing her of the death of her son through a fall from his horse shortly before the time the message was given. It should perhaps be added the young man's affianced was Mrs. Towns' sister. We hope to give some further experiences of Mr. Towns in an early number.

T. S.

THE GREAT DESIDERATUM.

It is customary in the present day to regard all spiritual and physical facts as either miraculous or fabulous. The movement, however, which has recently taken place towards the spiritual, and the vast amount of evidence accumulated as to communication in all times between the inhabitants of earth and the spirits of the departed, have now begun to attract the attention even of the scientific; a few have become converts to belief in the spiritual phenomena, while others, startled and perplexed, refrain from further derision of the subject until they have inquired into it more closely. The time is approaching when the varied phases of spiritual, no less than of material phenomena will be regarded as under the domain of law, as a part of the Divine order which, though less understood than the order of the material universe, is at least equally deserving of investigation. Some unfortunately there are who still deem Spiritualism unlawful. As the Roman poet regarded as impious the triumphs of navigation in his day, and argued against the right of man to overcome an obstacle placed, as the sea appeared

to him obviously to be, by the hand of God as a barrier between nations, so with equally little and limited views of God's laws and man's duties, do they condemn all inquiry into, and communication with the invisible world, as a presumptuous prying into what God has willed to veil from human ken. Let such be reminded that God, who protects His own mysteries, has rendered that sin impossible; and let him go, reverently indeed, but freely and undoubtingly forward. If God has closed the way, man cannot pass thereon. But if He has left open the path, who shall forbid its entrance?

On the other hand, how numerous are the minds in which the want is most deeply felt of some tokens from a higher sphere addressed to mankind in the present day,—minds to which messages from above communicated to the inhabitants of one small portion of the earth in the twilight of past ages fail to penetrate with a confident and lively faith! How many who yearned for further light have passed away from this life with little certainty or entire disbelief as to a future one, among them some "spirits finely touched," the "issues" of which have been marred by scepticism; to all such, belief we doubt not might have been imparted by more quickening appeals to their spiritual nature, and by bringing them consciously into a more direct relation with the spirit-world. When to these is added that large class consisting of those in whom the sense of the spiritual requires awakening from a state of torpor, of those who live for the outward and the worldly alone, and when also are beheld the endless and progress-obstructing divisions in the "religious world," it is surely evident that further revelation as to the invisible world is the great desideratum of the present day. Those then who are satisfied of the reality of the spiritual phenomena, and of the vastness of their significance may well consider whether it be not their duty to aid, each according to his power, in the development of a truth so momentous, even though at the risk of some personal sacrifice. As to those hostile to Spiritualism, because adverse to innovation and to wide departures from accustomed grooves of thought, to them we would recall these words of Bacon, "We may well hope that many excellent and useful matters are yet treasured up in the bosom of Nature, bearing no relation or analogy to our actual discoveries, but out of the common track of imagination and still undiscovered; and which will be doubtless brought to light in the course and lapse of years."

AN EARLY SUNSET.

"Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."—*Jeremiah* xv. 9.

THESE few simple words will tell for most of us the story of a life which, having had so sweet a beginning, has now had so sorrowful an ending: a story which adds another shadow to the great mystery of the death of the young, the gracious, and the good. And that *is* a mystery, and must remain so, even when we have said our noblest word, and taught the heart to hope for what the eye hath never seen. Why should the good be taken and the bad be left? why should the young and the beautiful vanish while the aged and the worn almost long to go? why should the joyous voice be silenced and the weary cry be prolonged? why should the sun go down suddenly at mid-day?

* * * * *

It is a great mystery that the good and the beautiful should die, but is it a greater mystery than that the future is all hidden from us? Why has God denied to us the power to foresee events? What an amazing boon it would have been, we think, if God had created us with the gift of foresight, so that we could know what the morrow would bring forth. What cruel mistakes we should have avoided, what deadly disasters we should have prevented! Ah! but think again: the gift we so ardently desire might perchance have been, at our stage of development, the bitterest of all evils,—not the tree of life but the tree of death, in the knowledge of coming good and evil. And so with this great mystery of the death of the young and the good. It is not difficult to see that kindness as well as wisdom underlies this dealing with us by steady general laws. God's rain-drops fall on all fields, and His sunshine warms all faces; and all His blessed laws are beneath and above us all.

But it is given to us to see a little of the meaning of this apparently sorrowful fact, in the departure of those we least can spare. Is it not, for instance, a touching and suggestive thing that the way of death is not trodden only by the aged, the miserable, and the way-worn? Supposing it had been so ordered that only these trod the path of death, what hopelessness, what gloom, what unrelieved depression would have then accompanied all our thoughts of death! If dear little children had never trodden that path; if a beloved sister or brother had not led our eyes along it; if no sweet young spirit had shone in it; if no pure musical voice had been heard in it; if no bright angel of earth had almost visibly met in it the angel of heaven; how

dismal, indeed, that path would have been ! But now, the path of death is alive with the tenderest memories, the sweetest hopes, the purest affections, the deepest longings, the most passionate yearnings, the sublimest trusts of the human soul : and now, millions of aching but consecrated souls have been able to say, in memory of bright ones gone up the shining way :—

“ Another hand is beckoning us,
 Another call is given ;
 And glows once more with angel steps
 The path which leads to Heaven.
 Fold her, O Father ! in Thine arms,
 And let her henceforth be
 A messenger of love between
 Our human hearts and Thee.”

But then this supposes that we believe in life beyond : for why should we commend our dear ones to God if all we mean is that we lay them away for ever in the grave ? And yet that word “ believe ” hardly indicates the feeling which alone will make true faith possible here. We do not say we *believe* a good and wise father will not deceive his child, or that a wise builder will not waste his choicest material : we say we *know* they will not. And that is what we say of God, who trust Him that His dear children will live again ; or rather, that they will not die. We know Him not,—the great, wise, blessed God,—but we see that He is wise, and strong, and good ; and we judge that He must delight in beauty, and wisdom, and goodness, and would neither wrong them nor waste them ; and therefore we call Him *Father*, as the all-wise, all-mighty, and all-merciful Creator of man : and because He has put into our hearts the love of one another we think we do well to conclude that He loves us ; and because He has given us this awful clinging to life, and this mighty trust that our dear ones live, we think we should wrong Him and ourselves if we did not accept the testimony of the spirit as a revelation from the God who made it. For the God who created beauty must be Himself beautiful ; and the God who is evidently working for the development of life and for the putting away of death must be the living God ; and the God who is everywhere ordering all things for progress must not be accused of creating the noblest form of life only to cut short its career, at the very moment of its highest culture, and to precipitate His children into a miserable grave. No ! the worst we can say of it is, that mystery surrounds the great translation into life ; but no explanation of the universe, so far as we know it, no interpretation of human life, so far as we can trace it, can be either sane or sufficient which does not include in it the promotion of God’s children into a higher form of life after the change which men call *Death*.

"Her sun hath gone down while it was yet day." Yes! but that is not altogether a mournful thing. Her sun hath "gone down," not gone out; and our sun-settings are only the sun-dawns of brethren far away. When we sit shivering as the sun goes down, friends who have crossed the seas rejoice in the welcome light; and what we lose they gain. Wonderful is the daily miracle of sunrise. How it speaks to the heart of man of ever-renewed and ever-reviving life! The gracious light leaves us, but it still shines on the other side; and the songs of birds and the loveliness of the flowers welcome there the sunbeams that we miss. So is it, surely, with the sun-settings of human life. We lose a dear presence, and the light of the home is put out, and the sun, as on a bright but swift winter's day, hastens to be gone: but there are friends across the sea, and they are gladdened by the light we lose. God grant they may not be saddened by the spectacle of our excessive sorrow! We are apt to forget the friends on the other side; and yet the oldest friends are there; and the greatest number are there; and the wisest and the kindest are there; and it really may be true of others beside Jesus that it is expedient for us they should go away: but, though we know so little of the work and of the needs of the life beyond, we may surely trust God, who knows all things, to be mindful of His own. It is not easy, indeed, to realize that the bright being, whom we have always identified with the mortal form, still exists even when that form has to be put out of sight; but neither is it easy to realize that the summer's sun is shining on the earth when we are groping in darkness and trembling with winter's cold. It is easy to believe in the kindly light when it ripens our harvests and adorns our fields, but it is hard to believe in it when the dead leaves strew the ground, and the beauty is past, and God's garden is turned into a wilderness. But it is even so; and, though the dead leaves and the barren earth are ours, lands far away, beneath a fairer sky, possess the fruits and flowers.

And it will all be ours again; though never here. "I shall go to him," said the disconsolate king, "but he will not return to me." It is better so. We shall go to share their vaster life; they will not come back to ours. Why should they? for this is a hard school-house at the best, and joy is mixed with pain, and the flesh hides more than it reveals, and we are but strangers and pilgrims on the earth. No; God is good, and they will not come back to us, but we shall go to them; and everything that was pure in friendship, and bright in intelligence, and beautiful in spirit, will be renewed and perfected, amid the higher conditions of that advanced and ever-advancing life.

And yet we shall do well to guard, with one final thought,

the fact that they will not return to us. It would be a depressing thought that this involved the existence of an utterly impassable barrier between spirit and spirit, so that no love from them could reach us and none from us reach them. That surely is unreasonable, and the creation of a needless sorrow for the soul. We can hardly believe that God has taken all memory of the past from our dear ones: and yet, if they have memory and know nothing of us, theirs must be an evil case indeed, and I know not what they have gained by death. Surely they know us still, and can help us, or at least "prepare a place" for us, as Jesus thought he should for his disciples. No waiting, then, in the cold dark grave; no deep long sleep till a resurrection day; but a passing at once beyond the porch into the inner light—indeed a going home. There shall we find our own again, when we pass on; and there shall the interrupted harmonies of earth be resumed amid more harmonious conditions; and there, with wiser teachers and better friends, we shall go on to the attainments which here were either impossible or but a dim faint dream. Therefore can we, who believe in these things, say, with fulness of meaning—

"I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

not only because the light and the consecration of love remain; but because, above all the wrecks and decays of earth, beams the morning star of Hope in Heaven.

I bow my head with yours to-day in the presence of this shadow of sudden night, but I look with you for the blessed morning when all our nights shall be ended for ever in the fulfilment of that precious promise:—"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—*The Truthseeker*.

A CASE OF SPIRITUAL OBSESSION.

In the year 1867 a letter appeared from me in the *Spiritual Magazine* to Mr. Coleman, giving an account of my spiritual experiences, which had been only those of vision to within a short period of that time, when voices which I had heard indistinctly for a long time, had become audible, and had addressed me. There were but four voices at first, but gradually there were many others heard at times. The four first heard

were two females, and two males. Until very lately these voices were *never* silent night or day. When I awoke at night I would invariably hear them conversing together, almost always about me. They read my thoughts almost before I was conscious of them myself. Their language was low and abusive. They seemed generally animated by the bitterest hatred to God, and especially to our Lord Jesus Christ; but they sometimes respected the Blessed Virgin and the Roman Catholic Church. For a long time after I first heard them they spoke so loud, and so vehemently, that I frequently could not hear persons who were conversing with me. The suffering caused by this unceasing persecution, this constant presence, is perfectly indescribable. Their intelligence seemed of a very low character, and their conversation was obscene and blasphemous. The difference between them was always very plain. One of the males was evidently of more acquirements, and possessed a very agreeable voice, both in speaking and singing, but he seemed more wicked than the other, who appeared to be a low profligate. One of the females seemed to be of middle age and the very incarnation of cold malignity, The other female seemed young, and had a voice of singular sweetness. She and the profligate appeared in great terror of the other two. At first their memory of the earth-life was most indistinct, but after some time they seemed to recollect many things. They could not pursue any connected line of thought, nor reason on any subject. I have been told by other spirits, who are evidently of a superior class, and who speak in my brain, and whose conversation is highly intellectual, religious and friendly, that during their earth-lives those spirits delighted in contradicting every opinion advanced by other persons, particularly did they glory in cavilling at the Bible, and in unsettling the religious belief of every person whom they could influence. The man with the pleasing voice, was, I am told, a very learned man, and they assert that one of the circle was Staupitz, an inquisitor and torturer. The profligate man has always professed the most extravagant passion for me, and declares that he is to be my spiritual husband.

I see a number of spirits, and am conscious of three degrees of spiritual sight and hearing. I have also been developed as a medium for impressional writing. I must also mention another curious particular, which is, that the spirits do not appear and speak to me at the same time. On the contrary they speak, and although at the time I may see some spirits that I know are belonging to their circle, they don't become identified with the voices speaking at the time. I have several times beheld spirits suddenly appear to pass into a kind of dream, their countenances

seeming as if the intelligence was withdrawn from *within*, leaving a kind of mask, the eyes shewing the most awful expression, which should be seen before it can be even imagined. Then the spirit would feebly as in a dream go over some criminal act. One I saw make several stabs at the throat of another, but without effecting his purpose. The sight was dreadful. Another cautiously followed a spirit round a drawing room, concealing a dagger in the folds of her dress behind her, and when she got near enough to her intended victim, she stabbed him in the face, and I saw his entire person deluged with blood, then all vanished. This scene was beheld in the dark, with open eyes. The previous scene I saw in the daylight, with open eyes. These experiences caused me to feel much interest in the "Tale of Eternity," as the unhappy spirit is there described as appearing to enter the same state, previous to re-enacting his crime. I may remark that the book I have mentioned was not published at the time I beheld these visionary crimes.

These spirits, have caused me uneasiness by threatening me with their vengeance for not (as they say) having spoken to them sufficiently, and tried to convert them. This accusation, I must remark, is untrue, as I have never omitted a day during these four years, which they have obsessed me, in which I did not urge repentance and amendment of life upon them. I have prayed for them, and reasoned with them, but apparently to no purpose. What is very awful is, that on several occasions, one of their number has appeared to wish to rise out of the state of guilt and misery in which they exist; but the man I have spoken of as the most influential among them, interfered, and succeeded by his arguments in turning the wavering spirit from her intention. Yesterday, one of them told me that they were in a state of complete darkness unless when my thoughts were turned towards them.

I have passed through a most awful and interesting crisis, which seems to have greatly abridged their power to make their voices audible to me. The entreaties and wailings of one of their number induced me to again reason with and pray for them. Again they resumed a portion of their power to address me, and they have made use of it to load me with abuse, prophesy my death, when they will waylay my spirit, and rush with it down to their dwelling, and there keep me in spite of any angel or spirit. Their hatred is also increased towards me, and I overheard the spirit who pretended a desire to repent and amend say that she now hated me to such an excess, in consequence of being obliged to dissemble with me, that she would never leave me till she had made me commit some sin

that could not be repented of, and then would rend me with her hands into a hundred fragments.

I have not been left all this time without help and comfort from good spirits. If you think this worth inserting, perhaps I may have comforted some other haunted mind, that may be cheered to find they are not singular in their spiritual trials, and perhaps some person may feel inclined to relate their sorrowful experiences. Often have I felt almost in despair, and thought that deliverance would never come. Yet God mitigated my sufferings when they were at their height; when overcome by illness of body, and sore distress of mind, I began to think that never more would I know one moment's peace or quiet, even *then* came help; and to my delighted surprise, I knew perfect silence for the first time in four years, though I was never left *alone* to combat with these real fiends.

If there are any among your readers who would give their opinions as to what I ought to do under these circumstances, as to whether I am under any obligation as a Christian to speak to these spirits, I would feel really grateful to such a person for their advice. I have no person near me on whose judgment I can rely. There is one answer they have almost always returned to my entreaties that they would seek pardon and reconciliation with God; this is, that loathsome and wretched as their abode is, they there can enjoy their favourite sins, which could not be the case if they were removed to a higher sphere, and that they would much prefer being in hell with those enjoyments than be in heaven without them. These spirits declare themselves to be under the control of other and more potent spirits, and they have always shown the greatest dislike to have anything related about them, or in fact to being spoken of at all.

E. P.

VISIONS OF THE DYING.

THE closing scenes of earthly life are often among its most instructive and impressive experiences. Standing on the boundary of another world, they catch glimpses of the beautiful beyond. The countenance which had been marked with pain is sometimes suddenly irradiated as though it were already the face of an angel. The gates no longer ajar, seem to be thrown wide open. The white robed immortals gather around to convey them to their happy home. Visions of supernal beauty are beheld, and sounds of celestial music, sometimes heard and long treasured

in the memory of those who surround the dying bed, gladden the souls of the departing. It was remarked of the poet Cowper, that though his mind had been tortured by doubts of his eternal welfare, doubts born of an unhappy temperament, and a gloomy theology; his dying face changed its expression, and wore on it a look of glad surprise. It is not true that these visions of the dying are born only of the delirium of fever. The state of body and of mind, as well as attendant circumstances, in many cases preclude such an explanation, and evidence the vision to have been a comforting and joyous reality. Nearly every family has some sacred memory or tradition of this kind, and biography, and especially the biography of the good and saintly, abound with them. A few instances by way of illustration must, however, suffice.

In *Bonnet's Life of Olympia Morsta* there is the following account of her death:—

"An account of her last moments has been handed down to us by the inconsolable friend who closed her eyes, and who was not long to survive her. She knew not the pains of death, but only its comforts and joys. She obtained a view beforehand of the glorious realities of that heaven into which she was about to enter, and whither the eyes of those who loved her were all in some measure to follow her. 'A little while before she died,' her husband says, 'having awakened from a brief slumber, she smiled with a mysterious air, as if she were delighted with something inexpressibly sweet. I approached and asked the cause of her smiling so sweetly. "I saw," she said, "when I was lying at rest a place full of the purest and brightest light," and when she could say no more for weakness, I replied, "Be of good courage, my dear wife, you will dwell in that purest light." She gently smiled again, and nodded with her head, and a little while after she said, "I am perfectly joyful." After this she spoke no more, until her eyesight began to grow dim, when she said, "I can scarcely recognise you now, but everything else around me seems to be filled with most beautiful flowers." These were her last words. Shortly after she expired, like one who falls into a pleasant sleep.'"

The following is from the *Autobiography* of a thoughtful American clergyman—the Rev. Theodore Clapp:—"In the progress of my round on this occasion, I met a case of cholera whose symptoms were unlike anything that I had before witnessed. The patient was perfectly free from pain, with mental powers unimpaired, and suffering only from debility and moral apprehensions. From his looks, I should have supposed that he was sinking under some kind of consumption, such as prevails at the North. He was an educated man, whose

parents, when living, were members of the Presbyterian Church. His will had just been made, and he believed himself to be dying, which was actually the case. I have said that his mind was uninjured; more, it was quickened to preternatural strength and activity.

"When I took his hand in mine, he said, 'The physician assures me that I must soon die; I am unprepared; I look back with many painful regrets upon the past; I look forward to the future with doubts, fears, and misgivings. What will become of me?' I replied, 'What, sir, is your strongest wish?' He answered, 'That it may please God to forgive me and save me, for Christ's sake.' I added, 'If this is the real wish of your heart it shall be gratified, no matter how wicked or unworthy you may be. Is your father living?' I inquired. He said, 'No, sir; I saw him breathe his last in my native home. He died happy, for he was good. Never shall I forget that last prayer he uttered in behalf of his surviving children.' 'Suppose,' I continued, 'you were absolutely certain that death would introduce you into the presence of that beloved parent, and that he would be empowered by the Infinite One to make you as happy as he pleased, and to receive you to his bosom and embrace for ever; would you not most willingly, joyfully, and with perfect confidence, commit your fate for eternity to the decision of such a pure, kind, affectionate father?' He answered in the affirmative. I said, 'Is it possible that you have so much confidence in an earthly parent, and at the same time hesitate to commend your spirit into the hands of that heavenly Father, who loves you as much as He does Himself—whose love is transcendent, boundless, infinite, everlasting,—who cannot allow you to perish, any more than He could destroy Himself?'

"'I see the error I am in,' he exclaimed. 'O, God, help me and strengthen me!' I then made a short prayer. Every word of this prayer he repeated after me in a clear and distinct voice. At the close, he exclaimed, 'It is finished;' then gazing with a fixed eye, as on some object on the ceiling over him, he said, 'God be praised, I see my father.'—Doubting as to what he meant to say precisely, I asked, 'What father do you see, your heavenly or your earthly father?' He answered, 'My earthly father. Can you not see him? There he is (pointing upwards), smiling down upon me arrayed in splendid garments, and beckoning me to follow him to the skies. He is gone—he is gone.' On the utterance of these words, his arm, which had been raised heavenward, fell lifeless, and he breathed not again. There was a smile and expression of rapture on his face which lingered there for hours. It was the only good-looking

corpse which I saw in that epidemic. His form was magnificent, his breast large and arched, his whole appearance that of statue-like repose. There he lay before me, as beautiful as life itself. His countenance wore such a smile of ecstasy, I could hardly realize that his immortal spirit had fled. I laid my hand on his heart. It moved not.

"This incident made a lasting impression on my mind. It deepened, it strengthened, immeasurably my belief that the soul survives the body. 'Who knows,' said I to myself, 'but every one of these hundreds that are dying around me, when they draw their last breath, are greeted by the disembodied spirits of those whom they loved on earth, and have come to convey them to the scenes of a higher and nobler existence?'

"Shortly after this, I was standing beside the bed of a young lady in her last moments, when she called to me and her mother, saying, 'Do you not see my sister (who died of yellow fever a few weeks before) *there?*' pointing upwards. 'There are angels with her. She has come to take me to heaven.' Perhaps these facts are in harmony with the doctrines of modern Spiritualists. One thing I know. There is not a more delightful, sanctifying faith than this—that as soon as we die, glorified spirits will hover about us as guardian angels, to breathe in our souls their own refinement, and to point our way to the heavenly mansions.'

The *Independent* quotes the following spiritual vision of a dying person:—

"The *Messenger* for September 2nd contains an interesting obituary of a young lady of New Church persuasion who departed this life from Berlin, C. W., July 28, which closes with the following account of her first rapturous glimpses of the spiritual world and the loved ones of her new home:—

"As her natural senses were in the act of being closed, the spiritual senses were gradually opened, and she was permitted to obtain glimpses of the spiritual world, and to see people there whom she knew here, but who had gone thither before her. This took place a few minutes before she breathed her last in this world, and when the members of the family and others were around her. She said:—'O, what a glorious brightness! it is impossible for me to describe it to you! I see the babe, and O, how beautiful he is! And O, how bright it is there! I see John too, but he is taller than he used to be.' Here she was referring to an infant brother, and also to another brother who had gone to the spiritual world when he was about three years old. After this she mentioned the names of six or eight persons in succession, whom she assured those around her she was seeing. They were, with one or two exceptions, persons who previous to

their decease were members of the Berlin society of the New Church.

"Having repeatedly referred to the exceeding splendour which she was beholding with the eyes of her spirit, she fell gently asleep, soon to waken to become an inhabitant of that bright and happy world of which she had a foretaste here."

The following is extracted from the Biography of Hugh Bourne, the Founder of Primitive Methodism :—

"The end came in the autumn of 1852. He had been for some time slightly improved in health, and on the day of his departure he was cheerful and happy. During the afternoon he fell asleep upon the sofa; when he awoke he seemed to have been conversing with some one. He stretched out his hand as if for the nearer approach of his visitants, a sweet smile mounted upon his countenance, and he said very distinctly several times, 'Come! come!' His look was upward, his hand was raised in triumphant gesture to some entrancing object in view, and then with an earnest voice and in emphatic tones he said, 'Old companions! old companions! my mother!' Then, without an apparent sensation of pain or a lingering groan, he

Passed through death triumphant home."

Persons who recover from what seemed to be mortal illness, when on the brink of death, have had similar experience. The correspondent of an American journal, a Mr. H. Scott, writing from Lancaster, Ohio, says :—

"The following beautiful scene occurred in this place some six weeks ago. The persons connected with the incident are my acquaintances and neighbours, and are entirely reliable; and I know that the following statement is true, precisely as given.

"A little son of Dr. C—— was reduced to the lowest extremity of life with typhoid fever. It was expected that he would pass away that night. All the senses were closed, and he had not for 10 days enunciated an intelligible word; nor could his perceptions be awakened. The artificial light of the room consisted of a coal oil lamp, purposely placed so as to prevent its rays from falling on the bed. The mother sat beside the little couch wetting the dry lips, an aunt sat at the foot, and a neighbour lady at the head; while some half dozen others stood around.

"Suddenly the little eyes that were not expected would ever look out again, were opened, gazing upward. The withered hands were raised, beckoning, anxious as if for some one to come. The '*sweetest smile*,' the ladies said, that they '*ever saw*,' light up the face of the little sufferer, and the word '*angels*,' was distinctly spoken twice. But most thrilling of all, was the

radiation of light surrounding the head, which was spoken of as reminding the lookers-on of the halo surrounding the prints representing Christ, but of exceeding brightness, and white like moonlight. The scene lasted about three minutes. The boy has recovered his health.

"I entered the sick room about five minutes after the occurrence, and found the family weeping. Some were rejoicing. The statement I have given is concurred in exactly by all.

"Twice, in the early part of his sickness, the boy pointed out sister Lizzie, standing in the middle of the room. 'How beautiful she is,' said he; 'what a pretty white dress!' But there were no eyes to see her but his; she had passed to spirit-life four weeks previous. The house has for a year, been the scene of loud and frequent raps."

Surely such instances as the foregoing might well make the sceptic and the worldling pause, and feel that in truth

There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

T. S.

THE PATRON SAINT.—AN AUTHENTIC GHOST STORY.

ABOUT the year 1845-6, there lived at Archer's Lodge, Southampton, a Mr. W., one of the old Roman Catholic families of that name. His wife was alive, and they had two sons and daughters. The eldest son had recently been ordained at Rome, and is now (1871) Monsignor W. The first time the young priest offered mass was in the chapel at Rome of St. Stanislas Kostka, this chapel being the cell where the saint died four centuries ago. This saint was celebrated for his ardent piety and great purity during his earthly life, and for the frequency of his appearances since his death in rescuing those in danger or in protecting the dying. The young priest (Mr. W.'s eldest son) when offering this mass made for himself a special petition—that St. Stanislas might be permitted to attend and protect the member of his family who should next die. About a year after this, Mr. W.'s second son Philip was drowned. He was aged 17, and was a student at the Roman Catholic College near Ware in Hertfordshire. He was an excellent young man, and seems to have given much thought to the character of St. Stanislas, choosing him as his patron saint, and having a memoir of him in his pocket when he was drowned while boating

with his fellow-students. This sad accident took place in Hertfordshire, in the afternoon of April 16th, 1846, on which same afternoon his father and sister (when walking down the lower part of the Avenue at Southampton) saw *him* in the road, walking towards them and between two men, both in priest's dress. The father and sister exclaimed to each other, "There is Philip!" "Yes, but what can bring him here?" But ere they met him, he and his two companions disappeared, nor were anywhere visible. Mr. W. considered it a sign of his son's death, and consequently was in a measure prepared when Dr. Cox, the head of the College, came next day to break the sad news to the family. The unhappy mother took her son Philip's death so much to heart that her health failed; and by medical advice she went with her husband and daughters to pay a round of visits. Among other houses, they stayed with some relations at Ince-Blundell Hall, Lancashire, where, in one of the rooms Miss W. saw a portrait which at once struck her as being that of one of her brother's companions on the occasion of his apparition the day he was drowned, and her father agreed with her as to the likeness. On enquiry, it proved to be a picture of St. Stanislas of Kostka, the saint whose aid the elder brother had invoked for the protection of the first member of his family who should die, the same saint to whom the younger brother Philip was so devoted as to have chosen him for his patron saint. Such are the external facts of this well-authenticated story.

EARNEST TESTIMONY TO SPIRITUALISM.

THE following interesting letter appears in the *Index*, a liberal religious journal published at New York, of which Mr. Abbott is editor, and which has recently discussed the question of Spiritualism:—

"Cascadilla Place, Ithaca, N. Y.,
"June 27, 1872.

"MR. F. E. ABBOTT—Dear Sir,—I do not propose to write a formal communication to the *Index*, but prefer to address myself to you as to a friend, leaving you to use my letter as you see fit.

"My husband, A. A. Andrews, of Springfield, had the pleasure of an introduction to and of some conversation with you; and my sister has once or twice sent you a few lines that have appeared in your able paper, which we always receive

with a welcome. Her note written last fall, from Northampton, alluded to the terrible and fatal accident that took from us my youngest son, a boy of twelve years of age. He had always been rather delicate, and his active fearless spirit led him into so many dangers that I had watched over him with increasing and anxious care, which he repaid by a tender and considerate devotion unusual in boys of his age.

"I will not dwell upon the first maddening shock. I had lost infant children and other relatives before, and had borne the grief of bereavement as others bear it, hoping that somehow, and somewhere, we might meet again; but I never realized, until this agonizing blow revealed it to me, how insufficiently was this baseless trust. I have always been sceptically inclined. While the weary heart sought rest in absolute faith, the mercilessly analytical mind would not let it find repose in peaceful conviction. Really to believe in immortality because others believed it, and taught accordingly, has always been simply impossible to me; and while I have regarded that intuitional perception which suffices for some as a gift, like genius, to be admired and craved, though unattainable by effort, I could not look upon faith based upon authority as rational or beautiful; and so, in the wild agony of this terrible bereavement, everything like a sufficing trust in Divine love or a future existence was swept away, and I was left helplessly desolate. This was my condition only a few months ago.

"Now a light has illumined all those gloomy depths of mind and heart. In place of doubt and rebellion, I have assurance and resignation. Existence, with its racking trials, is no longer hopelessly dreary to me—a dreadful enigma impossible to solve; for the radiance of a better life is shed upon it, making it seem but the rough pathway to a joyous and beautiful home.

"Had I space and time, I could perhaps make you more fully comprehend to what I owe this happy change; but I have had so much in the way of evidence to raise me from doubt to a belief which is to me like knowledge, that I shall only be able to detail to you a very few among the many proofs which I have needed and received. I should not have made this effort to show you something of the truth as I see it, but for some remarks upon Spiritualism lately made by you in the *Index*, which seemed to justify reply; and, although those remarks appeared to me not quite just, I trust, in this appeal, to that liberal spirit and that freedom from dogmatic assertion and prejudice which generally characterize what you say, and which I believe to be honestly and earnestly your aim. In the fewest possible words, I will tell you of some of my experiences, and

at the same time reply to a question as put in a late issue of your paper, namely: 'What phenomena occur?' In order to do this, I must enter into particulars, as general statements in such a case amount to nothing.

"I have had communications purporting to come from my spirit-child, written upon a slate which was sometimes laid in full view, with a fragment of pencil beneath it, upon the top of a table (not always the same table, and not always at the house of the medium), and sometimes held by myself; which communications were not only signed with a full name (unknown to the medium) of my boy, but which contained phrases, allusions and modes of expression so characteristic of him, that after many repetitions and ever-recurring tests, doubt became to me more difficult than belief. Many of these tests, trifling in themselves, were to me stronger evidences of identity than I can make a stranger fully understand or appreciate.

"These manifestations took place in sittings with Dr. Slade, of New York, and on one occasion, after my return from that city to Springfield, my sister went on and spent a week at the house of this most remarkable medium. On leaving home she took with her a handkerchief belonging to me, thinking that any article of mine might possibly, as she expressed it, serve as a magnet to draw my loving boy to her. This handkerchief was lying upon her lap during one of her sittings; and, while both her hands and those of the medium were together upon the table (no third person being present) it was thrown up, falling close to their hands, tied in a singular knot, and immediately the following words were written upon the slate—'Dear aunty, I knew it was mother's. I was present when she gave it to you, thinking it would help me to come again; but I could have come just as easily without it.' Now, not one word had been said to any one of the handkerchief's being mine, and it was impossible that any one could have known it, or why it had been given or taken.

"I have seen and felt in broad daylight a hand in shape and size like that of my son, playing with my dress, patting and caressing me, and taking out my watch by pulling upon the guard. This guard used to be his, and after these manifestations the following words were written—'Dear mother, always wear my guard; I love to see you have it.'

"On asking, in a daylight sitting, 'Can my little boy kiss my hand as he so often used to do?' I felt, as distinctly as I ever felt his kisses when he was with us here, warm lips pressed over and over again upon the hand which rested on my knee.

"I have had a spirit-hand write a letter on paper placed upon my lap, when the room was sufficiently lighted by gas for

me to see distinctly the long lead pencil held in the white fingers, and remaining in sight, directly under my eyes, until the writing was finished, when both hand and pencil disappeared. In a moment afterwards the latter was thrown upon the table, close to our hands, from a point opposite to where the medium sat.

"I have seen the faces of spirits within three feet of me, about whose identity I could no more mistake than I could fail to recognise members of my own family who are still in the material body. I have watched these faces condense and form from what seemed a luminous mist. I have seen them smile brightly and naturally upon me.

"I have had one among them, in compliance with a suggestion made from the impulse of the moment, turn away, showing me the back of the head, that I might recognize the naturally curling hair falling upon the neck as worn in life. I have watched the moving lips, and heard whispered messages of love and warning sent to absent friends.

"I have had the hand so like my boy's lift itself at my request to my lips, that I might kiss it again and again; and this same warm, lifelike hand afterwards patted me first on one cheek, and then on the other, so that the little loving slaps would be distinctly heard, as well as felt.

"But I fear to weary your patience, while I have still so much to tell that selection is difficult. I will therefore only say that these are a few of those 'phenomena' about which you ask, and by means of which I have received, through the senses of sight, touch and hearing, the same evidence which assures me of the presence of friends still on the earth—that the loved and seeming-lost are living and loving and near me still. And the evidence afforded my reason has been as strong as that through the bodily senses.

"Who recognized 'mother's' handkerchief, and alluded to words spoken as it passed from my keeping to my sister's? Who wrote, '*my* guard?' What hand was that whose grasp was firm and strong, and which I saw many times, in broad daylight, as plainly as I see my own? Whose lips were pressed lovingly to my hand when no mortal being was present who could, by any possibility have touched it? What power wrote, and what intelligence and memory dictated words, which I heard written, as the fragment of pencil moved over the slate, touched by no hand of flesh? What magic produced faces which the medium had never seen? Whose voice whispered words of warning, the need of which was only known to the parties concerned?

"I have answered your question. Will you answer mine?

Or if this be in the nature of things, impossible to you as yet, will you at least *think* of what I have told you in simple words—without exaggeration or false colouring?

“I love truth and hate deception as heartily as you can do. Will you not set preconceived ideas aside, and receive, as at least worthy of some respect and consideration, my testimony to facts such as not I alone, but thousands of reliable witnesses—among them men as cautious and once as sceptical as yourself—know to be genuine?

“As for me, I was a Thomas, and demanded proof. Thank God, I have received it, and a peace I cannot express in words fills all the deep places of my soul. My darling child, for whom I mourned so hopelessly, is to me now as truly living as when I could see him daily by my side. No unnatural winged angel, playing upon a harp and singing psalms, but loving, joyous, impetuous, every mental and moral attribute unchanged—a boy, and my boy still. After a life of ceaseless doubt and distrust, I have found rest at last. I am content that, in this short stage of being, the will of the Creator should be done, through the laws that govern matter (dreadful as the brute force seems to us oftentimes) as well as through those scarcely more mysterious agencies by which He acts upon spirit. ‘If He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice;’ and while I believe in no especial providence and no miracle, I do believe that, immediately always and according to fixed laws, but none the less surely and unceasingly, His wisdom and His love govern all things, and that in His hands all His children are for ever safe from real and lasting harm. I see the death of the body but as a needful change, which none need dread save those who, shutting their eyes to the light of truth, devoting themselves only to selfish gratification, and refusing to use the reason God has given them, have cause to dread the future they make inevitable for themselves, either here or elsewhere. I believe that after the grosser elements of being are cast off, we shall still be ourselves, and whatever (within the limits peculiar to individuals, and to all finite beings as such) we make ourselves. Always learning, always doing, never needing nor asking an idle bliss, but devoting all the energies of the enfranchised soul to the attainment of ever higher knowledge and the performance of ever nobler uses, being blest in the ceaseless development of every mental and moral faculty, and finding in endless progression the only freedom and the only joy that can satisfy a human soul. May the faith and hope that gladden my spirit, find a way to other doubting minds and suffering hearts, and may the time soon come when friends of progress, like yourself, may conscientiously investigate and fearlessly proclaim those now un-

popular truths, which rational in themselves and founded upon evidence, will take the place of superstitious faith based upon miracle and authority, and leave no poor homeless soul out in the wintry cold and darkness of hopeless unbelief.

Yours very respectfully,

LOUISA ANDREWS."

" SPIRIT-FACES.

" I AM about to attempt what I am aware is a difficult task—namely, to describe dispassionately and judicially one of those so-called 'higher manifestations' of Spiritualism about which people are apt to write and speak too much, as it appears to me, in the capacity of advocates for or against. I shall endeavour to describe what I saw here in London a few nights ago, as impartially as a judge might sum up a case from his notes of evidence. It is literally what I am doing. I am transcribing rough notes made at the time, and on the spot where the circumstances which I narrate occurred. I empanel the British public to say whether they think I have seen something very remarkable, or been egregiously gulled.

" A few days ago I received an invitation from a Spiritualistic friend to attend one of the *séances* of a lady whom I must call Miss Blank, because her name is not public property. She is not a professional medium; she receives no money from those who visit her house, and has no wish to have that residence besieged, as it certainly would be if I gave the slightest clue to her name and address. She has no desire, so she says, even for notoriety on the score of the manifestations of which she is the unwilling agent or medium. The peculiar character of these manifestations is the production of the spirit-face, or even partial form, no longer in darkness, but under a strong light. Now, I had seen tables dance and heard them rap; I had witnessed Mr. Home's "levitation," and listened to John King's unspirit-like voice; I had even felt spirit-hands, as they were called, once or twice; but all these manifestations, except the tilting and the rapping, had taken place in the dark, and I object to darkness. I love light, like an ancient Greek. It was the light element, I frankly confess, which mostly attracted me to the *séance* of Miss Blank. Miss Blank's papa—for the young lady is but sixteen—lives on the outskirts of London, as Spiritualists always seem to do, and is a respectable man in some small commercial line of

life. Besides the medium, who is a pretty, Jewish-like little girl, there were three other children present, all of whom discoursed of spirits in the most off-hand way. Mamma and aunt made up the domestic portion of our circle, and there were, besides, the editor of a Spiritualistic journal, another pronounced Spiritualist, a doctor from the country, who had had something to do with developing the medium, and had been converted by her to the doctrines of Spiritualism, an old gentleman from Manchester, and myself—eleven in all, irrespective of our little hostess, the pretty medium.

"After a brief confab in the front parlour we descended to the nether regions, where the spirits were in the habit of making their appearance in a small breakfast-room next to the kitchen. The original method of 'development' was simple in the extreme. Miss Blank went into the room alone. A curtain was stretched across the open doorway, leaving an aperture of about a foot deep at the top; and in this rather Punch-and-Judy-like opening portions of the spirit-face gradually showed themselves—first a nose, then an ear, &c.—to the circle who sat on the stairs. Now, however, that the power was more developed, a sort of corner cupboard had been fitted up with two doors opening in the usual manner from the centre, and an aperture of some eighteen inches square in the fixed portion at the top. At this I was told the faces would appear. A lamp on a table in the other corner of the room was so arranged as to shed a bright light on this opening, whilst it left the rest of this small apartment in subdued but still in full light. I examined the cupboard or cabinet carefully, put a chair in, and saw little Miss Blank carefully shut up inside, like a pot of jam or a pound of candles. A rope was put in her lap, the object of which will appear anon, and we all sat round like a party of grown-up children waiting for the magic lantern.

"We were told to sing, and so we did—at least the rest did; for the songs were Spiritualistic ones for the most part, which I did not know. They were pretty, cheerful little hymns, such as 'Hand in hand with Angels,' 'The Beautiful River,' and Longfellow's 'Footsteps of Angels.' By-and-by, raps inside the cupboard door told us to 'open sesame.' We did so; and there was pretty Miss Blank tied round the neck, arms, and legs to the chair, in a very uncomfortable and apparently secure manner. We sealed the knots, shut her up in the cupboard, and warbled again. After some delay a face rose gently to the aperture rather far back, but presently came well to the front. It was slightly pale, and the head was swathed in white drapery. The eyes were fixed, and altogether it looked ghostly. It remained for some time, disappeared and re-appeared; and the lamp was

turned full upon it, but the eyes never lost their fixed stare, and showed no symptom of winking. After several minutes it went altogether. The doors were opened, and little Miss Blank was found still tied, with seals unbroken, and to all appearance in a deep sleep. She was 'entranced,' I was told. 'Katie,' the spirit (for she was a familiar in the most literal sense), informed me that she gathered the 'material' for embodying herself from the breaths of the circle, and took the 'life' from the medium. Miss Blank was then awakened, uncorded, and taken to walk for a quarter of an hour in the back garden, as she was much exhausted; and we went upstairs to recruit as well. We had to make this break thrice during the evening.

"When we re-assembled, after a good deal more singing than I cared about, another appearance took place in obedience to the command of the doctor, who had been in the East, and asked to see a Parsee friend. After some delay, a head appeared, surmounted by a turban, and with a decidedly Eastern expression of countenance and dark complexion. It did not satisfy the doctor, who declared that the face bore a resemblance to the one demanded, but that the head-gear was not *en règle*. This was Tableau No. 2, which took a long time and almost interminable singing to bring about. Then there was another adjournment. The children were sent to bed, and the maid-servant—who, it appeared, was great at singing—came in from the kitchen to join the circle. There was one advantage, papa and mamma told me, about these manifestations; they rendered the children quite superior to all ideas of 'Bogey.' I could not help asking myself whether I should have dared to go to bed under such circumstances in my days of immaturity.

"In Scene the Third, the face was quite different. The head was still surmounted by white drapery, but a black band was over the forehead, like a nun's hood. The teeth were projecting, and the expression of the face sad. They fancied it was a spirit that was pained at not being recognized. When this face disappeared, Kate came again for a little while, and allowed me to go up to the cupboard and touch her face and hand, after first putting to me the pertinent question, 'Do you squeeze?' On assuring her I did not do anything so improper, the manipulations were permitted. This was the finale, and the circle broke up forthwith. The gentleman from Manchester was delighted, and all the Spiritualists, of course, were loud in their commendations. I reserved my judgment, as my custom always is when I see anything that beats me. I was sufficiently struck by what I had witnessed to accept readily an invitation to another *séance* on a subsequent occasion. In the meantime I should like to submit these few particulars to a dispassionate jury for them to decide

whether I was really for those three hours in direct contact with supernatural beings, or simply taken in by one of the most satisfactory 'physical mediums' it was ever my good fortune to meet."—"Daily Telegraph," October 10th.

As our readers will, no doubt, desire to know something more of the young lady who was the medium for these manifestations which have so puzzled the *Daily Telegraph's* "Own Commissioner," and which he has described with a candour that is quite refreshing, we have much pleasure in presenting from her own pen the following sketch of the

MEDIUMSHIP OF MISS FLORENCE COOK.

"I am sixteen years of age. From my childhood I could see spirits and hear voices, and was addicted to sitting by myself, talking to what I declared to be living people. . As no one else could see or hear anything, my parents tried to make me believe it was all imagination, but did not alter my belief, so was looked upon as a very eccentric child. In the spring of 1870 I was invited to the house of a school-friend, whose name I am not at liberty to mention. She asked me if I had ever heard of spirit-rapping, adding that her father, mother and self had sat at a table and got movements, and that if I liked, they would try that evening. I was horrified at such 'wickedness,' as I called it, and said if spirits communicated they must be bad ones. I refused to sit, and went home greatly disgusted with the idea of spirits tapping tables. I told mamma about it; she said, 'Doubtless Miss —— was joking. It is all a trick to amuse the children with. When next you go, sit at the table and see all the fun.' I felt I should like to know what it all meant, so in a few days went to Mr. ——'s. A *séance* was arranged. The sitters were Mr. and Mrs. ——, their daughter, and myself. We placed our hands on a moderately large table; it soon moved about uneasily; then distinct raps were heard. I rose from the table to see if I could find out who or what was producing the sounds. I could see nothing. I walked round the room. To my amazement, the raps followed me. Mr. —— said, 'We have never had raps before. Florrie, it must be through you.' I returned to the table and called over the alphabet. A message was given to me from what purported to be the spirit of my aunt. I asked my friends if they would stand away from the table, leaving me by myself. The table rose from the floor quite four feet. I went home astonished. Mamma and I went a few days after. We had some excellent tests of spirit identity given us, still we did not believe in spirits. At last it was spelt out that if we would sit in the dark I should be carried round the room. I laughed, not thinking it would be done, and put out the light.

The room was not perfectly dark, a light came in from the window. Soon I felt my chair taken from me. I was lifted up until I touched the ceiling. All in the room could see me. I felt too startled at my novel position to scream, and was carried over the heads of the sitters, and put gently on to a table at the other end of the room. Mamma asked if we could get manifestations at our own home. The table answered, 'Yes,' and that I was a medium. The next evening we sat at home, table and two chairs were smashed, and a great deal of mischief done. We said we could never sit again, but we were not left in peace. Books and other articles were thrown at me, chairs walked about in the light, the table tilted violently at meal-times, and great noises were sometimes made at night. At last we sat again; the table behaved better, and a communication was given to the effect that we were to go to 74, Navarino Road, and that there was an association of Spiritualists there. Out of curiosity, mamma and I went, and found we had been told quite correctly. Mr. Thomas Blyton came to a *séance* at our house; he invited me to a *séance* at Mr. Wilkes's library in Dalston-lane. There I met Mr. Harrison. He came to see the manifestations at my home. By this time we were convinced of the truth of spirit-communion. About this time I was first entranced; a spirit spoke through me, telling papa that if I sat with Messrs. Herne and Williams, I should get the direct voice. I had several sittings with them and finally succeeded in getting the direct voice, direct writing, and spirit touches. The presiding spirit of my circles is Katie, John King's daughter. She speaks very much the same as her mother, who is the celebrated Katie King of Herne and Williams' *séances*. Sometimes she uses a tube, she has lately spoken without it. While she and other spirits are talking, I feel as if I cannot breathe. I used to be entranced while the more powerful manifestations were going on, but that has now gone off. Before a good *séance* I am usually very much excited and restless. After a *séance* I cannot stay indoors. I always get into the fresh air. If I sit too long I am much exhausted the next day, and cannot bear anyone to touch me. Since I have sat regularly my health has greatly improved. I, mamma, and several of the family are mediums, but some of them knew nothing of Spiritualism until lately. We belong to the Church of England, and were very orthodox. I used to be afraid of death, but Spiritualism has taken away all my fears."

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

MUSICAL AND OTHER MANIFESTATIONS AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

CAPTAIN C—— writes us a long letter descriptive of musical and other manifestations at Kingston-on-Thames, which he declares to be among the most remarkable manifestations witnessed by him during an experience in Spiritualism of 20 years. The spirits played well on musical instruments, and sang both in English and Italian. Mr. Champernowne's son, who has been in the spirit world 20 years, sensibly manifested himself to hearing, sight, and touch; patting and shaking hands with the company, and allowing the hair of his head to be felt; spirit-lights were also seen. These manifestations continued for about two hours. We have not space to give the letter entire, but the above is a brief *résumé* of its contents.

INVESTIGATIONS OF LIEUTENANT SALMON.

Lieutenant Richard Arthur Salmon, of the Royal Artillery, Woolwich, writes us that desirous of personally investigating the truth of Spiritualism, he visited Miss Lottie Fowler, Mrs. Holmes, Messrs. Herne and Williams, and Mrs. Oliver, and that the phenomena he witnessed, and the tests and communications he received, have satisfied him that Spiritualism is a "beautiful reality," and he urges investigation upon others. We do not publish his letter, as it has already appeared in other journals.

FRANCES POWER COBBE ON THE LIFE AFTER DEATH.

The current number of the *Theological Review* contains an excellent paper on "The Life after Death," by Frances Power Cobbe. But what does the writer mean by "the obvious mental confusion into which those fall who believe that they have had visible, audible, and tangible evidences" of that life? Surely, any one who has seen and held audible converse with one who has entered on the Life after Death must feel that experience to be more conclusive on the question than any mere abstract argument, however able, can be. If the "mental confusion" of this view is so "obvious," it can, of course, easily be shown, and we respectfully invite Frances Power Cobbe to point it out. We apprehend the "mental confusion" lies elsewhere.

EXPERIENCE WITH MISS LOTTIE FOWLER.

Mr. Robert Crawford, of 1, Hampden Terrace, Mount Florida, Glasgow, in describing a visit to Miss Lottie Fowler, clairvoyant and test medium, in London, writes:—

“ I was a total stranger to the medium, and it is quite impossible she could have any previous knowledge of me or of my affairs. Immediately on her being entranced the spirit described an event which happened more than 20 years ago, giving details which were in every point correct. My whole past history seemed to be before her like a panorama. She told me of events which I had almost forgotten, and many things which I did not know, but which I have since corroborated. Friends who have long since passed into spirit-life were named, their appearance described, and the diseases under which they suffered clearly indicated. The present seemed to be as clear as the past to this spirit, who described minutely my present circumstances and prospects, both in family and business matters; foretold certain changes, and described events which are in progress; and also described my wife and two children then in Glasgow, the house in which we live, and the various occupations at which they were at that moment engaged. On coming home I found the description was correct in nearly every particular.”

HORACE GREELEY A SPIRITUALIST.

Horace Greeley, who is now a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, like the late President Lincoln, and other eminent American Statesmen, is a Spiritualist. The *Exchange and Mart* thus notices a memoir of Horace Greeley, recently published:—“ From it we learn that Mr. Greeley sprung from the middle class, and is to a great extent self-educated. His career has been one of singular independence. He attached himself to no party, but freely criticised the acts of all parties. He was slow of conviction, and inquired much before he gave his assent; but, once satisfied, he supported his opinion with unflagging energy. He did not, like most of his contemporaries in America, and too many in England, ask if an opinion was popular before he espoused it: he asked only if it were true. It was thus he obtained so much honour by his dealing with Spiritualism. He began by fiercely opposing it. He was induced to examine it for himself, and Miss Kate Fox, the famous medium, was invited to a lengthened visit to his family, so that he might try experiments in the security against fraud thus provided. After a lengthened investigation he came to the conclusion that the phenomena were substantially true, and he publicly so announced in the *Tribune*, and thenceforward gave to it a steady support.”

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF. WRITTEN MANY
YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
Printer,
(like the cover of an old book,
its contents torn out,
and stript of its lettering and gilding)
lies here food for worms;
yet the work itself shall not be lost,
for it will (as he believed) appear once more
in a new
and more beautiful edition,
corrected and amended
by
THE AUTHOR.

A SECULARIST LEADER A CONVERT TO SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. George Sexton, M.A., M.D., one of the most able and popular of the leaders of the Secularist party, is now an avowed Spiritualist. He has been subjected to a good deal of abuse in consequence of his secession from the Secularist camp, consequent on his new conviction. He very tersely says:—"When so-called free-thinkers object to a man's receiving new convictions opposed to those he formerly entertained, they belie their pretensions, and prove to the world how great a sham is their assumed free thought. . . . As to spiritual manifestations, I have been investigating them since 1853, and have for at least a dozen years held that the phenomena were totally inexplicable by any known laws of nature, and that imposture and delusion were out of the question. . . . I long looked upon the phenomena as the result of some occult force that neither philosophers nor scientists could explain. I see clearly now that the only hypothesis capable of accounting for the extraordinary results that so constantly occur under almost every variety of condition is the noble and elevating doctrine of Spiritualism. That the spirits of our departed friends do communicate with us, and that their visits are not, as angels' were once said to be, 'few and far between,' but numerous and frequent, is to me as much a matter of fact as that I am writing this letter. The truth that there is 'no such thing as death' is the noblest consolation that has ever blessed humanity. Contrast this with the wretched, grovelling doctrine of materialism in the annihilation of consciousness when we pass into the grave, and who can fail to see the result? The soul clings to the one with all the tenacity it is capable of, and recoils, shuddering with horror,

from the other. 'If,' said the late W. J. Fox, 'heaven be indeed a dream, then it is one of nature's dreams, whose visions are prophecies.'"

We understand Dr. Sexton is preparing a work on "The Relations of Spiritualism to Free-thought," and which we have no doubt will deserve the best attention of those who call themselves "free-thinkers," but who in general might more properly be called "loose-thinkers," and who, so far from being "free," are fast bound in the triple chain of error, ignorance, and prejudice :

They are the freemen whom the Truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.

A PROPHEPIC DREAM.

A correspondent, a lady of the Roman Catholic communion, writes:—

"I dreamt—it was in the summer of 1868—that I was visiting a Catholic family somewhere, and that the house was very old-fashioned with spacious landings, apartments, &c.; and that on retiring to rest I noticed large doors, so large that I asked the attendant if they were doors to other rooms; she said they were doors of large cupboards, and so I found them. My dream went on that I was awakened out of my sleep by a hand touching me on the shoulder, and that I fell asleep again only to be awakened by the same touch, when looking I saw a hand beckoning. Getting out of bed, I, still in my dream, followed the beckoning hand out of the room, down the stairs, through the kitchen, towards another door, when a terror came over me, and I woke.

"This dream made such a vivid impression on my mind that I talked of it to my family and friends, but by and bye it passed off. A few months afterwards I was unexpectedly invited to join my married daughter, at Margate, where her husband had taken a furnished house for a month. I went. The house, on entering it, seemed to me familiar, and when I retired to rest, this impression was stronger at the sight of large old-fashioned doors to some closets in the room. On composing myself to sleep, I felt a hand touch me; I looked, but saw nothing. The next night the same thing occurred. I sat up, and then saw a hand beckoning as in my dream months before. I had hitherto had the feeble glimmer of a night light in the room, but the next night I resolved to have a wax candle. At the usual time there was the hand. I did not see it so clearly, because of the stronger light from the candle, but there it was beckoning. But I could not follow it from fear, and hid my face under the clothes.

"Next morning, my son remarked to me, that the Litany to the Blessed Virgin was hanging up in his room. Then I thought we must be in a Catholic house, and felt confirmed in associating my three nights' experience with my dream. I sent for the landlady, who I found was of the Catholic church, and to reconcile me to stay, she proposed that her young daughter, a sweet maiden, should sleep in my room. I gladly agreed, and was not disturbed afterwards. I have often felt regret that I had not more courage at the time, for perhaps I missed an occasion for helping in some way some poor suffering soul."

Notices of Books.

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND UPON THE BODY IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.*

THE objects of this work are thus stated in the Preface:—

"1st.—To collect together in one volume, authentic illustrations of the influence of the mind upon the body, scattered through various medical and other works, however familiar to many these cases may be, supplemented by those falling within my own knowledge.

"2nd.—To give these cases fresh interest and value by arranging them on a definite physiological basis.

"3rd.—To show the power and extent of this influence not only in health in causing disorders of sensation, motion, and the organic functions, but also its importance as a *practical* remedy in disease.

"4th.—To ascertain as far as possible the changes through, and the mode by which this influence is exerted.

"5th.—To elucidate by this enquiry, the nature and action of what is usually understood as the imagination."

From the days of Hippocrates, the father of medicine, down to nearly the present time, the practitioners of the healing art have attached much greater importance to the action of drugs, nostrums, and various manipulations upon the body, than to the force of the natural constitution to repair the lesions of disease, or the action of the mind itself upon the body. The last half

* *Illustrations of the Influence of the Mind upon the Body in Health and Disease, designed to elucidate the Action of the Imagination.* By DANIEL HACK TUKE, M.D., M.R.C.P., &c. (pp. 444.)

century, however, has witnessed a gradual change in the medical profession, an inclination to look a little more to the spiritual side of nature, to those mighty forces which underlie the visible and sensuous, and through the brain and nervous system, exert the most powerful influence on the bodily health. Hence a marked diminution is apparent in the doses of poisonous drugs, the use of the lancet, and all violent remedies. The work we are now reviewing may be said almost to mark an era in the progress of medical science by its exclusive attention to the influence of the passions and emotions on the body; marking also, with great precision, the *locality* of that influence—the peculiar nerves and organs which are chiefly affected by these spiritual currents. The writer, whilst avoiding all interference with the department either of theology or Spiritualism, has nevertheless produced a work founded on fact and experience, which may prove of the highest value to both, by enabling us to distinguish the hallucinations of a disordered or over-excited mind from a supernatural influence external to itself. The perusal of the work seems to suggest the query—Have not all diseases their origin in some disorder of the mind, either hereditary or otherwise?

In allusion to cures said to be the work of imagination, the writer puts the following case:—"I hold a ruler in my hand and point it to the painful region of the body of a patient, who entertains the opinion that I am about to relieve the pain. The patient imagining that the ruler will be the means of curing her, believes in a force which does not exist—the curative power passing from the ruler to the body—and is relieved. What cured her? Merely to say it was the imagination is no solution of the problem. What really happened was, that her attention was arrested and forcibly directed to the part, the permanent idea being the firm conviction that the morbid symptoms would pass away."

The writer adopts Professor Stewart's definition of the imagination as the most practical, and objects to the extension of it by Mr. Ruskin, who would make it include the gift of prophecy, and the discovery of truths not otherwise attainable. But without imagination we can scarcely be said to have any mind at all. It seems therefore necessary in considering the phenomena of Spiritualism, to take the more extended view of the functions of this faculty, and even to approach much nearer to the philosophy of Berkeley and Swedenborg, in order to interpret the well-attested facts already collected. The function of imagination is exercised when I see a chair or other object before me, for all the evidence I have of the chair's existence is the image of it in my own mind; if I proceed to touch it—it is

only the impress of another sensation added to the former, and so we may reason on, and arrive at the conclusion that there is no proof of the existence of a world external to the mind itself,—the mind operating subjectively or by reflex action, objectively through the senses.

Out of the large number of interesting cases contained in this work, we may select the following:—

“A young farmer in Warwickshire, finding his hedges broken and the sticks carried away during a frosty season, determined to watch for the thief. He lay many cold hours under a haystack, and at length an old woman, like a witch in a play, approached, and began to pull up the hedge; he waited until she had tied up her bundle of sticks, and was carrying them off, that he might convict her of the theft, and then springing from his concealment he seized his prey with violent threats. After some altercation in which her load was left upon the ground, she kneeled upon the bundle of sticks, and raising her arms to heaven beneath the bright moon, then at the full, spoke to the farmer, already shivering with cold, ‘*Heaven grant that thou never mayst know again the blessing to be warm.*’ He complained of cold all the next day, and wore an upper coat, and in a few days another, and in a fortnight took to his bed, always saying nothing made him warm. He covered himself with very many blankets, and had a sieve over his face as he lay; and from this one insane idea he kept his bed above twenty years, for fear of the cold air, till at length he died.”

Some years ago metallic tractors were used with remarkable success in the cure of diseases. The late Dr. Alderson and other medical gentlemen, suspecting the cures were the result of expectant faith on the part of the patients, made trial of the process, but used wooden tractors instead of metal ones, and to their great satisfaction performed cures with equal success.

Dr. Carpenter states that he has seen a man remarkable for the poverty of his muscular development, who shrank from the least exertion in his ordinary state, lift a 28-pound weight upon his little finger alone, and swing it round his head with the greatest facility. Now this was due (first) to a mental condition rendered acutely susceptible to impressions, and then to the action of the imagination, when the subject was assured that the weight was a mere trifle, and that he could lift it easily. This idea, by affecting the muscular sense of resistance, produced the same effect as actually lessening the weight would have done. Again, to the same individual; when in the same impressible state, a handkerchief placed on the table felt so heavy that he could not raise it after repeated attempts to do so.

In the case of the Warwickshire farmer, we may observe

that our ancestors were not far wrong in their belief in witchcraft, however mistaken they may have been as to its real cause. There was at least the influence of the old woman's mind upon the farmer, call it animal magnetism, psychic force, or any name we please. On considering many facts in the annals of Spiritualism, we see no difficulty in the way of supposing that, since the farmer by his attack upon the woman had placed himself within the sphere of her influence, an evil spirit in connexion with her had obsessed the farmer and induced the insane idea alluded to which proved so obstinate and of such long duration. As regards the tractors, it seems sufficiently proved that mineral magnetism was not the cause, since wood proved equally efficacious with metal in effecting cures. We may go further and suppose that without any tractor at all the practitioner would have effected the cures, provided he had had sufficient influence over the mind of his patient. We know more by experience of affinity and antipathy as they operate in the world of mind than we do of the more recently discovered phenomena of chemistry; and what is chemistry but the extension of that spiritual law into the sphere of nature?

With respect to the man of weak muscles but impressive mind, quoted on the authority of Dr. Carpenter, we would recommend any one to try the experiment whether the persuasion of its lightness would in itself enable him to raise a 28-pound weight with the little finger and swing it round his head. We presume the man had been hypnotised, though this is only *implied* in the narrative.

In relating a case from our own experience, we may premise that we are not of that impressible nature as readily to believe anything on the mere assertion of others, and that we never were mesmerised. After listening to some very remarkable communications of a trance-medium, verified by our own exclusively private knowledge of what was revealed regarding the past, on the *séance* being concluded we accompanied her into an adjoining room, in the middle of which stood a very light four-legged table. She said, "Let us see whether the spirits can make this table light and heavy." On hearing this we easily lifted it half from the floor with one finger, but at the next trial it required both hands to do the same, and this alternation occurred several times. This experiment impressed us with a strong conviction that the cause was something quite external to both our minds, for no one could persuade us, in our waking state, that a 28-pound weight was light or a handkerchief heavy.

The acceptance of well-attested facts even when they appear to weaken or destroy our cherished convictions, is the characteristic which distinguishes the philosopher from the sophist; we

therefore incline to accord the full value to all the illustrations in this elaborate work, and also to the author's interpretation of them, so far as he carries it, with perhaps the added feeling, that they may mean all *that* and something more. To establish so far the predominance of the mind over the body, and suggest its practical importance, is a great step in advance of that dead materialism which is now retarding the ascension of science into the world of causes, those higher views wherein the hard line of demarcation between the spiritual and natural will be seen to vanish, and one universal law to govern the phenomena of both. When the plane of thought, to which the author's views seem to tend, is once established, the great doctrine of spiritual influx, as the origin of life itself with all its affections and thoughts, will soon follow, revealing that spiritual affinity which will in a future state organize all the souls of the good and true, as Milton expresses it, into

Solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move.

By such elevation of thought, even here we may realize some foretaste of these mystic harmonies, transcending all considerations of time and space, of sordid interest and meaner aims, and with less impediment from these gross bodies which we are all so soon to lay aside for ever, when first we enter upon the commencement of a *real* and never-ending existence.

Spurning the clay-cold bonds that round our being cling,

In conclusion, we think the author is correct in his opinion that, "some of those who are interested in the manifestations of Modern Spiritualism may find it worth their while to acquaint themselves fully, in the first instance, with those phenomena which may certainly be explained by a reference to the principles laid down in these pages;" although we are disposed to refer even some of the phenomena which he adduces as certainly the result of psycho-physical principles, to a strictly supra-mundane or at least a magnetic agency. For instance, the author cites the fact of cures being performed by a visit to the tomb of Father Mathew, as well as by him while in the body; but Spiritualists have abundant facts to prove that disembodied spirits can act magnetically and even with greater power on those still in the world, for similarity of thought and affection produces presence, and in this sense we are all mediums. Affection, and thence thought and volition, are the effects of spiritual influx; and are not so rigidly self-derived and shut up in our bodies as Dr. Tuke seems to assume. Neither time nor space is a reality in the spiritual world. The Apostle Paul calls our attention to the saints who have gone before as the "great cloud of witnesses"

who behold our career through this life and are all "ministering spirits," yet the carnal churches of the present day deride and abuse the Spiritualists because they prove these and similar truths of the Gospel by the actual facts and experiences of our own times.

Correspondence.

THE LAWS AND ORDER OF NATURE.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in his opening address, spoke very strongly against those who use expressions which imply that law is a ruling power, and he afterwards explained that he referred chiefly to certain letters published by Miss Martineau and myself, some 20 years ago, and now out of print. His idea being that we worshipped "Law"—"made a God of 'Law.'" Dr. Carpenter's own definition of law is this, "that what we call the 'Laws of Nature' are simply *our own* expressions of the orderly sequence which we discern in the phenomena of the universe;" and as he therefore thinks we can never have any confidence in our judgment, his view can only land us in utter scepticism. I was very glad, therefore, to see Mr. Brevior's excellent paper, so explanatory and judicious throughout, on the subject of "Law" and "Order."

A great poet has said that "Order is Heaven's first law," and a great philosopher, in the first aphorism of his immortal work, has said that knowledge consists of our observations of the Order of Nature; that more than that we neither know nor can know. Now, by law we mean the "form," or rule, or principle in regard to the order observed, and which order implies uniformity in the logical principles or essential and necessary and fundamental rule or law of laws; that under like conditions like results will follow, or the conditions would not be like, since by *like* is implied that which will produce like results, for to a law of Nature there can be no exceptions. Law is the fixed rule but *not* the ruling power, although in fact to the very nature of things or ruling power itself we often apply the term law, as when we say that it is the law or nature of a thing to do so and so; because in truth the nature of a thing is exhibited in what it does, and the assertion of not knowing "things in themselves" may be all nonsense; but neither the law nor power can be abstracted or considered apart from the object to which the law or power in question applies. If I seem to worship anything in Nature, therefore it is the ruling body and not its rule, although practically the rule of Nature is all that we know, and all that we have for guidance, that is "the observed Order of Nature." And we should remember that, philosophically speaking, no one thing in Nature is more wonderful than another, if equally well known; and we may safely conclude that if we knew precisely how all things occur, all would seem to take place perfectly naturally and as matter of course, as by axioms and inevitable first principles. But since we have not this knowledge the course of Nature appears to be a kind of magic—to be all magical as distinguished from what we are acquainted with as mechanical, or as work of art and imitation by which we only put matters together, Nature internally, and as by magic doing all the rest. But does the magic exclude the magician, or imply the existence of one?

Now, whether we gain anything by trying to fancy an essential distinction between the natural and supernatural, I do not know. The question certainly goes a little beyond "our observation as to the Order of Nature." As to the term miracle: anything extraordinary we are apt to term miracle, as in speaking of a miraculous escape, or a miracle of beauty, and, indeed, whatever is beyond

our capacity and comprehension seems to us like a miracle or an inspiration, and yet to those who possess the special gift the same appears quite natural and easy, and thus to a creature of reason and experience like man, the instincts of "the lower" animals and insects, and all the growth and development of animal and vegetable life into special organic forms to definite ends, seems like miracle; and persons will assert the same in respect to clairvoyance, and hence even deny its possibility. But, however magical the effects of Nature may seem to us in our ignorance, it is simply because of our ignorance that it seems so, for wonder is simply the sense we have where knowledge ends. But whether there really and fundamentally be two such things as the natural and the supernatural, or two substances essentially different—such as we term matter and spirit—I am unable to say, nor has any one else been able to demonstrate the fact; nor do I think the question much concerns us, and anyhow we must be content with things as we find them, and with the law and order observe whatever we may fancy concerning the why and the whence. The diamond is no less beautiful and valuable because we may convert it into charcoal, and I see no particular charm or magic in the term spirit. The flower we term a rose would be just as sweet by any other name. When will philosophy escape from the despotism of words?

But to return to the weighty question of law. There is unquestionably an innate sense of consistency in the human mind, both logical and objective, and this is what we mean by reason, and that just as an argument must be consistent with itself, so we feel sure that Nature must be consistent with itself, and hence the belief that no assertion can be true that implies an opposition to the laws of Nature. Now we have observed a good deal of the Order of Nature, but have made very little acquaintance with fundamental laws and first principles, so that when we say that so and so is contrary to the laws of Nature, we simply mean that it does not seem in accordance with the hitherto observed Order. An example or illustration here will, I think, make the matter very clear. I have been in a darkened room with a number of persons sitting round a table, when quite a shower of flowers came down upon us, and so many of them, and so perfectly fresh and uninjured, that it seemed quite impossible that they could have been in any way concealed about any one's person, and the room had been previously freely and fully examined. Now it was clearly contrary to the observed Order of Nature for flowers to get in an uninjured state through solid walls. I purposely avoid hypothesis. But my knowledge of the fundamental laws of matter is so completely at fault, that it would not be consistent or philosophical in me to assert that what seemed to occur could not possibly have taken place. Besides, at this very moment is occurring a very similar phenomenon, or anyhow, one quite as difficult to comprehend, but which being familiar to us all, no one in the world doubts or disputes, and only on account of the "observed order," but for no intelligible reason. I mean the light with all the variety and colouring of the landscape without that is penetrating uninjured, as were those fresh flowers, through the solid glass of the window; and not only have I the unaccountable physical fact but the sensation and thought engendered in my mind, linking, as it were, the two worlds of fact, the mental and the physical, in one communion and harmony, and the whole of this is utterly and absolutely unintelligible. And we must remember that the light as a spiritual or ethereal action not only passes clean through the solid substance of the glass, but in the same point must meet thousands of other lines of action and in opposite directions, without the least impediment, and I think we may say that nothing of a supposed spiritual nature can be realised by the human understanding, exceeding in wonder or in beauty that to which I have referred. And so marvellous are the facts, that had we not the positive knowledge of their existence, we might very readily have denied their possibility. Let us get knowledge by all means, and withal get understanding; but let part of our knowledge be concerning the nature and limits of knowledge as to the hidden fundamental law of the order observed, of the nature of Nature, so to speak, in its fundamental axioms or first principles and laws, by Bacon designated the Cause of causes, itself without a cause, by others termed the absolute.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

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VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

By THOMAS BREVIER.

SLEEP and dreaming are as common as eating and drinking. We all sleep, and presumably, we all sometimes dream. Indeed, some philosophers contend that dreaming is the universal and invariable concomitant of sleep, though we cannot always recall our dream, or even the fact of dreaming to our waking consciousness, especially when our sleep has been perfect and profound. Sir William Hamilton tested the question in his own personal experience. He caused his servant to waken him suddenly and unexpectedly at different hours of the night, and he invariably found himself dreaming when thus aroused. Of course many such experiments would have to be made, and with many persons, before any general conclusion could be safely drawn from such premises; but the elucidation of this point would certainly be an important step in psychologic science.

It is on all hands admitted that the great majority of dreams are occasioned by the bodily condition and mental state of the dreamer. A bit of undigested beef, a blot of mustard, an underdone potato, bodily temperature, reflex action of brain, vivid mental impressions, intense thought or emotion, will account for those foolish and fantastic dreams, and those refracted and disturbed images of the mind which are ordinarily presented in our nightly visions. But there still remains a residuum which cannot be explained as the result of bodily condition or mental association, and which seem to imply the action of our spiritual nature and the overshadowing presence of the spirit-world.

A proper classification of well-authenticated dreams of this latter kind would be another important step towards a true science of Psychology, but it would require more space and a larger and

more intimate knowledge of the subject than is at my command; but a few illustrative examples of some leading types of these Visions of the Night may here be given:—

CLAIRVOYANT DREAMS.

In sleep the dreamer sometimes accurately perceives, even to the minutest particulars, places and persons that are far distant. One of the most circumstantial instances of this class that I remember to have met with is the following:—

DREAM OF THE REV. MOSES LUPTON.

This instance is related by the Revs. Charles and Henry Kendall, in their work entitled *Strange Footsteps*.

“The Rev. Moses Lupton, Primitive Methodist Minister, who has seen long and arduous service, and occupied various positions of trust, in that Connection, with unblemished reputation, and is, we may observe, more fitted, by the constitution of his mind, for a lawyer, than for a poet or mere dreamer, has, at our request, supplied us in writing with the following account of this remarkable dream:—

“‘By the District Meeting (Hull District) of 1833, I was re-stationed for the Malton Circuit, with the late Rev. T. Batty. I was then Superintendent of the Lincoln Circuit; and, up to a few days before the change, Mrs. Lupton and myself were full of anticipation of the pleasures we should enjoy among our old friends, on being so much nearer home. But some days before we got the news of our destination, one night—I cannot now give the date; but it was during the sittings of the Conference—I had a dream; and next morning I said to my wife—“We shall not go to Malton, as we expect, but to some large town: I do not know its name, but it is a very large town. The house we shall occupy is up a flight of stairs, three storeys high. We shall have three rooms on one level: the first—the kitchen—will have a closed bed in the right corner, a large wooden box in another corner, and the window will look down upon a small grass plot. The room adjoining will be the best room: it will have a dark carpet, with six hair-seated mahogany chairs. The other will be a small bed room. We shall not worship in a chapel, but in a large hall, which will be formed like a gallery. There will be a pulpit in it, and a large circular table before it. The entrance to it will be by a flight of stairs, like those in a church tower. After we have ascended so far, the stairs will divide; one way leading up to the left, to the top of the place. This will be the principal entrance, and it leads to the top of the gallery, which is entered by a door covered with green baize, fastened with brass nails. The other stairs lead to the floor of

the place; and, between the door and the hall, on the right-hand side, in a corner, is a little room or vestry: in that vestry there will be three men accustomed to meet, that will cause us much trouble; but I shall know them as soon as ever I see them, and we shall ultimately overcome them, and do well."

"By reason of some mishap or misadventure, the letter from Conference was delayed so that only some week or ten days prior to the change I got a letter that informed me my station was Glasgow. You may judge our surprise and great disappointment; however, after much pain of mind, and much fatigue of body, and expense (for there were no railways then, and coaching was coaching in those days), we arrived at No. 6, Rotten Row, Glasgow, on the Saturday, about half-past three. To our surprise we found the entrance to our house up a flight of stairs (called in Scotland *turnpike stairs*), such as I saw in my dream. The house was three storeys high also, and when we entered the kitchen door, lo, there was the closed bed, and there the box (in Scotland called a *bunker*). I said to Mrs. Lupton, "Look out of the window," and she said "Here is the plot of grass." I then said "Look into the other rooms," and she replied, "Yes, they are as you said." My colleague, Mr. J. Johnson, said, "We preach in the Mechanics' Institution Hall, North Hanover Street, George Street, and you will have to preach there in the morning." Well, morning came; and, accompanied by Mr. Johnson, I found the place. The entrance was as I had seen in my dream. But we entered the hall by the right; there was the little room in the corner. We entered it, and one of the men I had seen in my dream, J. M'M——, was standing in it. We next entered the hall; there was the pulpit and the circular table before it. The hall was galleried to the top; and, lo, the entrance door at the top was covered with green baize and brass nails. Only one man was seated, J. P.——; he was another of the men I saw in my dream. I did not wait long before J. Y——, the other man entered. My dream was thus so far fulfilled. Well, we soon had very large, overflowing congregations. The three men above-named got into loose, dissipated habits; and, intriguing for some months, caused us very much trouble, seeking, in conjunction with my colleague, to form a division and make a party and church for him. But, by God's help, their schemes were frustrated, and I left the station in a healthy and prosperous state."

In the foregoing instance the premonitory dream seems to have had no direct object, save that of preparing the dreamer and strengthening him for the work on which he was about to

enter. Many dreams are of this personal nature; but there are also instances of clairvoyant dreaming which have relation solely to others, and for some philanthropic purpose. An example of this, given by Dr. Bushnell in his *Nature and the Supernatural*, is the following—

DREAM OF CAPTAIN YONNT.

“As I sat by the fire one stormy November night, in a hotel parlour, in the Napa Valley of California, there came in a most venerable and benignant looking person with his wife, taking their seats in the circle. The stranger, as I afterwards learned, was Captain Yonnt, a man who came over into California as a trapper more than forty years ago. Here he has lived, apart from the great world and its questions, acquiring an immense landed estate, and becoming a kind of acknowledged patriarch in the country. His tall, manly person, and his gracious, paternal look, as totally unsophisticated in the expression as if he had never heard of a philosophic doubt or question in his life, marked him as the true patriarch.

“The conversation turned—I know not how—on Spiritism and the modern necromancy; and he discovered a degree of inclination to believe in the reported mysteries. His wife, a much younger and apparently Christian person, intimated that probably he was predisposed to this kind of faith, by a very peculiar experience of his own, and evidently desired that he might be drawn out by some intelligent discussion of his queries.

“At my request he gave me his story:—About six or seven years previous, in a mid-winter's night, he had a dream, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants, arrested by the snows of the mountains and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very caste of the scenery, marked by a huge perpendicular front of white rock cliff. He saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree-tops, rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons, and the look of their particular distress.

“He woke profoundly impressed with the distinctness and apparent reality of his dream. At length he fell asleep, and dreamed exactly the same dream again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in shortly with an old hunter comrade, he told him the story, and was only the more deeply impressed by his recognizing without hesitation the scenery of the dream. This comrade came over the Sierra by the Carson Valley Pass, and declared that a spot in the Pass answered exactly to his description. By this the unsophisticated patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men with mules and blankets and all necessary provisions. The

neighbours were laughing, meantime, at his credulity. 'No matter,' said he, 'I am able to do this, and I will; for I verily believe the fact is according to my dream.' The men were sent into the mountains, 150 miles distant, directly to the Carson Valley Pass, and there they found the company, in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive.

"A gentleman present said:—'You need have no doubt of this, for we Californians all know the facts, and the names of the families brought in, who now look upon our venerable friend as a kind of Saviour.' These names he gave, and the places where they reside, and I found afterwards that the California people were ready everywhere to second his testimony.

"Nothing could be more natural than for the good-hearted patriarch himself to add, that the brightest thing in his life, and that which gave him greatest joy, was his simple faith in that dream. I thought also I could see in that joy, the glimmer of a true Christian love and life, into which, unawares to himself, he had really been entered by that faith. Let any one attempt now to account for the coincidences of that dream, by mere natural casualties, and he will be glad enough to ease his labour by the acknowledgment of a supernatural providence."

DREAMS OF PRESCIENCE, PREMONITION, AND FOREWARNING.

Many instances of this kind might be cited. One of the best authenticated is the dream of the murder of Mr. Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer; but this has been so often quoted that I need not here repeat it; it is related by Dr. Abercrombie in his work on *The Intellectual Powers*, who introduces it with the remark that there are dreams which do not admit of explanation on any principles which we are able to trace. The following narrative from the *Memoirs of Stephen Grellett* is less known:—

DREAM OF THE COUNTESS TOUTSCHKOFF.

"When Stephen Grellett was travelling in Russia, the Countess Toutschkoff related to him a remarkable instance of premonition in sleep of which she had been the subject, and which had produced upon her mind a happy spiritual effect. Her husband was a General in the Russian Army, and three months before Napoleon's invasion, while they were staying on their estate near Toula, she dreamed that she was at an inn in a town that was strange to her; that her father came into her chamber, having her only son by the hand, and said to her in a tone of great sadness—'All thy comforts are cut off; he has fallen

(meaning her husband), he has fallen at Borodino.' She woke in a state of distress, but knowing that her husband was safe beside her, she considered it was only a dream, and composed herself to sleep. The dream was repeated, and attended by such an increase of distress, that it was long before she could get over it, and fall asleep again. At last she succeeded, and she dreamed the same ugly dream for the third time. On this her anguish of mind was such that she awoke her husband, and enquired—'Where is Borodino?' and related to him her dream. He could not tell her where Borodino was; and though she and her husband and her father searched the maps of Russia with the greatest care, they could not discover any such place. At that time the seat of war was far off, but it soon drew near. The General Toutschkoff, her husband, was placed at the head of the army of reserve; and one morning her father, leading her little son by the hand, entered the chamber of the inn at which she was staying, and cried out in great distress—just as she had seen and heard him in her dream—'He has fallen, he has fallen at Borodino.' Then she saw herself in the very same chamber, and through the windows perceived the very same objects that she had seen in her threefold dream. Her husband was one of the many who perished in that bloody battle fought near the River Borodino, from which an obscure village takes its name. The Countess was convinced, by her strange experience, that there is a sensible influence of the Divine Spirit; she endeavoured to attend to it, and one thing after another was unfolded to her of 'the deep things of God.'"

When we carefully examine all the circumstances involved, it is scarcely possible to believe that the fulfilment of dreams like the foregoing can be satisfactorily explained as mere unconnected coincidences. As a mere matter of mathematics, the chances against their fulfilment to the minutest particular would be almost infinite. And the solution of the mystery is the more difficult, when we consider that apart from the evidence they present of the action upon the mind of an intelligence foreign to our own, these prophetic dreams are sometimes of the most trivial character, as in the following instance, communicated by the dreamer himself to the *Herald of Progress*, from which it is here extracted:—

DREAM OF THOMAS R. HAZARD.

"About the year 1830 I was engaged in the business of manufacturing cotton and woollen goods, some kinds of which were woven in hand-loom. I called at a house some eight or ten miles from home, and left a web to be woven. The woman who took the web wanted to have two left, which I declined

doing. After trying in vain to persuade me to leave her the two webs, she suddenly exclaimed : ' Well, I dreamed last night that Mr. Hazard came round with a load of weaving, and would not let me have but one piece.'

" Several of her children, who were with her, spontaneously corroborated this, by exclaiming : ' Yes, mammy, you did ; you told us so this morning !'

" The incident was trifling, but I was satisfied the statement of the woman and her children was true ; and as I journeyed home, my thoughts were a good deal occupied with the subject of dreams—querying in my mind why, if unseen intelligences did really come to us in sleep, they should choose such trifling matters for their subjects of communication.

" I went to bed with my thoughts still on the subject, and towards morning awoke, with the incidents of the following dream most vividly impressed upon my memory : I thought I was eating my breakfast, when a man named Ephraim Smith came into the adjoining room, and put down a bag of corn against the partition. He then came to the door, and asked me if he could have his corn ground at my mill. I told him he could not, as the miller was not there, and besides that, we did not then run the mill, as the water was all wanted for the factory below. He said that if I did not grind the corn, his children would go without breakfast, as he had nothing in his house to eat. (He was a poor man, and lived some miles away.) I at length told him that if he would go up to the dam and raise the gate, I would try to grind the corn myself, although I knew but little of the business. (The water was brought to the mill in a trough about 600 feet long, supported by wooden legs. In its course it passed over a stone wall a few rods from the dam, but did not touch the wall in any way.) I thought that I started the mill, and that it run for some time, when its speed began to slacken, and at last ceased altogether. I looked up towards the dam to learn the cause, and saw that the trough had broken down just where it passed over the wall, and two men, who, among many others, were then in my employ, were standing near the broken place. I thought I saw the water distinctly as it poured out of the break in the trough.

" I again went to sleep, and awoke with every vestige of the dream effaced from or taken out of my mind. I sat down to breakfast. Ephraim Smith came in at the back door, and put down a bag of corn against the partition. He then came to the door and asked that it might be ground. I told him that it could not be done, as the miller was away, and that we wanted the water for the factory below. He said that if it was not done his children would be obliged to go without breakfast, as he had

nothing in his house to eat. I finally told him to hoist the upper gate, and I would try to grind it for him. He did so, and I set the mill at work. I then went into an adjoining building to assist in invoicing and baling cloth, the two men seen in my dream being the only other persons present. Whilst thus engaged, the speed of the mill began to slacken. From where I was I could see the mill, but not the water-trough. As the speed of the mill gradually slackened, I repeatedly ejaculated: 'What can be the matter with the mill?' It took probably from three to five minutes for the water to get entirely out of the trough, when the mill stopped.

"Up to this time not the faintest recollection of my dream had revived in my memory, but as the mill stopped it was instantly and vividly recalled in all its parts, and I exclaimed, 'I will be bound my dream has come true!' I had to pass through three rooms before I could get to a window from whence I could see the trough. I looked at once at the spot where my dream indicated the break in the trough, being just over the wall, and sure enough, there was the water pouring out of the broken trough, just as I had seen it in my dream!

"Even at that time I felt that the dream had been conveyed to me by some loving, unseen intelligence, in answer to my cogitation respecting the woman's dream about the web—my dream being of as little importance as hers. But trifling as it seemed, it was sufficient to convince me that there were 'more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in *learned* philosophy.' Viewed in the light of modern Spiritualism, there is but one incident connected with it worthy of notice, and to which even the daguerreotype principle, so often observable in visions, does not seem to apply. It is this:—

"In the dream I saw two men standing by the broken trough. In the fulfilment of the dream these men did not appear in the place I had seen them, but they were beside me at a distance off. Doubtless on my exclaiming that my dream had come true, and rushing to the window to look at the broken trough, they had followed me, and saw it simultaneously with myself, their thoughts being projected at once to the object of remark.

"Query—Did these thoughts actually constitute spirit-body, the same that was presented to my interior vision in sleep?

"Again—The incidents of the dream were all of a prophetic character, not differing in degree from many others, but the coincidences are rendered more striking by the trough's breaking down directly over the stone wall, which had no connection with it, and only served for a mode by which I could be sure that the dream was exactly fulfilled. Had it broken anywhere else, there

was no other land-mark in the whole length of the trough by which the exact place could be well determined.

"Query again—Did the communicating intelligence merely foreshadow the future, or was it through its agency that the break occurred where it did?

"South Portsmouth, R. I.,

"Feb. 23rd, 1863."

GOETHE ON THE POWER OF PRESCIENCE IN DREAMS.

Goethe recognised this power of prescience in dreams. In his Autobiography he gives this account of his grandfather:—

"But what still increased the veneration with which we regarded this excellent old man was the conviction that he possessed the gift of prophecy, especially in regard to matters that concerned him and his. It is true that he confided the full knowledge and particulars of this faculty to no one except our grandmother; yet we children knew well enough that he was often informed, in remarkable dreams of things that were to happen. For example, he assured his wife, at a time when he was still one of the youngest magistrates, that at the very next vacancy he would be appointed to a seat on the board of aldermen. And when, very soon after, one of the aldermen was struck with a fatal stroke of apoplexy, he ordered that on the day when the choice was to be made by lot, the house should be arranged and everything prepared to receive the guests coming to congratulate him on his elevation. And sure enough it was for him that was drawn the golden ball which decides the choice of aldermen in Frankfort. The dream which foreshadowed to him this event he confided to his wife, as follows. He found himself in session with his colleagues, and everything was going on as usual, when an alderman (the same who afterwards died) descended from his seat, came to my grandfather, politely begged him to take his place, and then left the chamber. Something similar happened on the occasion of the provost's death. It was usual in such case to make great haste to fill the vacancy, seeing that there was always ground to fear that the emperor, who used to nominate the provost, would some day or other re-assert his ancient privilege. On this particular occasion the sheriff received orders at midnight to call an extra session for next morning. When, in his rounds, this officer reached my grandfather's house, he begged for another bit of candle, to replace that which had just burned down in his lantern. 'Give him a whole candle,' said my grandfather to the women: 'it is for me he is taking all this trouble.' The event justified his words. He was actually chosen provost. And it is worthy of notice that the person who drew in his stead having the third and last chance,

the two silver balls were drawn first, and the golden one remained for him at the bottom of the bag. His dreams were matter-of-fact simple, and without a trace of the fantastic or the superstitious, so far at least as they ever became known to us. I recollect too, that when as a boy I used to look over his books and papers, I often found, mixed up with memoranda about gardening, such sentences as these:—‘Last night . . . came to me and told me . . .’—the name and the circumstance being written in cipher. Or again, it ran thus:—‘Last night I saw . . .’—the rest in characters unintelligible to me. It is further remarkable in this connection, that certain persons who had never possessed any extraordinary power sometimes acquired it, for the time being, when they remained near him; for example, the faculty of presentiment, by visible signs, in cases of sickness or death occurring at the time, but at a distance. Yet none either of his children or of his grandchildren inherited this peculiarity.”

DREAM OF MRS. GRIFFITHS.

Blackwood's Magazine for 1826, contains the following letter:—

“Being in company the other day, when the conversation turned upon dreams, I related one, which, as it happened to my own father, I can answer for the perfect truth of it.

“About the year 1731, my father, Joseph D’Acre, Esq., of Kirkclinton, in the County of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh, to attend the classes, having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment, then in the castle, and remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Griffiths, during the winter. When spring arrived, Mr. D’Acre and three or four young gentlemen from England (his associates), made parties to visit all the neighbouring places about Edinburgh: Roslin, Arthur’s seat, Craigmillar, &c.

“Coming home one evening from some of these places, Mr. D’Acre said, ‘We have made a party to go a-fishing to Inchkeith to-morrow, if the morning is fine; and have bespoken our boat; we shall be off at six.’

“No objection being made, they separated for the night.

“Mrs. Griffiths had not been long asleep, when she screamed out, in the most violent, agitated manner, ‘The boat is sinking: save, oh, save them!’

“The Major awakened her, and said, ‘Were you uneasy about the fishing party?’

“‘Oh, no,’ she said, ‘I had not once thought of it.’

“She then composed herself, and soon fell asleep again. In about another hour, she cried out, in a dreadful fright, ‘I see the boat is going down.’

"The Major again awoke her, and she said, 'It has been owing to the other dream I had, for I feel no uneasiness about it.'

"After some conversation, they both fell sound asleep; but no rest could be obtained for her. In the most extreme agony, she again screamed, 'They are gone! The boat is sunk!'

"When the Major awakened her, she said, 'Now, I cannot rest. Mr. D'Acre must not go, for I feel should he go, I should be miserable till his return. The thoughts of it would almost kill me.'

"She instantly arose, threw on her wrapping gown, went to his bed-side (for his room was next their own) and, with great difficulty, she got his promise to remain at home.

"'But what am I to say to my young friends whom I was to meet at Leith, at six o'clock?'

"'With great truth you may say your aunt is ill, for I am so at present. Consider, you are an only son, under our protection; and should anything happen to you, it would be my death.'

"Mr. D'Acre immediately wrote a note to his friends, saying he was prevented joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The morning came in most beautifully, and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose; and, in an instant, the boat and all that were in it went to the bottom, and were never more heard of, nor was any part of it ever seen.

"I have often heard the story from my father, who always added—'It has not made me superstitious, but with awful gratitude I never can forget my life, by Providence, was saved by a dream.'

In Chambers' *Book of Days*, Vol. II., p. 188, the writer of the above letter is identified as Lady Clerk, of Penicuik, whose maiden name was Mary D'Acre."

DIDACTIC DREAMS.

Some dreams seem to have what may be called a didactic purpose—to enforce some great principle or duty, to communicate some truth, to convey some lesson, usually of a moral or religious nature, in a striking and impressive form. This class of dream is perhaps the highest and the rarest, but as this instruction is generally imparted by symbol, correspondence, and pictorial representation, it is probable that did we better understand this inner language, this kind of dream-teaching would be found less rare than it now appears, and that much in dreams which now seem unmeaning would be seen fraught with deep significance.

Such was the dream of Linnæus when the death of the successive generations of plants was explained to him ; such was the dream of Madame Guion when she saw depicted the deep serenity of a soul that dwelt in God ; and such was the

DREAM OF DR. DODDRIDGE.

One evening, after a conversation with Dr. Watts on the intermediate state of the soul after death and the probability of its immediate entrance into the heavenly world, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest with his mind full of the subject discussed, and in "a vision of the night" his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful form.

"He dreamed that he was at the house of a friend, when he was suddenly taken dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to himself to grow worse, and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he had exchanged the prison house of suffering and mortality, for a state of liberty and happiness. Embodied in a slender ærial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but not a glittering city or village, the forest or the sea, was visible. There was nought to be seen below save the melancholy group of his friends, weeping around his lifeless remains.

"Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his happy change, but by some mysterious power, utterance was denied ; and as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air, their forms became more and more indistinct, and gradually melted away from his sight. Reposing upon golden clouds, he found himself swiftly mounting the skies with a venerable figure at his side, guiding his mysterious movements, and in whose countenance he remarked the lineaments of youth and age were blended together with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness.

"They travelled through a vast region of empty space, until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and its forms rose brilliant and distinct among the far-off shadows that flitted athwart their path ; the guide informed him that the palace he beheld was, for the present, to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendour, he replied, that while on earth he had often heard that the eye had not seen, nor had the ear heard, nor could it enter into the heart of man to conceive the things which God had prepared for those who love Him ; but, notwithstanding the building to which they were then rapidly approaching was superior to anything which he had actually before beheld, yet its grandeur had not exceeded

the conceptions he had formed. The guide made no reply; they were already at the door, and entered. The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table, covered with a snow white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster of grapes, and then said he must now leave him, but that he must remain, for he would receive, in a short time, a visit from the Lord of the mansion, and that during the interval, before his arrival, the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction.

"The guide vanished, and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and then observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found, to his astonishment that they formed a complete biography of his own life. Here he saw upon the canvas that angels, though unseen, had ever been his familiar attendants, and sent by God they had sometimes preserved him from imminent peril. He beheld himself first represented as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences here delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection and unfolded many things which he had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uneasiness. Among others, he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable had not an angel received him in his arms, and broken the force of his descent. These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all an exhibition of goodness and mercy far beyond all that he had imagined.

"Suddenly his attention was arrested by a rap at the door. The Lord of the mansion had arrived. The door opened and he entered. So powerful and so overwhelming, and withal of such singular beauty was his appearance, that he sunk down at his feet completely overcome by his majestic presence. His Lord gently raised him from the ground, and taking his hand led him forward to the table. He pressed with his fingers the juice of the grapes into the golden cup, and after having himself drunk, presented it to him, saying, 'This is the new wine in my Father's kingdom.' No sooner had he partaken than all uneasy sensations vanished; perfect love had cast out fear, and he conversed with Jesus as an intimate friend. Like the silver rippling of a summer sea, he heard fall from his lips the grateful approbation:—'Thy labours are over, thy work is approved, rich and glorious is thy reward.' Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss, that glided over his spirit and slid into the

very depths of his soul, he suddenly saw glories upon glories bursting upon his view. The doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from his joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks. Long did the lively impressions of this charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy and tenderness."

This dream was a beautiful foreglimpse of that unveiling which must come to every soul. Happy that soul who, in this wonderful Art Gallery of memory, shall find confronting him in the day of his unveiling only pictures that he shall delight to look upon; pictures that are the expressions of the goodness and beauty and truth that are enshrined within his bosom.

"We shape *ourselves*, the joy or fear,
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered *here*,
And painted on th' eternal wall
The past shall reappear."

OTHER PSYCHOLOGICAL PHASES OF DREAMING.

The appearance of spirits at or about the time of death, generally to some surviving friend or relative, is of frequent occurrence, and well attested. It occurs sometimes in full wakefulness, sometimes when in sleep. We cite an instance of the latter from *Strange Footsteps*, a work already quoted.

DREAM OF DR. WILLIAM THOMPSON.

"Dr. William Thompson was minister of Middle Perth church, and his brother, Dr. Andrew Thompson, was minister of East Perth at the same time. Andrew afterwards removed to Edinburgh, and became minister of St. George's, and leader of the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland. He was a man of vast energy and great logical power, and remained leader of his party until his death, when he was succeeded by Chalmers. Dr. William remained in his church at Perth, and lived till he was ninety. Andrew was at a stirring debate of Presbytery one night, and grew excited, which was for him a dangerous thing, as he had disease of the heart. He went home, reached his own door, and rang the bell, then dropped down and expired, and was found lifeless when the servant opened the door. The same night, William, at Perth, dreamed that he saw Andrew's sudden death, at Edinburgh, and was led from his dream to look out for the letter which arrived two mornings afterwards, informing him of the solemn event. This incident was related to

us by a minister who had an aunt and two cousins that attended on Dr. William's ministry, and had heard the circumstances from his own lips."

DREAM OF A CLERGYMAN.

In *Bramwell's Life*, p. 227, is recorded the dream of a clergyman, who, after his morning and afternoon services, laid down on his couch for rest previous to his evening labours, fell asleep and dreamed he was walking in his garden; met a friend, a minister, with a gloomy countenance. After the usual salutations, he first was asked the time of day, and replied, "Twenty-five minutes past four." Then said his friend, "It is just one hour since I died." After he awoke, he proceeded to the chapel to the evening meeting, and on the way was accosted by a friend who asked if he had heard of the death of that able minister, Mr. ———. He answered, "No. When did he die?" "At twenty-five minutes past three this afternoon."

Among other phases of dreams may be enumerated—

DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS IMPARTED.

Mr. Cyrus Avery, extensively known both in England and America, has received many valuable inventions in this way: indeed, though one of the shrewdest and most practical of Yankees, his achievements in this respect have acquired for him among his friends the designation of "the dreamer." His account of the matter is, that in sleep a spirit appears to him and shows him the model of the invention, and explains its construction and working; sometimes instructing him also from time to time how to proceed with it. The method employed in making round shot by dropping it from a high tower was first suggested to its inventor in a dream.

DREAMS OCCASIONED BY PERTURBED SPIRITS.

There are many instances in which perturbed spirits remain restless and unhappy till they have unburdened themselves of some worldly matter, in which they seek mortal assistance; and it would seem that in sleep they can often impress those who are susceptible to their influence more readily than in the waking state. It may be to effect the performance of some neglected duty, or the restitution of some wrong, to convey information of hidden treasure, to confess some undetected crime, or to reveal and to revenge some secret crime of which they were the victims. Our newspapers and criminal records present many relations of

robberies traced through dreams,* as well as of more heinous offences so brought to light;—of

Unknown facts of guilty acts,
Revealed in dreams from God.

INSTANCES OF MURDER DISCOVERED BY DREAMS.

One of the most familiar instances of this is that of the murder of Maria Martin, commonly known as the murder in the Red Barn, and which was brought to light by means of a dream, which (as is often the case) was thrice repeated, to make it the more impressive. We quote a more recent instance of this kind.

Two men named Hawser and Bowser, were executed in America a few years ago for the murder of two women named Paull and Munday. Soon after the committal of the prisoners for trial, the mother of Miss Munday had a dream in which she plainly saw her daughter struggle with her murderer, and heard her cry "Help!" "Mother!" She could remember the features of the man whom she saw in the bloody act, and the dream made so deep an impression on her mind that she determined to visit the prisoners in the jail, and see if she could recognize the murderer of her daughter. The inmates were all placed in a row, and the old lady closely scrutinized them, one after another, until her eyes fell upon Bowser, when, starting back, she exclaimed, "You are the murderer of my child."

In *Richardson's Local Historian's Table-Book of Northumber-*

* The following, taken from the *Manchester Courier*, is an instance of

"TRACING A ROBBERY BY A DREAM.

"Yesterday a singular case occurred at Manchester Police Court, showing an extraordinary fulfilment of a dream, and the consequent tracing of a quantity of stolen property. We give the facts shortly as they appeared before the Court, and on the testimony of the Police Inspector, who had the matter in hand. Some time ago a woman of the name of Heyes, living at 23, Dyer's Lane, was committed for an offence to prison for a month, and whilst she was in confinement she dreamt that her house had been entered and robbed, and that a witness named Fox, who had been brought against her, but who had been too weak to give evidence, was dead. On the completion of her term of imprisonment she found her dream fulfilled in almost every particular—viz., that Fox had in fact died during her incarceration, and that her house had been plundered in the manner revealed to her. The vision, moreover, contained so exact a representation of the scene of the robbery, and of the appearance of the actors in it, that Inspector Gill had no difficulty in tracing a portion of the stolen property to a clothes dealer, named Michael Donnelly, in Fleet Street, which Mrs. Heyes described to the officer as being the place to which it had been taken. Similarly, other portions of wearing apparel belonging, as alleged, to Heyes, were discovered at the house of Mary Riley, 19, Billington Street, and Phoebe Campbell, 7, Fleet Street. The dealer and the two women last named were at once taken into custody, and their explanation of their possession of the property being considered by the Magistrates as unsatisfactory, they were committed for trial."

land and Durham, in the "Historical Division" is found at p. 410 of Vol. I, the following statement:—

"1774.—In the beginning of January of this year a melancholy circumstance occurred at Berwick-upon-Tweed. A sergeant who was beating up for recruits in the place fell in with a farmer who lived at some distance from thence. While they were drinking together at an alehouse, the sergeant offered him some guineas to enlist, which he refused, saying very imprudently, that he stood in no need of his gold, for that he had at home fifteen guineas in his chest. Their landlord most unluckily overheard their conversation, and shortly afterwards disappeared. In the meantime, it being late, they continued drinking till the farmer consented to go to bed with the sergeant in the same house. About midnight when they were both in bed and asleep, the farmer started up in the greatest terror, and said to the sergeant that he was sure some ruffians were at that time plundering his house, and that they had killed his wife; but the sergeant laughing, replied that it was a mere fancy, which should not be regarded, and begged him to lie down again, which he accordingly did. A little after, he started up a second time in the same fright as before, and repeated the same words, which made so strong an impression on the sergeant that he instantly got up, put on his clothes, and taking some soldiers with him, accompanied the farmer to his own house, when, looking in at a window, they beheld with astonishment the landlord of the alehouse from whence they came, and another villain, plundering the house as the farmer had foretold. They were still more surprised on entering at the sight of the poor woman, his wife, lying in her blood with her throat cut. They immediately apprehended the ruffians, and carried them to Berwick, where they were laid in gaol."

One of the most extraordinary cases of this kind is that of the

DREAM OF DR. PARKMAN'S MURDER.

"The following case, in which a dream—in other respects highly remarkable—occurred twice on the same night, came under the notice of the narrator when he was practising in London in the year 1848. Our older readers may recollect," says *Once a Week*, "that, in the year just recorded, there was a terrible case of murder in America, Dr. Webster, Professor of Chemistry in Harvard College, being convicted for the murder of his acquaintance—we can hardly say his friend—Dr. Parkman. A lady—we will call her X. Y.—well known in the literary world, and then residing in London, had some years previously paid a long visit to the United States, during which she became intimately acquainted with Dr. Webster and his family, who

showed her much kindness and attention. After her return to England, she continued to correspond with the family; and one day, in the early autumn of 1848, a gentleman related to Dr. Parkman called upon her with an introduction from Professor Webster. On that night she went to bed at her usual hour, but soon experienced a horrible dream. She fancied that she was being urged by Dr. Webster to assist him in concealing a set of human bones in a wooden box; and she distinctly recollected that there was a thigh-bone which, after failing to break it in pieces, they vainly attempted to insert, but it was too long. While they were trying to hide the box—as she fancied, under her bed—she woke in a state of terror and cold perspiration. She instantly struck a light, and tried to dispel the recollection of her horrible vision by reading. After a lapse of two hours, during which she had determinedly fixed her attention on the book, she put out the light, and soon fell asleep. The same dream again occurred; after which she did not dare—although a woman of singular moral and physical courage—to attempt to sleep any more that night. Early on the following morning she called upon the writer, and told him of her fearful experiences of the past night. Nothing more at the time was thought of these dreams; but shortly afterwards the news reached England that Dr. Parkman was missing; that the last time he was seen alive he was entering the college gates; and that the janitor was suspected of having murdered him.

“On the writer mentioning this to X.Y., she at once exclaimed, ‘Oh! my dreams! Dr. Webster must be the murderer!’ The next mail but one brought the news that the true murderer had been detected; and that, at the very time when X.Y.’s dream occurred, he must have been actually struggling to get the bones—the flesh having been previously burnt—into a wooden box such as she had seen; and that after attempting in vain to break the thigh-bones, he had hidden them elsewhere.

“In this remarkable case, the visitor’s call, and his conversation regarding their mutual friend, may have suggested to the mind of X.Y. the idea of Dr. Webster; but why it should have called him up to her mind as engaged in that singular manner, we admit that we cannot explain, as he had not seen her for some years. It is in the highest degree improbable that, when engaged in this horrible attempt to conceal the evidence of his guilt, he should have been especially thinking of X.Y.; otherwise we might have explained the dream according to the ‘Brain-wave Theory’ propounded in the *Spectator* for January 30, 1869.”

Other instances of this class of dreams, some of which are

given in former volumes of this Magazine, will readily occur to the well-informed reader. Instead, therefore, of occupying space with further examples, we shall close our Gallery of Illustrations with an exposition and example (taken from Davis's *Great Harmonia*, Vol. III.) of—

ONE MODE IN WHICH DREAMS ARE SPIRITUALLY INDUCED.

“ In this place I will relate an instance, which came under my own interior observation. It was in the case of a lady whose death is described in the first volume of the *Great Harmonia*. It was several months previous to her departure from earth, when she was seated by the window in her parlour, gazing with the expression of one lost in reverie, at the distant mountains. Although I had entered the room a few moments before, and had spoken a few words, yet she remained abstracted. On observing this, my earnest desire to perceive the action of her mind in that condition enabled me to rapidly pass into the spiritual state. By directing my internal perceptions toward her, I beheld a female guardian *spirit* standing immediately behind her chair watching her mind. Being also in the spiritual state, I could distinctly see the mental operations. She had become bewildered by thinking upon a subject which could not be easily solved. The fatigue of brain in consequence of the protracted mental effort had induced temporarily the perfect slumber. The action of the intellectual and will powers were for the time being entirely suspended. At this point I saw the guardian spirit pass her beautiful hand over the moral organs, and extend her fingers, in an earnest, positive manner, toward the left temple. The emanation from her hand was soft and penetrative—like the softest aura, and I beheld a thought *evolved* from the faculties in that locality. This thought passed, like a breath, into the upper portions of the brain, and was then joined by several others, which the guardian had caused to come forth from the different faculties.

“ Now, this was a dream full of significance. It originated from a spiritual influence; not from any imperfect slumber or unsettled thoughts. The lady did not know, however, that she had a guardian spirit. Therefore, on awakening from the reverie, which she did a few moments after this spiritual impression had been made upon her, she exclaimed, ‘How beautiful and clear was that dream!’ Before she uttered this, I had returned to my ordinary state, determined not to inform her what I saw in her case until she should express to me her thoughts. Hence, I enquired: ‘Have you been dreaming?’ She replied: ‘Yes, but I didn’t lose myself more than five minutes, I think; and yet I dreamt out what I must

do in regard to a certain matter which has been on my mind for the last two weeks.' Said I, 'Do you mean to follow dreams in matters of importance?' 'O, no,' said she; 'but when I can lose myself in my chair for only five minutes, and awake with a better plan of procedure than I have ever had before, I will certainly act upon it.' I then related to her what I had seen, much to her surprise and gratification.

"But let us come to the application. You will perceive, by the above illustration, that the mind can be psychologically acted upon by spiritual beings. Spirits may breathe their influences and sweet discourses upon the mind, without disturbing its repose or exciting the least suspicion that a Divine power is acting so immediately upon it. And yet, when the human mind receives an impression from the spirit-world, which takes the form of a clear and beautiful dream, there is no doubt but the true import of that impression will be recognised by the individual who obtains it. These impressions are never lost when once imparted to, and distinctly developed in, the mind. The dreams which are generated by spiritual influences may be distinguished from ordinary dreaming by an unerring rule—*viz.*: by the *clearness*, *beauty*, and *power* which invariably characterise the former; while the latter are generally obscure, disagreeable, and troublesome to the mind.

"We must not, however, accustom our minds to depend too much upon the guardian spirit for direction and happiness. When we ascertain our duty and destiny, or obtain certain convictions concerning them, we should act in strict accordance with all the light we possess. Then it is—when the individual has done, and is doing what he believes to be his duty, that the higher influences rush into the soul. Yet it should be remembered that these dreams cannot be received from the spirit-world, unless the slumber be perfect and the state harmonious."

Of extraordinary exercises of the mind and of vivid impressions made on it during sleep (probably due to this and other modes of spirit-action on it) we have many examples.

"Sir Thomas Browne is by no means the only man who is free to confess that his sleeping self transcended his waking self. The mathematician has solved the problem which before was difficult even to forlornness and despair; the poet has indited the inimitable poem, and on waking been but the amanuensis of his dream; the painter has seen the model of a goddess floating on a cloud half way to heaven, and the musician has rifled Paradise itself of an angelic melody. Thus Voltaire wrote a duplicate of the first canto of the 'Henriade;' the 'Divina Commedia' is said to have been inspired by a dream; Coleridge's

'Kubla Khan' was unquestionably completed during a dream; and Tartini's 'Sonata du Diable' is a plagiarism from a violin played by a dream-devil."

Our great Milton tells us—

Millions of spirits walk the earth unseen,
Both when we wake and when we sleep.

And while to yield an indiscriminate credence to these nocturnal visions would be an abject and mischievous superstition, and to follow every idle dream would be the height of folly, there yet may be good reason for the ancient belief that spiritual guidance and warning and Divine instruction is sometimes vouchsafed "in dreams, in visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men."

NOTES OF SÉANCES.

TWO SEANCES WITH HERNE AND WILLIAMS.

August 24th, 1872.—Again went with my sister, to Herne and Williams's rooms, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street. There were ten persons present beside the mediums. We sat in darkness, and with all hands joined. The spirits held audible conversation with us throughout the evening as before. My sister requested that her hat might be brought from the adjoining room where she had left it. This was done. On placing it on her head, Peter's voice was heard immediately—"You have got it hind part before." I note this little circumstance as one of many illustrations that spirits take cognizance of material objects in what to us is total darkness. Remembering the promise of the spirit at the *séance* described in a former number, that on a future occasion I might be allowed to cut off a small piece of the drapery in which they appeared, I had provided myself with scissors. Peter seemed aware of this for he called out to me "S—, have you got your scissors ready?" I replied "Yes, and I am quite ready to use them, if you will give me the opportunity." "Well, here is my drapery, feel it; you may cut off a small piece if you like." I cut off a piece from the hem, about three inches, and wound it round my finger for the rest of the *séance*, lest it should be taken away, or otherwise disappear without my perceiving it. Before the *séance* ended Peter said, "S—, would you like to feel my hand?" "Yes; how long could I retain it?" "Not more than five minutes." The hand was then placed in mine; I grasped it firmly, but was told not to do so or it would at once melt away. It was then

withdrawn for a moment, and the fingers lightly placed in contact with mine. I felt the palm of the hand, the shape of the fingers, and their phalanges. The hand was large, masculine, solid, and slightly warm; gradually it increased in warmth and moisture, and in about three minutes became almost fluidic, and was then withdrawn.

After the *séance* was over we adjourned into the front room, where we all carefully examined the fragment of drapery. It was pronounced by the ladies real Indian muslin, machine hemmed, chain stitch. Whence the drapery from which it was taken was obtained, whether the spirit was only temporarily invested in it while present with us, and whither it disappears immediately light is introduced, are questions I reserve for the spirits on a favourable opportunity. One thing struck me, that it exactly corresponded with the drapery in which the spirits appear in the portraits taken by Mr. Hudson.* I believe this was the first instance in which a fragment of materialised spirit-drapery has been obtained. Others have since been equally fortunate with myself in this respect. While we were all in the front room examining the little piece of drapery, my sister's hat which had been left in the *séance* room was thrown over our heads and dropped on the table before her.

Other incidents of the *séance* I omit, as they are faithfully described in the following account by a lady present, and which forms a fitting supplement to my own:—

"On Saturday last, after a very remarkable *séance* at my house in presence of a cousin of my own, our medium, another of the family circle, and myself, we determined upon two of us attending the dark *séance* at Messrs. Herne and Williams's in the evening. On our way there I said to my cousin, 'I feel sure we shall get something extraordinary to-night, as John King and Katey always give wonderful tests to those who accompany me for the first time.' We had scarcely been two minutes seated when Katey came to me, and addressing me by name asked me what she should do for me. I passed her on to my cousin, who sat at my side and next to Mr. Williams. In answer to her request that her shawl (previously left in an upper room where we had taken off our bonnets) should be brought to her, the shawl seemed almost instantaneously to have passed through the ceiling, falling on her head into her lap, whilst a scarf, also left upstairs, was rubbed against my face as a token of how quickly the commission had been accomplished. We were both repeatedly touched by spirit-hands. John said, 'Would you like to see the faces to-night?' One acclamation followed this pro-

* See article, "Spirit-Photographs and Spirit-Drapery," in last number.—Ed.

posal. John then directed us to change for the arrangements to be made, and afterwards to remain still, 'like good children.' The mediums were next ordered to be tied tightly with ropes by the wrists and legs on a seat in the window recess, the curtains falling on each side of them. The large table remained in its place, and we sat in a semi-circle about a yard from it, after examining the ropes and knots which tied the mediums. Very soon bright phosphorescent lights appeared in front of us, growing larger and larger, clouds and luminous hands waving about in the air. Katey, calling me by name, then desired me to approach her, and to hold my hand over my mouth, that my breath might not interfere with the manifestations, and that she would show herself to me. Bright hands, full of phosphorescent light, were waving quite in front of my face as I earnestly strove to look, and presently I saw a beautiful face, full, and with a soft olive complexion and dark lustrous eyes, which absolutely gazed into mine with such an intense look that they quite fascinated me. This was done three times, each time the face becoming more and more distinct. I then requested Katey to show herself to my cousin, which she did three times, holding out her exquisitely-fine white drapery to one and then the other to feel. It appeared to my touch like the finest Indian muslin. Katey then passed from my left to my right, showing herself to the gentlemen seated there. In this position I could see her fine profile, and I saw her distinctly waving her illuminated hands over her face. She then rose to her full height on the table, and passing her hands upwards from her feet, showed the whole of her figure draped in purest white; then passing them from her head, which was encircled by a tightly-twisted white turban, over her face slowly to her feet again, looking like an exquisite statue suddenly endowed with life. As she did this the bust of John King appeared at her side. This lasted but for a few seconds, but I could detect his head and beard. He afterwards exclaimed, 'See my hand,' and high up in the air was a large hand brilliant with a kind of phosphorescent light.* This was repeated three times. Katey's form seemed to float about, sometimes near, sometimes in the air. Presently she said, 'See, my mother,' and a form appeared seated on the table, with legs crossed in Eastern fashion, the drapery and turban similar to those of Katey; the face appeared smaller, but singularly beautiful. During these manifestations I distinctly saw, close to my own, a face exactly resembling Mr. Herne 'spiritualised,' and the idea of his 'double' immediately presented itself to my mind.

* Just as it appears in the photograph taken by Mr. Hudson with Mr. Harrison (editor of the *Spiritualist*) as the sitter, and as it also appears in one with Miss Houghton.—T. S.

I asked Peter to shake hands with me, as he appeared an unhappy, restless spirit. He came quite close, holding out his illuminated hand, and with the other firmly grasped mine and shook it. It felt warm and moist. Katey then appeared again (the whole scene being like a succession of dissolving views), rose into the air, repeating in a solemn voice, 'Serve God! serve God! Thank God for his gifts.' Then, leaning forward, said, 'You in England serve Jesus Christ, but you do not serve God; and God has said, "I am a jealous God."' She continued, 'Jesus did not say, "My Father," He said, "Our Father,"' and she looked up with intense expression, and her hand raised to Heaven. John King said, 'Oh, Katey, Katey, if we serve Jesus, we serve God, for Jesus served God.' Katey ended by—'Thank God for His great gifts; thank Him for allowing us to show ourselves to mortals.' All responded, 'Thank God.' She then rose as if dissolving into air, still repeating, 'Thank God,' and 'God bless you.' Thus ended the most extraordinary and, to me, stupendous phenomena it has been my good fortune to witness during a period of twenty-one years' investigation. The impression it has left can never be effaced.

"August 27th, 1872."

"C. FITZ-GERALD.

August 31st.—The circle consisted of about 20 persons. We sat in darkness; hands joined, doors locked, mediums fastened hands and feet to their chairs. The spirits kept up a brisk conversation the whole evening. I distinguished six different spirit voices; they moved about freely, and were heard from all parts of the room. One gentleman had left a walking-stick in the adjoining room; this with the doors closed was placed in his hand by the invisible agency. Katey was seen by nearly all present, and Peter also was seen by several of the company.

A SEANCE WITH MRS. HOLMES.

November 7th.—Went to Mrs. Holmes, 16, Old Quebec Street, Hyde Park. There were 12 visitors, among whom were Mr. Luxmore, Mr. Daw, Mrs. Scott, Miss Williams, and Mr. and Miss Shorter. On the table were two hand-bells and four bells fastened to a strap, a guitar, an iron ring about 12 inches in diameter, and two wooden tambourine rings about 18 inches in diameter. These were freely examined by the company, and the iron ring was suspended and struck; its ring seemed sound and perfect. We were told that we might at any time bring our own rings and instruments as this made no difference, or the rings might be taken home and examined, if returned on the following day, as they would be required for use. Before be-

ginning the *séance* the room was carefully examined, the doors had pieces of paper pasted over them so that they could not be opened without our knowing it, the window shutters were carefully closed to, and the medium securely fastened to her chair. The lights were then extinguished, matches being at hand so that the candles could be relit on the instant. We then all joined hands, and kept them joined as long as we were in darkness, this condition being strictly insisted on.

Immediately, the guitar was taken off the table, and was heard playing as it travelled round the room, gently striking each as it passed; and several of the company felt at the same instant a soft hand touching them. Then the bells were rung violently, first singly, then as it seemed altogether, making a deafening jangle. A voice, which we were told was that of a spirit whom Mrs. Holmes called Richard entered into conversation with different members of the circle; the voice was clear in its articulation, and seemed different to that of any of the company, speaking good English, but its knowledge did not seem limited to the English tongue, for on a gentleman making some remark in French it corrected his pronunciation. By this time the room was uncomfortably warm and the air close and oppressive, when suddenly we all felt it relieved by powerful and delicious waves of cool air, which Mrs. Holmes, in reply to our enquiry, said was caused by the entrance of the spirit-conductor of the circle. The guitar, bells, and tambourine rings were then thrown with much noise about the room, and the rope by which the medium had been secured was heard being rapidly untied, and then to fall at the feet of a gentleman on the opposite side of the room sitting to my right. On the candles being relit, these articles were seen scattered about the floor.

These objects being replaced, the lights were again extinguished, and we rejoined hands, the medium being left free, but apparently in a deep trance in which she continued during the remainder of the *séance*. A gentleman who had expressed a strong desire to have one of the rings placed on his arm while holding the hands of the medium, as he had witnessed it done with other visitors at two previous *séances*, was called to take the chair beside her. He felt the sleeves of the dress, to be sure that no ring was concealed there which might be substituted for the one on the table, and expressed himself satisfied of this. While firmly holding the medium's hands he called out "It is on," and on the light being struck one of the tambourine rings was seen to be on his right arm, the right hand holding the right hand of the medium, and his left hand clasping her left.

Once more the lights were put out, and this time I was called to sit beside the medium and hold her hands while the

ring was put on. I took one hand of hers in each of mine, and took care not to release either of them for an instant during the operation. Then with her right hand in mine I drew my fingers over the ring on the table, then placing them on her head, drew them down over the neck and shoulder and round the arm down to the wrist, first over the right arm and then the left. Keeping each hand tightly and separately clasped in mine, we sat quiet. In about a minute I felt the ring on my forearm, and being drawn upward to the elbow; and on the light being struck it was seen there by all. I then, as a further test, asked if the spirits would take the ring off, our hands being still kept joined. The lights were put out, and as quickly as before, I felt the ring drawn down the arm and taken off where our hands were closely linked. I may add that I felt no shock, no peculiar warmth, or bodily sensation of any kind, nor did the iron feel at all different in temperature, or in any respect. During the operation, I felt soft fingers gently and rapidly touching me on the head, arms, and shoulders.

Another gentleman also had one of the rings placed on his arm in a similar manner to that described. Other incidents of minor interest occurred. A lady had her spirit-friends described, much to her apparent satisfaction. A light, like a star, was seen apparently about two feet over the head of the medium. A voice, we were told was that of an Indian spirit-girl, who was called Rosa, saluted each of us, and chatted pleasantly and playfully for some time. A short impressive address and a kindly good-night from another spirit, brought our *séance* to an end.

T. S.

DIRECT SPIRIT INSCRIPTIONS.

Mr. H. NISBET, of Trongate, Glasgow, who is an active member of the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, gives the following interesting account of direct spirit inscriptions obtained through the mediumship of Mr. David Duguid, the trance-painting medium of Glasgow :—

“ In July last it was suggested that it would be a good thing if Mr. Duguid’s spirit-friends would supply us with an appropriate inscription for a large panel on the wall above the platform in our new Hall, and in the expectation that the suggestion would be carried out, a few of us, accompanied by Mr. Stones, an English gentleman, met with the medium in his own house.

“ After sitting for some time in the trance, Mr. Duguid

selected two clean cards, and tearing, as he now usually does, a corner off one of them, he dropped the piece into the hand of Mr. Bowman. Laying the card on the table, along with a pencil, he sat back, and made the usual sign to put out the light. This was done, and in about two minutes the signal was made to light up, when we found the card (which was identified by the fitting-in of the corner piece), covered with Hebrew, Greek, and Latin inscriptions, with four Scripture references on the margin, and a word in strange characters below, apparently a signature. The Hebrew words are centred in a halo of light. Here is an exact copy of the original:—

עֵתִיק יוֹמִיָּא

Dan. vii. 22.

הַמֶּלֶךְ

Gen. xlviii. 16.

εἰκὼν τοῦ Θεοῦ τοῦ ἀοράτου.

Col. i. 15.

ἡ κεφαλὴ πάσης ἀρχῆς καὶ ἐξουσίας.

Col. ii. 10.

Mors ipsa dum venerit vincitur si priusquam venerit semper timeatur.

Virtuti modicum, vitio nil sufficit.

Læta venire Venus tristes abire solet.

“At the same sitting a second card was executed by our spirit-friends on which is delineated a circle of upturned faces, and in the centre a half-length figure of the Persian (the controlling spirit), pointing with upraised hand to an inscription above, from which are darting bright rays of light. The writing is in Hebrew, thus—*יהוה*; and at the bottom of the card is the following, in Roman characters:—‘O heiliger Geist gehe bey uns ein.’ The translations of the Hebrew and Greek lines are taken from the verses given in the margin, and these read as follows:—‘The Ancient of Days.’ ‘The Angel.’ ‘The image of the Invisible God.’ ‘The Head of all Principality and Power.’ The following translation of the Latin has been given by a gentleman in Glasgow:—‘Death itself is always feared until it come, but once come it is conquered.’ ‘Nothing is sufficient for vice; a moderate share suffices virtue.’ ‘Venus is wont to come joyfully, and to depart in sadness.’ The line of German on the other card is thus translated:—‘O Holy Spirit, accompany us.’ The word in Hebrew is the sacred name, ‘Jehovah.’

“I may here state that in the month of June last I received a direct card of a similar character. Enclosed in a wreath of flowers are Hebrew letters *עֵתִיק יוֹמִיָּא* proceeding from the wreath there is an extended hand holding the globe, over which is the appearance of a face with rays, such as we see in the usual representation of the sun. From the wrist of the hand to the tip of the forefinger we have the translation in English, ‘Ancient of Days.’

"Our good friends the spirits having thus far favoured us with these *direct* models, we resolved to get the inscriptions on the first-mentioned card put up in large characters on the wall of our meeting-room, and that, if possible, by the medium in trance, leaving the subject of the second card to be reproduced at his leisure. Accordingly, having procured a sheet of strong paper, 7 feet by 3½, with certain water-colours (selected in trance), Mr. Duguid began the work about two weeks ago—not, however, without some humoursome sallies from "Jan Stein," the spirit-painter, on his descent from his high position as an artist to that of a sign-painter. A few sittings brought the work to a close, the whole being a faithful copy of the direct model card, with this exception, the first line of Hebrew, 'Ancient of Days,' forms the centre of the halo, from which rays dart down on a globe half submerged in a sea of dark clouds. At the bottom of the sheet, on the left-hand corner, the word 'Hafed' has been painted (the name of the Persian, according to 'Stein'), and at the right-hand corner we have 'J. Stein, D. Duguid, meds., 1872.'

"I may add that, towards the close of the painting of the large sheet, which was nailed to the wall of Mr. Duguid's parlour, there was found on the extreme edge of the bottom part, which was only 15 or 18 inches from the floor, the following translation of the Latin lines, written in pencil, and evidently by the same hand that has executed the Latin and English direct writings on previous occasions:—

"'When death comes it is conquered, though before its coming it be continually feared. Virtue is content with a little, but nothing can satisfy vice. Venus approaches with bewitching smiles, but sorrow comes as soon as she retires.'

"Altogether, this effort on the part of our spirit-friends forms not only one of the most wonderful phenomena with which we have been favoured, but one which, as now arranged, will prove a continual subject for inquiry and attention on the part of investigators attending our meetings. I understand that Mr. James Bowman, who is deeply interested in all that appertains to the spread of the truth, will photograph the inscription-sheet in a few days, when I will send you a copy."

The Editor of the *Medium*, in a note appended to Mr. Nisbet's letter, says:—

"We had the pleasure of scrutinizing the original cards with the inscriptions thereon, and can testify to the neat way in which the writing and sketches are executed. We have also received from Mr. Bowman a photograph of the work as it is executed in an enlarged form on the wall behind the speaker's stand in the new hall. This performance is itself a wonderful manifestation.

The medium in his normal state is wholly unskilled in the work he has to perform, sits down and goes to sleep, his eyes tightly closed, and then, controlled by spirits, he performs his task in a truly artistic and satisfactory manner. All who doubt the fact have only to call at the Spiritual Institution and see the photograph, which cannot misrepresent."

ANOTHER CASE OF MYSTERIOUS STONE-THROWING IN FRANCE.

THE POLICE BAFFLED.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I should be glad to add to the many interesting accounts of stone-throwing which have already appeared in your valuable Magazine, one which is given in the *Revue Spirite* for October last, in a communication addressed to *La Société Anonyme* of Paris, bearing the signature of three respectable inhabitants of Paris-Vaugirard.

In the month of January last a persecution commenced of a M. Guénot, a gardener, living at No. 61, Grande Rue, Montrouge, with a quantity of stones being thrown into his garden. M. Guénot is much esteemed in his neighbourhood as an honest and a laborious man. The garden, which is situated behind the house is a large rectangular parallelogram 300 mètres long (338 yards) and 200 broad (225 yards), surrounded by a wall 14 feet high. The house stands detached at an elevation of 15 mètres (50 feet) above the adjacent ground. On the opposite side of the street are houses of respectable freeholders, contiguous to which is a large scavengers' yard containing a number of dung carts each having a driver. Behind these houses are extensive kitchen gardens. To the east of M. Guénot's house is a young ladies' boarding school; to the west are other gardens. The stones always come from the scavengers' yard and from the gardens behind the opposite houses.

M. Guénot at once informed the commissary of police at Montrouge and Vanvres, of the attack which had been made upon him; a careful inspection was made of the premises. Subsequently four of the drivers of the dung carts were arrested, and subjected to a searching examination; but after four days confinement in the central dépôt, they were liberated, as the police had themselves seen in broad daylight 16 heavy stones, very thick glass bottles, and flints weighing a kilogramme (2½ lbs.) fall, without being able to determine the points from whence they came.

The great objects of the attack were the bell glasses and glass frames in the garden, all of which were smashed to pieces. A few of the windows were also broken in the school-house adjacent. Some of the missiles were projected with such force as to leave a mark on the wall like that produced by a small cannon ball. It was obvious that no unaided human power could have produced such a result; but neither *ballista* nor any other machine could be found. And even supposing it possible that some ill-disposed persons were capable of throwing these missiles night and day during five months, for the purpose of tormenting a neighbour, such a phenomenon of malevolence would be as strange as the appearance of the projectiles. It will also be remembered that police were posted at different distances during the day, rendering it impossible that any machine could be set up and removed in the time observed to be occupied by the flight of the projectiles, which one after another broke the glasses and frames, and which came over the house, at an elevation, as we have said, of 50 feet above the opposite ground.

A son of M. Guénot, 16 years of age, was struck 27 times; not however with the heavy bottles and stones, but with small gravel and rubbish, sufficient to draw blood from his face and forehead. On the 24th June, at five o'clock in the morning, he received, for the last time, a blow from a flint which laid his temple open.

As the elder son was carrying away three bell glasses to a place of safety, a large pebble struck the glasses, smashing them into bits, but without touching him. Ultimately every glass and frame was broken to atoms.

The door of the cellar was burst in, and a quarter cask of wine broken up. The contents of another cask already broached was poured out on the floor; at the same time the harness of the horse was cut to pieces. The police observed that the leather, which was two centimetres ($\frac{1}{4}$ -inch) thick, showed that it must have been cut with a very sharp instrument, applied with great force, and at one blow. Experiments tried with various tools produced no such results; it required repeated blows, with the leather on a block, to sever it; yet the harness which was thus destroyed hung from a screw ring seven feet from the ground.

Many anonymous letters were found deposited under the door of the house which contained menaces couched in gross, if not obscene language, and accurate descriptions of what had occurred, with details of what would occur. One letter stated that they were paid for their work, and gave the names of three of the authorities of Montrouge who had furnished 8,500 francs (£340) for procuring these annoyances to M. Guénot; and that a further sum of 2,500 francs (£100) would be forthcoming if they succeeded in killing the horse and its master.

This is the substance of what occurred during six months. The whole neighbourhood witnessed the flight of stones and empty bottles from different centres.

M. Guénot appealed to a court of justice, fresh researches were made, but with no better result than at first.

Each night M. Guénot and the members of his family took in turns to watch with fire-arms loaded. A part of the land remained uncultivated. At length M. Guénot's courage failed; despairing of relief he was driven to the verge of madness. When his excitement was at its height, he received a visit from MM. Cochard and Niolet, father and son, known Spiritualists; they explained to him, to his sorrowing wife, and desponding family their views as to what they believed to be the cause of this persistent persecution, *viz.* : that in a preceding state of existence the spirits who had thus wrought all this mischief, had themselves suffered from members of M. Guénot's family, and had now found an opportunity to take revenge.

The recommendation which those gentlemen offered was, that the family should unite fervently in offering up prayers at nine o'clock every night, not only for relief from their own suffering, but also on behalf of those who had inflicted it on them. They further promised that other spirit-circles would unite their supplications to the same effect. "Pray, pardon, and rest in peace," said MM. Cochard and Niolet; "resume your labour, and be assured you will be no more troubled or alarmed."

Without entering into the vexed question of pre-existence, it is sufficient here to record that, after the visit of MM. Cochard and Niolet, and the adoption by Guénot's family of their truly Christian instruction, all disturbance ceased at Montrouge. According to the testimony of those gentlemen it would be difficult to recognize in the open and contented expression in the active and healthy aspect of M. Guénot, the man who two months before presented all the fearful traits of incipient madness—watchfulness—suspicion—discontent—attenuated form and haggard aspect, and who never ceased to utter frightful imprecations and maledictions against the disturbers of his peace and destroyers of his property. But Spiritualism in its highest form had entered No. 61, Grande Rue, Montrouge, and we have it on record that contemporaneously with the spirit of prayer, of pardon, and of love, the whole aspect of life in that home once so desolate is now entirely changed, and has become the abode of prosperity, happiness and peace.

Your obedt. Servant,
RICH. BEAMISH.

Woollton Lawn, Southampton,
October, 1872.

DIRECT AND CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE IN RELATION TO SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHS.

ON Friday, October 18th, in company with a relative I visited Mr. Hudson's studio, 177, Holloway Road. We had once before obtained there a very good spirit-photograph in the presence of Messrs. Herne and Williams. We now wished to see if we could get one without the presence of a professional medium. The morning was dark, and it rained heavily. Under all the circumstances we scarcely expected any success in our experiment. But on the first plate, to our surprise and pleasure, with the portrait of myself and sister there appeared a well-defined figure, not in the loose flowing drapery common in these photographs, but in a long cloak, covering the dress, and a close fitting cap. The figure standing directly opposite me, looking straight into my eyes, as if perusing them. We at once recognised the tall, stately form and face as that of a well-known relative who has been many years in the spirit-world ; but it was not the one of whom we were both thinking, and whose portrait we had hoped to obtain.

That we might make "assurance doubly sure" my sister took the photograph to a cousin, and after some general conversation, handed it to her with no other remark than that she had something to show her. She looked at it in evident surprise, and on being asked if she recognised it, she exclaimed "Why, it is *my* mother !" Other relatives also recognise it.

On Thursday, November 14th, I accepted an invitation from Miss Houghton to meet her at Mr. Hudson's studio. A second figure appeared in two out of three photographs taken. In one the head is stooping forward, resting on the chest, and seems to have moved a little, and there is a hood over the face so that the features are not clearly discernible. The face of a child is also faintly visible, partly covered by the drapery of the other figure. They are like a mother and child well known to us, but both are too indistinct for us to confidently identify them. There is also the faint image of a pen, apparently in the air, about a foot from the floor. In the other photograph the spirit-form and face are clear, and strongly remind myself and sister of an old lady who lived in the house with us many years ago and with whom I was a great favourite when a child, but as we are unable to recall her features quite distinctly to mind, we cannot be so sure of the identity in this as in the portrait obtained on October 18th. A second careful inspection of the photograph under better light confirms our impression that it is indeed the portrait of our early and venerable friend.

T. S.

Messrs. Herne and Williams have just returned from Llanely, South Wales, where they have obtained most powerful and varied manifestations, including spirit photographs, taken by Mr. Shaw, at the studio of Howell, Brothers. The following declaration has been made by Mr. Shaw:—

“I do most solemnly declare and take oath that the so-called spirit-photographs—Nos. 1, 2, 3—taken by me are genuine, and that there has been no deception, collusion, or fraud of *any kind* in the production of them, and that no one but myself had anything to do whatever in the manipulation of them.—(Signed) W. GERMANIUS SHAW.”

In *Human Nature* for November, the editor, after quoting the letter of Mr. William Howitt, which appeared in our October number, goes on to say:—

We have seen a great number of other successful portraits of spirits which have been recognised in the most satisfactory manner, but the sitters have been in many cases persons in private life, and who have not energy of public spirit to push them to the front with their testimony. Others have been persons in such social positions that they dared not give publicity to the fact that they were interested in Spiritualism or had sat for a spirit-photograph. A praiseworthy exception to this too general practice amongst those who could really lend some influence to the movement is communicated in the following letter:—

“21, Green Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

October 20, 1872.

“Dear Mr. Burns,—I asked my friend Mrs. Hughes if she would be willing publicly to add her testimony regarding the genuineness of Mr. Hudson’s spirit-photographs. I have much pleasure in sending you her answer:—

“I shall be most happy to lend what small weight my name may have to support that worthy and honest man, Mr. Hudson. One of the spirit-photographs I have was taken on a glass I brought myself and had previously marked. I also always went into his dark room on the several occasions I was there and followed the whole process, from the cleaning of the plate—never losing sight of it—till the spirit-forms were developed on it. I can, therefore, affirm that there was no imposition in the production of the spirit-images on my photograph—it was all honest and above board, and thinking it so, I am ready to declare it to be so to the world. Yours affectionately,

“13, Grosvenor Square.”

GEORGINA HUGHES.

“I need scarcely add that Mrs. Hughes authorises you to publish her testimony in favour of Mr. Hudson if you think it will be useful to the cause of truth and justice.

Yours very truly,

“LISETTE MAKDOUGALL GREGORY.”

The foregoing testimony, which is only *one of several dozens* we could adduce, is confirmed by our own experience, the result of successive sittings. We have not been able as yet to recognise the identity of the forms obtained, but there is no question in our mind as to the genuineness of the manifestation. When we have visited the studio in the company of sensitives, they have always felt the peculiar sensations indicative of spirit presence when the images of spirits were being taken. The spirits thus represented were not relatives, and therefore could not be recognised though answering to the descriptions given by other spirits.

A very interesting development in connection with spirit-photography is the fact that, at Kingston-on-Thames, Mr. Russell has repeatedly obtained plates

exhibiting what photographers would call unmistakeable signs of double exposure, a feature which is also observable in those pictures which actually contain *the well recognised likeness of spirits*, and therefore indisputably genuine.

No doubt the considerations referred to have influenced many who have recognised the spirit-portraits obtained at Mr. Hudson's studio to withhold their testimony, but Mr. Hudson has been able to favour us with the following—

**LIST OF SITTERS WHO RECOGNISE THE SPIRIT-PORTRAITS
TAKEN BY MR. HUDSON.**

Count Wimpffen.	Mr. Connor.
Lady H. Newenham.	Mrs. Clarke, Glasgow.
Mr. William Howitt.	Mrs. Jackson, Elm Road, Camden Town.
Mr. Jebb.	Lieut. Salmond, Woolwich.
Mr. Ainger.	Mr. M. Jones, Lombard House, Bexley Heath.
Dr. Dixon, 8, Great Ormond St., W.C.	Mr. Andrews, 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.
Mr. Russell, Kingston-on-Thames.	Mrs. Richmond.
Mr. Slater, Optician, Euston Road.	Mrs. Fitzgerald, 19, Cambridge Street, Hyde Park Square.
Mr. H. Clifford Smith, 98, Offord Road.	Mrs. Henry Senior, Kelakel, County Devon.
Mr. T. Shorter, 23, Russell Road, N.	Mrs. Brown, Belfast.
Mr. Shearwood, Upper Norwood.	Mrs. Cooper, Sydenham.
Mr. Popham, Gloucester Road, South Kensington.	Mrs. Cutmore, Norwood.
Mr. Raynald, 106, George Street, Portman Square.	Mrs. Gregory, 21, Green Street, Grosvenor Square.
Mr. S. Hocking, Camborne, Cornwall.	Mrs. Tebb, 20, Rochester Road, N.W.
Mr. J. Sutherland, Sloane Street, Chelsea.	Mrs. Burns, 15, Southampton Row, W.C.
Mr. Triall, 14, Holland Cottages, Brixton.	Mrs. Blyton, 74, Navarino Road, Dalston.
Mr. B. Hawkes, 13, New Street, Birmingham.	Mrs. Pearson, 15, Harper Street, W.C.
Mrs. Berry, Margate.	Miss Houghton, 20, Delamere Crescent, Westbourne Park, W.
Miss Kislisbury, Notting Hill.	
Mrs. Simkiss, Wolverhampton.	
Miss Lottie Fowler.	
Mr. W. Arbuthnot, Upton Park, Slough.	

Besides these, there are others (some of high rank and social position) who recognise the spirit-portraits taken with their own by Mr. Hudson, but who have specially desired their names not to be made public.

Indeed, the impatient clamour for recognised spirit-portraits of those ever eager to be the first to ring the loud bell of alarm, when there is nothing save their own indiscretion to be alarmed about, has been so widely and promptly met, that even the editor of the *Spiritualist* now says—"We know that all along Mr. Hudson has obtained a certain proportion of real spirit-pictures;" "and possibly on every day of the week."

This, then, being so, we ask:—What occasion could there be to make spurious photographs when the genuine ones could be so much more easily obtained, and have been so obtained "all along?" Some months ago, when the screaming first began, it was asked in this Magazine—"Who has detected Mr. Hudson in the

act of fraud?" No one has yet stepped forward to say "I." In place of this we have had only apocryphal stories, and doubtful inferences from ill understood facts; in fine, what is called circumstantial evidence. That the strongest circumstantial evidence is often deceptive, even in matters with which we are much better acquainted than spirit-photography, is well known. In a Report on Capital Punishment made to the Legislature of New York in 1841, it is remarked—"No human ingenuity can conceive of cases in which evidence of this nature has seemed to bring home the charge to an individual more strongly, and apparently beyond the slightest possibility of a doubt, than some cases in which the innocence of the individual had afterwards, though too late, been established with equal certainty."

The truth of this remark is shown by the citation of a large number of instances of the most striking kind. It is said that more than 100 persons in England alone have been convicted and suffered the extreme penalty of the law, who have afterwards been *proved* innocent. That should surely be a caution to us, lest we too condemn those who may be innocent. If the consequences of false accusation always fell on the accuser, charges of wrong doing would not be bandied about so freely and on so slight grounds. That circumstantial evidence is particularly inconclusive and even sometimes deceptive with regard to spiritual manifestations, of the laws, forces, and conditions of which we know so little, is well pointed out in the following letter which appeared in the *Spiritualist* of November 1st:—

Sir,—A statement is made on the first page of your paper for October the 15th which seems to me of great value:—

"A boy medium obtained some spirit hands, and a person present squirted some ink over the hands. When the boy was released from the cabinet his hands were covered with ink, and the youth was denounced as an impostor there and then. . . . A gentleman was not satisfied. He tried experiments, and found that colouring matter placed upon the spirit hands afterwards appeared on different parts of the body of the medium."

My object in quoting this is to call attention to the nature of the evidence required, in testing the genuineness of professed spiritual communications. This remarkable statement ought to teach us not to accept even what appears to be the strongest circumstantial evidence as proof, especially where the character of individuals is involved.

I would apply this to the present painful controversy respecting Mr. Hudson and Messrs. Herne and Williams. I am not going to express any opinion as to the truth or falsehood of the charges made against them. Nor do I know what either yourself or Mr. B. W. Pycock might be able to state, if disposed to do so.

But I do wish to say that it appears to me and to others with whom I have conversed, that the evidence which has been published is insufficient to justify the readers of it in returning a verdict of guilty. Also, bearing in mind the above anecdote, and the photographic *possibilities* which Mr. Henderson some time ago made us acquainted with in the pages of *The Medium*, I should protest against *any inferences whatever* which are drawn from an examination of photographs, or which rest upon circumstantial evidence however strong being accepted as

proof of imposition. We ought to be more diffident in relation to subjects of which our actual knowledge is so very small.

I would also venture to remind both yourself and your correspondents that it is entirely contrary to our English sense of justice and fair play, to expect answers from a supposed culprit to questions in reference to his assumed criminality.

Betchworth, Oct. 28th, 1872.

EDWARD T. BENNETT.

The following letter also enforces the same lesson:—

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The close resemblance to the mediums, borne by the materialised forms—the two Katies to Miss Cook and Mr. Williams, and of Peter to Mr. Herne—is highly suggestive. Thoroughly satisfied of the genuineness of what I have witnessed with these mediums, some ideas occur to me in connection with this. The materialised faces are as like as if they were casts from the mediums; we must assume from the subtle relation between the medium and the spirit that this is absolutely unavoidable. The direct spirit-voices, also, from the resemblance to the mediums have always been a difficulty. As the face is like a cast, it would appear reasonable to assume that a materialised organ of voice is formed a fac-simile of the mediums; this would account for the resemblance in its tones. From these known facts it is clear the mediums themselves are more the victims of what appears a cheat, than other people, and have to take all the responsibility, whether they will or not. It is inconceivable to suppose that any mediums from choice—would present spirit-voices to be heard, and spirit-faces to be seen, so like as to be taken for their own. We can get a lesson from this experience. As purely circumstantial evidence to convict a medium, it is really worth nothing with all its apparently undeniable evidence of fraud. Photographers know all about "exposures," "single," "double," "under" and "over"; but we must confess, learned as we had become of late in such matters, that the "double" part played by the spirits with the mediums, is inexplicable by the wisest of us, including the photographers. Why don't they "expose" the spirits?

G. CHILDS.

We were recently conversing with a gentleman who was much with the Davenports, both in England and on the continent of Europe. Count W—— was present, and the conversation turned on some spirit-photographs lately taken at Kingston-on-Thames, which the Count had seen, and which had on them marks of apparent double exposure though the plates had been only once exposed; but which photographs had been destroyed by a malicious spirit, said to have been a former tenant of the house. Our friend who had been with the Davenports (and who has been quoted as "a great authority" in the matter of spirit-photographs), said he knew that spirits could thus destroy photographs from an instance in his own experience. A photograph of the Davenports had just been taken and placed on the mantel-piece against the wall. While conversing, they noticed a peculiar vibration in the photograph. On examining it they found that, during the few minutes that had elapsed, the collodion had been scratched through, and the portrait in part erased, though there was no visible means by which this could have been done. Yet, though the fact was witnessed by himself, it is probable that scarcely a photographer from John O'Groats to Land's End could be found to credit it;

and should something like this happen to a spirit-photograph in Mr. Hudson's studio, would it not be cited, even by some Spiritualists, as conclusive proof that a pointed instrument had been used to erase evidence of fraud—say to obliterate marks of "double exposure" about which a clamour was being raised.

Mediums are peculiarly susceptible to the influence of those about them, and if instead of that kindly sympathy they might naturally expect from Spiritualists under such trying circumstances as are above referred to, they encounter suspicion and mistrust, and the worst construction is put on facts which are exhibited through their unconscious agency, we not only do them personally great injustice, but may very prejudicially affect their mediumship, and they will naturally be tempted to suppress, as far as they can, all facts in their mediumship, however interesting and valuable, of which a full and satisfactory explanation cannot at once be given.

It is to guard against such results that we have of late recurred so frequently to this subject. Our experience fully bears out some excellent remarks in the last number of the *Spiritualist* to the effect that the best tests and manifestations (in which we include spirit-photographs) are given when the mediums are honoured with that confidence and respect which from the many proofs they have given of their integrity, they in general are entitled to claim.

There are many mysteries in Spiritualism, as in everything else, of which it is true wisdom to say frankly—"I don't know;" for if we profess to know when we do not, a little access of true knowledge may at any time expose our empty pretensions to shame.

In bringing this controversy (as we hope) to a close, a brief *résumé* may be fitly given of the facts and considerations we have from time to time presented in favour of the genuineness of the inculcated spirit-photographs:—

- 1.—That those who have personally and practically tested the matter by careful investigation and experiment, who have narrowly watched the whole process from first to last, who have themselves selected the plates used, or have taken and marked their own plates, and even used their own camera, have testified to the entire genuineness of the spirit-photographs taken by Mr. Hudson, or by themselves in his studio. Nor could some of the effects obtained be produced *under the same conditions* by any known process.

- 2.—That forty sitters whose names are given (besides others)—many of them well-known as intelligent Spiritualists, have severally certified that they recognise in photographs taken by Mr. Hudson the likeness of their departed friends or relatives.

3.—That spirits have emphatically and repeatedly affirmed that these photographs are genuine, and that no fraud has been practised.

4.—That with regard to one of these photographs, the genuineness of which has been most questioned, at a public *séance* a spirit appeared just as seen in this photograph, and said audibly, "I am Willy Herne, brother to the medium: it is I who appeared on the plate!" The spirit at the time being plainly visible, and the identity evident, and the drapery (both seen and felt) being similar. Dr. Dixon, Mr. H. Clifford Smith, Mr. Andrews, Miss Shorter, and the editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* were witnesses.

5.—That it is admitted, as a matter of knowledge, that "all along Mr. Hudson has obtained a certain proportion of real spirit-pictures," "and possibly on every day of the week;" that therefore, there could be no occasion to make spurious ones.

6.—That the spirit-figures in these photographs are so numerous and varied that they could not have been personated without a vast conspiracy, in which so large a number of persons must have been concerned that detection would have been almost inevitable, and that the secret would almost certainly have been betrayed.

7.—That no one even pretends to have detected Mr. Hudson, or any one connected with him in any such fraud as has been alleged; nor have any of these numerous supposed confederates turned evidence against him.

8.—That similar photographs have been obtained by both professional and amateur photographers in England, on the continent of Europe, and in America.

9.—That similar charges were brought against Mr. Mumler, of Boston, U.S., but that when these charges came to be fully examined in a court of law, Mr. Mumler was honourably acquitted.

10.—That the evidence on which these charges are based, are wholly circumstantial, and that such evidence is often uncertain, and even misleading.

11.—That this is specially so in regard to spiritual manifestations in general, and to spirit-photographs in particular, as we have had no previous experience of them, and have no knowledge of the laws and processes by which these photographs are made, other than the spirits have themselves revealed; and that mere inferences deduced from ordinary photography alone can not be accepted as conclusive proofs.

12.—That the marks of apparent double exposure that have been pointed out may be otherwise accounted for, and have been so accounted for by the spirits; but that whether that ex-

planation be deemed satisfactory or not, such appearances are insufficient to justify deliberate charges of imposture against men of good character, and whose *bonâ fides* had been previously vouched for by their accusers.

13.—That such appearances are found on photographs in which recognised portraits of departed friends and relatives appear.

14.—That these marks of apparent double exposure are found on photographs where it is certain there has been only one exposure, and on plates brought and marked by the sitters.

15.—That these appearances are found on other spirit-photographs than those taken by Mr. Hudson, and where they have not been taken for a commercial purpose, but solely for investigation.

16.—That these photographs have only been worked upon by hand as is common with photographers to cover blacks, pin-holes, &c., and not for any fraudulent purpose.

And as corollary :—

17.—That the unfounded aspersions of mediums, especially by prominent Spiritualists, is not only a great wrong done to them personally, but tends to injuriously affect their mediumship, and that of other mediums who may be influenced by such representations, to bring Spiritualism into discredit, and to retard its progress.

18.—That in view of these considerations, public retraction and apology is due to those whose characters have been defamed.*

CHURCH BELLS ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.

* * * * *
Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

* * * * *
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

TENNYSON.

* Some critical remarks on matters connected with spirit-photographs which could not fitly be introduced into this article, will be found in the notices on our wrapper.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY AND SPIRITUALISM.

ABOUT five years ago the Anthropological Society appointed a Committee to investigate and report on the subject of Spiritualism. Why that Committee so suddenly collapsed has been hitherto a mystery, on which some light is now thrown by the following statement of Mr. Henry G. Atkinson:—

As a late Vice-President of the Anthropological Institute previous to the amalgamation, you will allow me to say that, at my suggestion, and through my influence with the president and founder of the society, the late Dr. Hunt, we *did* appoint a committee for the investigation of the case of the Davenport Brothers. The committee had several sittings, and we arranged our tests, &c., but unfortunately before the evening came on which the brothers were to present themselves, there came out some "slashing" articles against Spiritualism in a leading paper, and Dr. Hunt got quite frightened lest the Institute he had founded, and which was the pride of his life, should be injured. Indeed, he so clearly exhibited fright that I quite pitied him. The other members of the committee, from their undisguised prejudices, were not in a more favourable condition for calm, honest, and earnest investigation; indeed, those who investigate with prejudices are pretty sure to find the prejudices confirmed. The result was that after one exhibition, they voted, in spite of my protest, that nothing had been shown worthy further notice; and that is the plain truth, which I could not well state during the life of Dr. Hunt.

DIRECT SPIRIT-WRITING.

Mrs. Slater, of 19, Leamington Road Villas, Westbourne Park, W., in a letter dated October 22nd, writes:—

"In our dining room, in broad daylight, on Sunday afternoon, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, Miss E. Dickson, Mr. Slater, and myself, a deeply interesting incident occurred. Mr. Slater had a few days previously been strongly impressed to purchase a slate and pencils. Mr. Holmes said, 'Just let us sit round the table and see if we can get direct writing.' We immediately drew close to the table and joined hands, Mr. Holmes and Mr. Slater holding with their *right* hands the slate under the table. Upon the slate were placed tiny morsels of pencils. Scarcely two minutes had elapsed ere we heard writing going on distinctly. On the noise ceasing, we removed the slate, and to our delight found a long and interesting message duly signed by the writer. Mr. Holmes then proposed our again joining hands, and placing the slate with the tiny bits of pencil under it *upon the table*. The slate was lying on the middle of the table, and our hands not nearer to it than about 14 inches. The result was similar, the only difference being that the messages were all varied."

This, so far as we know, is the first recorded instance of this mode of direct spirit-writing in England; though it has been long practised in America, especially through the mediumship of Dr. Henry Slade, of Boston.

SEANCES AT BIRMINGHAM.—FRUIT AND FLOWERS BROUGHT.

A letter appears in a Birmingham journal, and also in the *Medium*, giving a description of *séances* at the house of Mr. Gifford, Market Street, Birmingham, at which fresh grapes, fuchsias, and other flowers were brought into the *séance* room, the doors being closed and all hands joined. Mr. Evans and Mr. Huskinson are spoken of as the mediums.

A HAUNTED HOUSE AT FOREST HILL.

It is reported that mysterious hauntings have occurred at 3, Windsor Cottages, Forest Hill. We cut the following from the *Forest Hill Advertiser*:—"About half-past one in the morning, Mr. and Mrs. Penfound were awakened by what they compare to the shooting of barrows of mortar between the wall and the partition, and a sensation as if the roof was falling in. The shadow of a very tall woman, with long hair hanging down her back, carrying something in her arms, was also seen passing along the room, while outside heavy footsteps were heard in the passage; and five distinct groans, as if of some one crying for help with a hand placed over the mouth, lent additional weirdness to the mystic phenomena. So vivid was the sense of something dangerous and strange, that Mr. Penfound sprang from his bed and struck a light, finding, to his surprise, everything was as it had been. Peculiar noises of the same kind were also heard on succeeding nights, a shooting as of some heavy substance between the walls being again noticed. About midnight yesterday week, mournful cries were heard. Similar cries were heard by Mrs. Penfound last Saturday night, and she, proceeding upstairs, saw the mysterious apparition of the lady as before gradually disappearing behind a sideboard in the room; Mrs. Hilliot, downstairs, hearing at the same time peculiar sounds as it were behind the sideboard in her room. Mr. Hilliot, who has been a sailor, also saw the inscrutable figure twice the same evening; and with a view to discover if it could possibly be the shadow of some one passing, or any outside substance, made a strict investigation into the surroundings of the dwelling, and made various tests to endeavour to elucidate the abnormal phenomena by natural circumstances; only, however, to satisfy himself that the mystery was not thus explainable."

INCIDENT IN THE EARLY LIFE OF CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

The well-known novelist, Captain Marryatt, took part in some stirring scenes in his early life while serving under the personal command of Lord Cochrane. We find the following incident in a published memoir :—

“One of the fore-topmen, drawing water in the chains, fell overboard ; the alarm was instantly given, and the ship hove to. I ran upon the poop, and seeing that the man could not swim, jumped overboard to save him. The height from which I descended made me go very deep in the water, and when I rose I could perceive one of the man's hands. I swam towards him : but, O God ! what was my horror when I found myself in the midst of his blood. I comprehended in a moment that a shark had taken him, and expected that every instant my own fate would be like his. I wonder I had not sunk with fear : I was nearly paralysed. The ship, which had been going six or seven miles an hour, was at some distance, and I gave myself up for gone. I had scarcely the power of reflection, and was overwhelmed with the sudden, awful, and, as I thought, certain approach of death in its most horrible shape. In a moment I recollected myself ; and I believe the actions of five years crowded into my mind in as many minutes. I prayed most fervently, and vowed amendment, if it should please God to spare me. I was nearly a mile from the ship before I was picked up ; and when the boat came alongside with me, three large sharks were under the stern. These had devoured the poor sailor, and, fortunately for me, had followed the ship for more prey, and thus left me to myself.”

A SPIRIT APPEARS TO HER HUSBAND AND CHILD.

A remarkable circumstance occurred in the experience of the Rev. John Grey, a faithful missionary who sailed from Scotland to Russia in 1818. His son has given some interesting accounts of him in the *Christian Intelligencer*. It seems that upon the death of his wife, he was filled with the deepest sorrow. He could neither eat nor sleep, and often went to her grave to pour out his grief. In writing to his son he relates the event to which I refer as follows :—

“You will now stare, if not smile incredulously, at what I am about to tell you. You may do as you please either way. I shall relate the fact and leave you to draw your own conclusions.

“I had just laid down on my bed. I was not asleep nor sleepy. My candle burned by my side—when who should walk

in but your mother! She was dressed in everyday clothing. She walked past me; went to the foot of the bed, and putting both of her hands on top of the footboard, stood and looked me in the eyes for a considerable time. She spoke not. I wished to do so, but was not able. She looked as natural as when in health. I was fully aware it was her apparition, and feeling that I should never see her again, I looked at every part of her body with a last and greedy look. I wished her to stay long; would have spoken, yea leaped into her arms, but could not stir. That look—that long, long look she gave me then, I never can forget. It was all love—the same fond look she had so often cast upon me, making me the happiest of men; yet there was something in that look which said, ‘Why do you thus grieve for me?’ She did not vanish from sight, but let go her hold of the footboard, and walked out as she came in. I was not flurried or troubled in mind at what had taken place more than I am at this moment, but turned my head on my pillow, that I might see her back as she went out at the door, and which I saw distinctly as I had ever seen it.

“In a few minutes your eldest sister, Mary Ann, came springing into my bed room from her own, where you all slept, and leaping into my bed and reaching over me, said, ‘Father, where is mother?’ ‘Why do you ask that, my child?’ I said; ‘you know mother is dead.’ ‘But she has come home again,’ she replied. ‘What makes you say so, dear?’ ‘Because, father, she has just walked out of our bed room.’ ‘You dreamed so, dear.’ ‘No, father, I saw her. She had on her own clothes again, and she went to all our beds and kissed us all; and I know she has come home again. Where is she, father?’ The child wept and would not be persuaded but that her mother was somewhere in the house; and it was no small task to pacify her and get her to rest again. She could talk about nothing in the morning, but that mother had been home and kissed them, and wish she would come again and stay. I asked her what dress mother had on, and it was the same in which I had seen her.

“My vision you might attribute to the disturbed state of my mind; but how can you account for the little child’s? You have the simple facts, and I leave you to account for them as you please.”

His son adds:—“I make no comments on the above. I know all that can be said of optical delusions, though it would be strange if such a delusion would seize both father and child at the same time, and in different rooms. I only maintain that there is nothing unreasonable or unscriptural in believing that it was the spirit of the departed wife and mother.”

MY SAINTS.

Forth from the mighty city,
On a shadowed work I pass,
With the autumn sere around me,
To keep my Hallowmas.

And the fallen leaves are lying,
Where thoughtfully I pace
The streets of that silent city,
Of the quiet sleeping-place.

I wreath my poor dried flowers
Around the tiny cross,
Which stands the happy emblem
Of my earliest earthly loss.

For my boy, so brave and comely,
Whom once I there laid low,
Is a golden-tressed angel
In the deathless world, I know.

And another tinier infant,
Who scarce drew earthly breath;
One day—nay, a single fleeting hour,
Witnessed its birth and death.

That mystery of being
Still waits beyond the skies,
To greet me, a stranger angel,
In the streets of Paradise.

And I pass on, in God's acre,
To another lowly bed,
Where he who gave me being
Laid down his silvery head.

To another and yet another
Pass thoughtfully along,
Where rests my brother, who, last
year,

Like me was hale and strong.

And I feel how the Mansion is filling,
The solemn Waiting Hall,
Till I almost hear the echoes
Of my own imperious call.

I seem more ready to hear it,
As thus I number o'er
The files of the long procession,
"Not lost, but gone before."

So back to my earthly business
More cheerfully I pass,
Since in the cemetery
I kept my Hallowmas.

MAURICE DAVIES.

Correspondence.

THE CASE OF SPIRITUAL OBSESSION.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—In answer to the request of "E. P.," the writer of the communication under the above heading, page 499 of your number for November, I would state the summing up of my own experience, something like in kind, but less severe in degree.

I regard myself as a temple, if disorderly and discordant spirits are able—by some condition of affinity—to enter this temple, or in common spiritual language, my sphere. I invite them in my turn to listen to the Lord's Prayer. I make my soul mentally resonant with it, so long as I have the perception of their presence. If they prolong their stay, or *rapport*, I make—as a work of brotherly love—each sentence of the prayer a text upon which to preach mentally a homily. If the intruders turn away from it, I am left in peace to my own meditation; they may have taken with them some material for orderly thought and feeling. If they stay and listen, I find reason to rejoice. By prayer, the temple is opened to guardian spirits, whose mission it is, I doubt not, to guide such intruders out of darkness and discordance.

J. D.











